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ANNE OF ENGLAND

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QUEEN ANNE

(By gracious permission of His Majesty The King)

ANNE OF ENGLAND

THE BIOGRAPHY
OF A GREAT QUEEN

BY

M. R. HOPKINSON

*With Sixteen
Illustrations*

LONDON
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TO MY SON
FRANCIS

AUTHOR'S NOTE

THROUGHOUT this biography the old calendar has been used for the dates, except in certain letters written from the Continent where the "New Style" was generally in use. The notation of the years is according to the modern method of reckoning; *i.e.* the New Year is given as beginning on January 1st, instead of on March 25th, as formerly.

The reference notes are at the end of the book, but whenever possible the names of the authorities cited have been given in the text.

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PROLOGUE

THE true story of Anne Stuart is as fantastic as a fairy tale. It begins with her royal father's secret marriage to a simple Maid of Honour, and her own entrance into the world, an unwelcomed Princess; goes on to her youth spent at a Court notorious for its debauchery, and her marriage with a Prince, tall, handsome and devoted; includes Popish plots, a dramatic flight from her father, persecutions, designing uncles, a chain of enchantingly beautiful old palaces and finally a crown—and not only a crown but a 'Most Glorious Reign.' What more could be desired for romance—or melodrama?

Although such a spectacular career should have aroused greater interest, little is generally known about Queen Anne or her private life. There seem to be several reasons for this strange indifference. At certain periods of history the action of the drama is so stupendous and some of the characters are so remarkable that they partially eclipse their contemporaries. This has happened to Queen Anne. She has been overshadowed by the Duke of Marlborough, his victories and his Duchess. Moreover, she has been cruelly maligned by the Duchess, who employed her virulent tongue and pen in seeking to portray her royal mistress as a weak, stupid nonentity. This false idea of the Queen's personality was fostered by certain Whig and Jacobite writers who were prejudiced by their political opinions, and, unfortunately, it has been perpetuated by many later historians.

If our knowledge of Queen Anne's life and character is limited, the twelve glorious years of her reign stand for something very definite in our minds. They are associated with the brilliant military successes of John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough. Thanks to his martial genius

England was raised once more to the very foremost place among the nations of the world, and Louis XIV, ‘the Grand Monarch,’ could no longer arrogantly intimidate Europe, so that France shrank back again within her own frontiers and remained there, securely caged, for nearly a century to come.

Our second impression of Queen Anne’s reign is of golden years of prosperity at home, which flowered abundantly in the literature and other arts of the period. The charming brick and stone houses then built throughout England—more comfortable, more home-like than any known before—the walnut furniture, silver, brocades, flower pictures and painted wallpapers are, many of them, still carefully cherished. The domestic art of that time was a strangely incongruous mixture of classical with Dutch and Chinese influences, harmoniously mingled. It became as essentially English as that of any other period in history.

The historians of Anne’s reign delight in the clash of arms and such resounding names as Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde, Malplaquet. They tell us of the rivalries of Tories and Whigs, of cabals and plots, of the unceasing bitterness between Churchmen and Dissenters, and of the Act of Union, which for the first time united the Legislatures of England and Scotland; but most of them dismiss with a few contemptuous words the Queen who was the centre of it all, and whose personal effort was so often the only cement which bound these discordant elements together.

To many Queen Anne is hardly known beyond the idea given of her in her pictures, a stoutish lady, wearing many jewels, her auburn curls twined with pearls. Perhaps there remains the half-forgotten memory that she had seventeen children ‘all of whom were swept away by small-pox.’ Nor is this ignorance so strange as it seems, for the ‘Encyclopædia Britannica’ and many histories vouch for the seventeen children. Actually, although she had one stillborn child and numerous miscarriages, she had but five living children, not one of whom died of small-pox.*

* See Appendix, page 363

An equally wrong and sweeping statement made by many historians and other writers is that she was so much under the domination of her favourite, Sarah Jennings, afterwards Duchess of Marlborough, that she became a 'slave' to her and allowed her to distribute appointments of all kinds. This is absolutely untrue, as the latter herself testified in her book, '*The Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough*' Sarah's great grievance was that Anne, from the time she came to the Throne, would never allow her to meddle with political appointments, nor agree with her as to which party should be favoured. Indeed, this was the reason why Sarah turned against the generous mistress who loved her so dearly. The Duchess certainly had the right of placing the Queen's Women of the Bed-chamber and servants, but that had been the prerogative of every Mistress of the Robes—and a most lucrative one.

It is due to some strange freak of history that so little interest has been taken in the personality of Queen Anne, for she is one of the three great queens of England. Her reign coincided with a most vital period when medievalism was changing into modernism; the Protestant religion in Europe was being challenged by the great Catholic king, Louis XIV; and England was acquiring vast influence in the world and increasing prosperity at home. In all this the Queen played a considerable part, and her sway over these islands and their foreign policy in her short reign was as important as that of Elizabeth or Victoria in their long reigns.

Anne was not a brilliant woman like her mother, Anne Hyde, but she inherited from her and her English forebears that most uncommon sense of all, good common sense, which taught her to steer a middle course between extremes of every kind, and was the one characteristic of all others most needed in the ruler of the country which had suffered so greatly from the effects of Stuart misrule.

She had one guiding star which she never ceased to follow—the welfare of her people. Anything which she believed conflicted with this she strenuously opposed throughout her reign. No favourites, however much she

might love or depend upon them, could turn her aside, no political or religious quarrels could move her. Neither chronic invalidism nor private sorrow could quell the vigour with which she attended to her public duties until that final dramatic scene, when, with her Ministers in hushed suspense around her death-bed, just before the breath left her worn-out body, she forced back her escaping spirit for one last essential act of sovereignty, and handed the White Staff of the Treasurer's Office to the Duke of Shrewsbury, thus frustrating the intrigues for a Jacobite restoration.

Loving peace above all things, she was burdened during the whole of her reign by a foreign war, throughout the anxieties of which her courage never wavered. Indeed, at one time, in 1703, when Godolphin failed her and Marlborough wearily threatened to resign, the Queen alone stood firm for the ardent prosecution of the war—until the time arrived when all practical reasons for continuing it were ended. At home she was continuously tormented by a warfare of factions, and the bitter quarrels of both Houses of Parliament. Many divergent elements were striving for increased political power, which she, often single-handed, consistently struggled to restrain.

With Anne's characteristically English virtues, inherited from her Hyde ancestors, country gentlemen and great lawyers, she would have made an excellent and happy wife for a country squire, spending her time in good works, interested in the church and in country pursuits. But she was no prig. She loved racing and cards. She loved the gaiety of crowds, for English crowds were really gay in those days, unfettered by modesty or self-consciousness; she loved hunting, racing, horses and dogs, she dearly loved music; and the greatest comfort of her life was her devoted, faithful husband.

She had none of the weaknesses of the Stuarts, except that she too completely trusted those she loved; and her share of the Stuart charm has been hidden from posterity, for either nature or the circumstances of her life made Anne a rather shy and silent woman. From infancy she

was obliged to hide her thoughts, always snubbed by her beautiful, haughty young stepmother and outshone by her friend Sarah Jennings, and her youth was passed in the difficult position of a Protestant in a Catholic household. All her life she was surrounded by spies and sycophants.

Worst of all, she had, after her marriage, to endure almost constant ill-health, and the birth of her eagerly expected children resulted nearly every time in sorrow, for only two lived to be over a year old. Hers was not only the anguish of a mother, but the bitter disappointment of a queen whose people longed for an heir to the Throne who would be their surety against Catholics and foreigners, and the ensuing probability of civil war.

Her subjects loved and trusted her, for they knew she was truly English as no other Stuart had ever been; that she liked the things they liked, and lived, as nearly as her rank allowed, like themselves. Her domesticity appealed to them. They sympathized with her martyred motherhood and her little weaknesses. Although many believed that she ‘took her brandy in a tea-cup,’ it was only the ribald water-men, with no respect for anyone, who jeered at her, calling out ‘Old Brandy Shop’ as she was towed down the Thames in her stately royal barge.

An attempt has been made in this book to describe Anne Stuart as she really was, with all her mistakes and failings, but certainly not as the nonentity or weak-willed woman many writers have represented her to have been. Her letters alone prove her spirit. Before she came to the Throne, when suffering from bitter public humiliations and private griefs, she wrote: ‘She can wait with patience for a sunshiny day, and if she does not see it, yet she hopes England will flourish again.’ Years later in a letter to Godolphin, when as Queen she had withstood many importunities—even threats—from her political adversaries she declares: ‘Whosoever of the Whigs thinks I am to be hectored or frightened into a compliance, though I am a woman, is mightily mistaken in me. I thank God I have a soul above that, and am too much concerned for my reputation to do anything to forget it.’

It is impossible to understand Queen Anne's essentially English character without knowing something of her mother and grandfather, Anne and Edward Hyde; and something also of her own girlhood, which none of the books written about her life has hitherto done more than touch upon. Moreover, it is difficult thoroughly to comprehend the politics and events of her reign if those of the three preceding reigns are not linked together. For these reasons the first few chapters of this book are in the nature of a prelude to the rest.

The author has deliberately included extensive extracts from contemporary journals, memoirs and letters, many of them written by the principal characters in this historic drama, believing that their own words have more interest, more descriptive power and truer delineation of personality than any paraphrase. Every important fact in this biography has been taken from these records, or from the most trustworthy historical works since that time.

It is impossible in a book of this length to chronicle all the noteworthy events in the hundred years that are covered in this volume. The mass of material to choose from is almost overwhelming; therefore, only those incidents are described which, grave or gay, trivial or world-shaking, most closely touched the lives of the Queen and the persons connected with her by birth or circumstance.

CHAPTER I

HER GRANDFATHER, EDWARD HYDE

IN beginning this brief sketch of the life of Queen Anne's grandfather, it is necessary to go back to a date only five years after James I, the son of Mary Stuart, the lovely Queen of Scots, ascended the Throne of England. The Elizabethan spirit was not yet dead, for Shakespeare was busy writing and acting in his later comedies, and Ben Jonson was in his hey-day. It was, in fact, still Merrie England. The next generation was to belong to a different era.

On a February day in 1608, at Dinton Hall, an obscure Wiltshire manor house six miles from Salisbury, there came into the world a child who was destined to become the grandfather of two English queens. This was Edward Hyde, son of Mr. Henry Hyde, a country gentleman whose forebears had owned the estate of Norbury, in Cheshire, which had descended 'from father to son since the Conquest.'

The early education of Edward Hyde was conducted by a parson-schoolmaster at his home until he went to Magdalen College, Oxford. Later he became a member of the Middle Temple. He was a younger son, and accordingly his family expected him to make his own way in the world as his father's two brothers had done, Sir Lawrence, the Attorney-General, and Nicholas Hyde, who became Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench in the reign of Charles I.

Undoubtedly Edward anticipated considerable help from his distinguished uncles, and Lawrence Hyde seems to have exercised his influence on his nephew's behalf, but the Lord Chief Justice died in 1629 'of a malignant

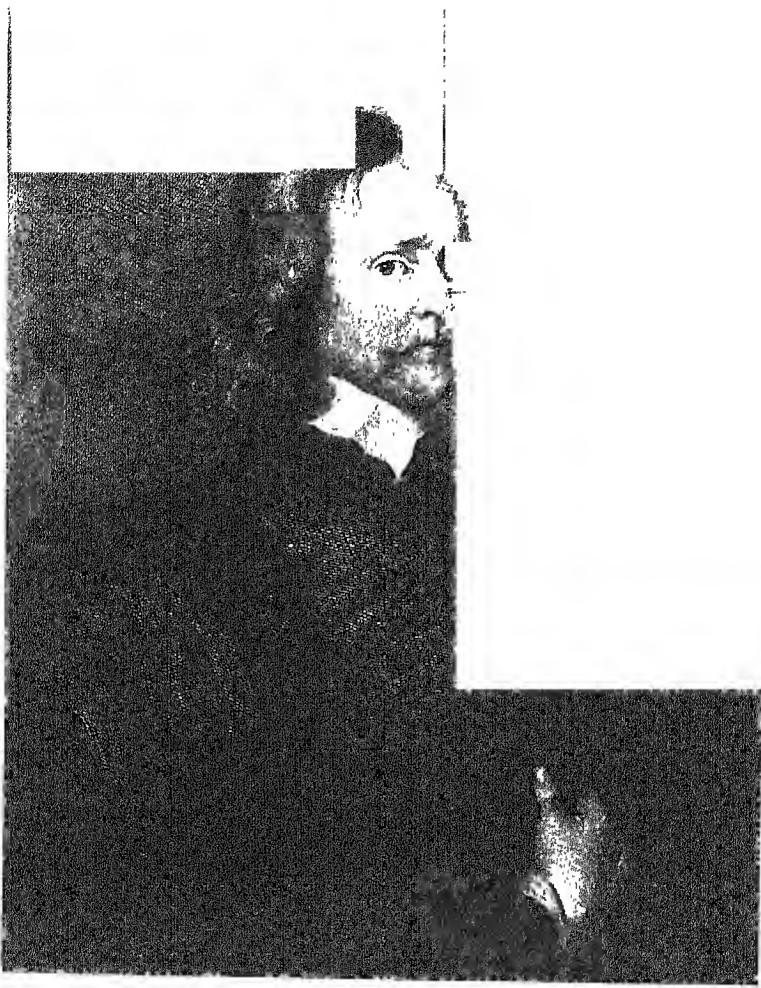
fever, gotten from the infection of some gaol in his summer circuit.' In the account of his own life, which he wrote in the third person, Edward quaintly says of this event:

"The loss of so beneficial an encouragement and support in that profession did not at all discourage his nephew in his purpose, rather added new resolution to him; and to call home all straggling and wandering appetites which naturally produce irresolution and inconstancy in the mind, with his father's consent and approbation he married (at the age of 20) a young lady very fair and beautiful, the daughter of Sir George Ayliffe.'

Unfortunately, young Hyde

'enjoyed this comfort and composure of mind a very short time, for within less than six months after he was married, being upon the way from London towards his father's house, she fell sick at Reading, and being removed to a friend's house near that town, the Small Pox discovered themselves (and she being with child) forced her to miscarry, and she died within two days. He bore her loss with so great passion and confusion of spirit, that it shook all the frame of his resolutions, and nothing but his entire duty and reverence to his father kept him from giving over all thoughts of books and transporting himself beyond seas to enjoy his own melancholy.'

After this sad experience of matrimony Edward Hyde waited nearly three years before he thought of taking another wife, and then it appears to have been more to please his father than himself that he married the daughter of a baronet, Sir Thomas Aylesbury, Master of Requests to the King. This plain but wise and capable lady gallantly braved the many vicissitudes of her married life during the hardships of exile, and, later on, filled her position as wife of the most powerful Minister of Charles II with much dignity—a very different person from the



EDWARD HYDE, 1st EARL OF CLARENDON

mythical laundress, whom, for some extraordinary reason, a subsequent age believed to have been the grandmother of Queen Anne.

Hyde testified that he had lived with his wife ‘very comfortably in the most uncomfortable times, and very joyfully in those times when matter of joy was administered, for the space of five or six and thirty years.’ The first part of his married life seems to have been passed at the house of his father-in-law, where he made many friends about the Court.

By this time King James was dead, and his son, Charles I, uneasily wore the crown which had descended to him by Divine Right.

Owing to a lucky chance Hyde was brought to the favourable notice of that formidable man, William Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury, and contrived to serve him in various ways,

‘Which,’ he says, ‘the Archbishop acknowledged in a more obliging way than he was accustomed to; in so much as it was so much taken notice of, that Mr. Hyde (who well knew how to cultivate those advantages) was used with more countenance by all the Judges in Westminster Hall, and the eminent Practisers, than was usually given to men of his years, so that he grew every day in practice, of which he had as much as he desired, and having a competent estate of his own, he enjoyed a very pleasant and a plentiful life, living much above the rank of those lawyers whose business was only to be rich; and was generally beloved and esteemed by most persons of condition and great reputation.’

Continuing this frankly eulogistic account of himself, Hyde goes on:

‘Though he pursued his profession with great diligence and intentness of mind, yet he made not himself a slave to it, but kept both his friends at Court and about the town, by his frequent application and constant conversation; in order to do which, he always

gave himself at dinner to those who used to meet together at that house, and in such places as was mutually agreed between them, where they enjoyed themselves with great delight and public reputation, for the innocence and sharpness and learning of their conversation. For he would never suffer himself to be deprived of some hours (which commonly he borrowed from the night) to refresh himself with polite learning, in which he still made some progress.'

It will be seen from the foregoing that Mr. Hyde was a very worthy and ambitious young man, with an excellent opinion of himself, and that he lacked but one virtue—a sense of humour. Throughout his life his use of words was prodigious; and he felt it was his special mission to direct every one he met, however exalted in rank, as to his duty. In his own words: 'He was never suspected to flatter the greatest men, or in the least degree to dissemble his own opinions or thoughts however ungrateful soever it afterwards proved.'

Thus we find him at the age of twenty-eight deciding that his benefactor, the irascible Archbishop Laud, had need of a friend who would boldly tell him the truth about the offence his atrocious manners gave; and although his guest at the Old Palace, Croydon, not hesitating to corner the Archbishop in his own garden before breakfast to tell him 'that many people spoke exceedingly ill of His Grace because of his carriage towards them . . . that he did exceeding wish that he would more reserve his passions towards all persons, how faulty soever, and that he would treat persons of honoured quality with more courtesy and condescension.' Apparently the Archbishop rather liked this novel treatment, for Hyde says: 'After this free discourse Mr. Hyde found himself more graciously received.'

At this period of the reign of Charles I, however, it soon became far from advantageous for any young man to claim the patronage of the hated Archbishop of Canterbury. In spite of the passionate desire of the people of

England for liberty of conscience and the right to exercise their religious beliefs in whatever form they pleased, the King had deliberately taken as his counsellors the very men most rigidly opposed to freedom of any sort. The bishops of the High Church party led by Laud had been given high secular offices, and the King had even placed the Bishop of London at the head of the Treasury, no churchman, as Laud noted in his diary, having held this great office since the days of Henry VII.

Having been elected Member of Parliament for the borough of Wootton Bassett in the spring of 1640, Edward Hyde had the distinction of beginning his parliamentary career in the famous 'Short Parliament,' which lasted for only three weeks.

The audacity of young Hyde immediately became apparent. In his maiden speech in the House of Commons, he had the temerity to reply to the historic address of Pym, the greatest orator of the age who had just recapitulated the whole series of grievances against the Church and State. Hyde chose to do this at a time, moreover, when the whole country was in a fever of expectation and all the other Members of the House were wishing to voice their opinions.

Shortly afterwards, in this furious atmosphere, the daring new Member spoke again supporting the two most contentious questions—the Church and the King's requests for money. This brought him at once into favour with the King, but he quickly became suspect by his fellow Members. Indeed, so heartily was he distrusted by both Houses that when the Long Parliament met in November, 1640, they endeavoured to find some defect in his re-election for Wootton Bassett, but without success, and the stout young man with a consequential strut returned to throw himself once more into the political arena.

Early in the following year the King sent for him to come to his own chamber, thanked him for the services he had rendered in the House of Commons and assured him 'that he would remember it to his advantage.'

After this the King frequently asked Hyde's advice and employed his persuasive powers in writing plausible proclamations and addresses. These activities were kept secret for some time, although it was suspected that Edward Hyde was responsible for them. When, however, on January 10th, 1642, Charles fled from Whitehall and later took up his residence at York, he sent for Hyde to join him there openly. From then onwards, throughout the Civil War, the latter plied his tongue and pen as mightily as did other men their swords in the interest of the Royalist cause. All the ambitions and devotion of this man's life became bound up in the survival of the House of Stuart.

In 1641 Hyde refused the post of Solicitor-General offered him by the King in person; and in 1642 he rejected a higher office, although the King was known to have said—arousing bitter jealousy amongst his courtiers in consequence—'I must make Ned Hyde Secretary of State, for the truth is I can trust no one else.' A year later, however, when Hyde was only thirty-five years old, and his great friend Lord Falkland begged the King to make him Chancellor of the Exchequer, he consented to accept this high office, and was knighted and sworn of the Privy Council.

He was not to remain long at Court, for on March 4th, 1644, the new Chancellor took leave of his royal master for the last time and departing from Oxford by the King's command accompanied Charles, the Prince of Wales, into the west country, so that the heir to the Throne might be near Bristol in order to fly abroad if necessary. It was a stormy day, raining continuously during the long ride to Faringdon, where the first night was spent. The next day they rode to Devizes, and on the third to Bath, where Sir Edward became so ill with his first attack of gout that he was unable to stand, and was obliged to journey to Bristol by coach on the following day.

Opinions were divided as to whether the Prince should stay in England. His very unpopular French mother,

Henrietta Maria, had already fled to Paris with her youngest daughter, and she wished her son to join her there, but as her counsels were always unwise, and generally opposed to those of the Chancellor, it was decided that it would be better for Charles not to leave the country unless he was obliged to do so.

It was not until 1645 that England became no longer safe for the Prince of Wales, and he went to Jersey by way of the Scilly Isles. The Queen was still pressing for his immediate journey to Paris, but this was delayed until the summer of 1646, when it was at last arranged that he should go with certain members of his entourage, leaving the Chancellor in Jersey. In a letter to the King, Hyde explained that he had not accompanied the Prince to France because it was evident that his advice would no longer "be hearkened unto after his Highness should arrive with the Queen."

Sir Edward Hyde remained in Jersey for nearly two years, enjoying his books and a quiet life until in May, 1648, he was summoned to rejoin the Prince, who had taken refuge at The Hague—that beautiful old town, so little changed for centuries. There the Chancellor found a small colony of Cavalier refugees who had also fled from England; and the Prince of Wales, surrounded by a band of his father's adherents, out of which he formed his Council. Their meetings were most turbulent. Divided opinions as to the best course to be pursued; the extreme difficulties caused by Queen Henrietta Maria, who wanted to manage every detail connected with her son; and the almost impossible task of trying to direct such a troublesome young prince, must have made the Chancellor often sigh for the sweet tranquillity of Jersey. Charles' character had changed for the worse during his stay at the Court of France, for he had fallen under the ascendancy of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, a most unprincipled vicious profligate, who had set himself to corrupt the young Prince.

While they were at The Hague Charles received the shocking account of the execution of his father, Charles I,

after a trial by a Commission of the House of Commons.

The Queen Mother wrote at once from Paris to her son—now in name King Charles II—desiring him not to swear any persons to be of his Council until she could speak with him, but before he received her letter he had already called those of his father's Council who were with him to be sworn of his Privy Council, with Sir Edward Hyde as his Chancellor.

The immediate question to be decided was the destination of the young King. He had been allowed a temporary residence at The Hague through the influence and generosity of his elder sister, Mary, married to the Dutch Prince of Orange, but he could not stay there long because the Dutch, fearing Cromwell's wrath, were in a fever for Charles' departure.

It was suggested at first that he should go to Ireland, for he vigorously opposed the idea of returning to his mother in France. Sir Edward Hyde and another Privy Councillor, Lord Cottington, had no wish for such adventures as might arise with the youthful King in the bogs of famine-stricken Ireland. The Chancellor, a fat man subject to gout and with no sense of humour, could hardly be expected to rejoice in such a prospect; so Lord Cottington asked the King to appoint them his ambassadors to Spain, to which he 'cheerfully' consented, probably being as ready for them to go as they were to leave. In fact, the nineteen-year-old King must have been only too pleased to detach himself as quickly as possible from as many of his father's censorious councillors as he could, and to take refuge in an over-developed sense of humour and the arms of his mistress, Lucy Walter.

Before it was finally decided that Charles should go to Scotland instead of Ireland, the 'King publicly declared his resolution to send these two Ambassadors-Extraordinary (Lord Cottington and Sir Edward Hyde) into Spain.' Doubtless he was as highly diverted by their request as by his own gratification of it. They were literally Ambassadors-Extraordinary, for there was no need for a king

without a kingdom to send one ambassador to Spain—much less two at once—but apparently Charles was the only person to see the joke. The twin ambassadors seem to have had a cold reception in Madrid. Hyde describes their situation thus: ‘The Court knew of their arrival but took no notice of it . . . and so they resided incognito,’ but they went to many bull-fights and festivals, and the Chancellor Ambassador ‘began his “*Devotions upon the Psalms*” which he finished in another banishment.’

Before setting out for Spain Hyde had sent for his wife and children, three sons and a girl, Anne, to come and live in Holland. He was afraid to leave them longer in England in case Parliament should seize and imprison them, as it had done with the families of other Royalists who had fled abroad. After he returned from Spain the Chancellor was able to enjoy a year or more with them in the little house they lived in at Antwerp, but when the King came back to Paris he joined him there for about three years. Soon after he left Antwerp the Princess of Orange conferred a benefit upon the Hydes by assigning to their use, without any payment of rent, a house belonging to her at Breda, which enabled them to live more economically and pleasantly than hitherto.

In June, 1654, the King joined his now widowed sister, the Princess of Orange, at Spa and he took the Chancellor with him. After staying there for about a month, however, they were forced to leave for Aix-la-Chapelle, because of an outbreak of small pox. The Princess’s English Maid of Honour had, in fact, died of this disease.

It was then proposed to the Chancellor that his daughter, Anne, who was with her mother at Breda, should take the place of the dead lady as Maid of Honour to the Princess. Hyde was greatly upset at the idea. He had seen enough of Courts to wish to keep his daughter safely out of them. He made the excuse that she could not possibly leave her mother; but he soon discovered that the Princess was so delighted with all that she had seen of

Anne Hyde that she had long ago decided to offer her the first vacancy. He still, however, did his utmost to prevent the appointment, going himself to the Princess and telling her that the small supplies of money his friends sent over to him from England made it impossible for him to make his daughter an allowance sufficient for her to live at Court. In reply the Princess told him she well knew the straits they lived in and that this was due to his devotion to her father and family. She promised that she herself would provide for the girl in every way, and she gave him many expressions of her esteem for him and of her fondness for his daughter.

So it was arranged. As Hyde wrote fifteen years later:

"There may appear to many an extraordinary operation of Providence in giving the first rise to what afterwards succeeded; though of a nature so Transcendant as cannot be thought to have any relation to it."

This was not the exaggeration of a fond parent. His daughter's entry into Court circles led to momentous events during Hyde's own life-time, and later on to consequences more stupendous than he could ever have imagined. So strangely interwoven are the strands of fate that if this son of a Wiltshire squire had not accepted the offer made by the Princess of Orange to his daughter, the history of England since that time might have been very different and the map of Europe quite unlike what it is to-day.



ANNE HYDE

(By gracious permission of His Majesty The King)

CHAPTER II

THE SECRET MARRIAGE

IN the summer of 1654, the Chancellor's daughter left her quiet home with her mother and young brothers in the picturesque old town of Breda, and entered the service of the Princess of Orange at The Hague. Anne Hyde was now seventeen years old. There is a small note-book in the British Museum, in which, at some time of her life, she made the following entry:

'I was born the 12 day of March, old stile, in the Yeare of our Lord 1637 at Cranborne Lodge, near Windsor, in Berkshire, and lived in my owne country till I was 12 yeares old having in that time seen the ruin of Church and State and the Murtheringe of my Kinge.'

The seven years before the family fled to Holland—after Hyde gave up his practice at the Bar and seat in Parliament, sacrificing security, home and estates by attending Charles I at York in 1642—were a period of hardship and even danger. Hyde's children were fortunate in having a sagacious mother who brought them up well and happily, in spite of a precarious income and the difficulties caused by civil war and exile.

During the five years since the Hyde family had left England its members had suffered all the poverty and discomfort of refugees in those days. They had lived in dark damp houses, often without sufficient coal to keep them warm in winter, and they had little money for food and clothes. Hyde wrote from Paris in 1652:

'I have not been master of a crown these many months, am cold for want of clothes and fire, and owe

for all the meat which I have eaten these three months and to a poor woman who is no longer able to trust; and my poor family at Antwerp (which breaks my heart) is in as bad a state as I am.'

But his daughter was a plucky girl, with wit, fine intelligence and sound common sense. In addition, a strict religious upbringing had instilled in her a strong sense of morality and personal dignity which was never to be set aside. She was no beauty, yet in her youth she had a pretty figure and lovely hands, and the kind of captivating good looks for which we have no name in the English language, but which the French admire so much and call *belle laide*.

The Court of Orange was not a gay one, for the widowed Princess lived quietly, giving all she could spare to support her young brothers in their exile. Her Dutch courtiers and Maids of Honour were a stolid lot, and there can be no doubt that the Princess took a peculiar delight in the high spirits of her young countrywoman. To Anne Hyde the palace at The Hague could not have seemed dull. Compared with her hitherto simple family life, everything was splendid and exciting, with presents of new clothes and much affection from her Royal Mistress. The culminating hour arrived eighteen months later when it was decided that the Princess should visit her mother, Queen Henrietta Maria, in Paris and take her ladies with her. This was no ordinary visit of a loving daughter to a devoted mother, but a very foolish business, arranged by a very foolish woman, the ex-Queen of England. It seems that the latter and her sister-in-law, the Queen Mother of young Louis XIV, had put their heads together and decided that his cousin the Princess of Orange would make a very good match for him. As Bishop Burnet, a contemporary historian, wrote, Henrietta Maria, 'who had the art of making herself believe anything she had a mind to, fancied that the King might be inclined to marry her daughter.' She evidently expressed these 'fancies' with far more assurance than the occasion warranted, for

the deluded Princess of Orange spent a great deal of money, which she could not afford, in equipping herself and her household with grand coaches and horses and fine clothes, and she started off gaily with high hopes for the future.

Arrived at St. Germain's, her belief in the possible match was soon extinguished, for Louis took little notice of her, and it can be imagined that the relationship between mother and daughter, never very good, became even worse than before. It was a visit of bitter disillusionment for the Princess, but for her youthful maid of honour an enchanting romance of first love and a royal suitor.

The second son of Charles I, James, Duke of York, was then twenty-two years old, tall and good-looking. He had fought in the French war against Condé and gained a reputation for courage which gave him a certain glamour that hid his many bad characteristics from this impressionable girl of eighteen. The Duke was still dependent upon his mother, who had always been severely strict with him, and it was inevitable that he should find the strained atmosphere between her and his sister distasteful and the Dutch ladies dull, so that every day he sought out the English girl who was 'comely of person and had exuberant spirits,' and passed much of his time with her. As he afterwards wrote in his journal:

'When his sister the Princess Royal came to Paris to see the Queen Mother, Mistress Anne Hyde was one of her maids of honour who there attended her. It happened that after some conversation together, the Duke fell in love with her, she having witt and other qualitys capable of surprising a heart less inclineable to the Sexe than that of his Royal Highness in the first warmth of his youth. She indeed shew'd both her witt and her virtue in managing the affaire so dexterously that between the time he first saw her, and the winter before the King's Restoration he resolved to marry none but her, and promised her to do it.'

The Duke was accustomed to a very different type of woman, and hitherto, when his amorous nature had drawn him towards any one, he had probably found her only too ready to fall into his arms; but this girl was a good girl and would never consent to become his mistress, so the only way to cure the ache he suffered from was to marry her. Besides, although in many ways he had a more despicable character than his brother—for he was a mean-natured man, while Charles was often generous and kindly—James never became a cynic, but worshipped the goodness which he could not imitate.

At this time Cromwell was firmly seated in the saddle, riding Great Britain on snaffle or curb as the occasion required, and there seemed little chance that the Stuarts would be able to unseat so skilful a rider, who understood his mount much better than any member of that family had ever done.

Also, even if the improbable happened and Charles recovered the Crown of England, he would be certain to marry and was likely to have many children, so that there appeared to be little probability of James ever succeeding to the Throne. Possibly much of this passed through James's mind; but he must have been truly in love with Anne Hyde, else he, a dependent on his mother's slender bounty, would not have contemplated marriage with a portionless girl of greatly inferior rank, whom his mother would never accept as her daughter-in-law. It was a preposterous match, but James was on fire and Anne a high-spirited and romantic girl who adored him. The insanity of love, like that of genius, makes all things seem possible.

To Anne Hyde, however sensible she was by nature, the world must have appeared radiantly changed as she was driven back to Holland that November through the empty country of Northern France and the mud of Flanders—a very different mood from that of the occupant of the unpaid-for coach ahead. The Princess was going back to face her creditors in grievous disappointment over her fruitless and expensive expedition. No doubt glad to put off the evil hour of her return to all the

anxieties awaiting her in Holland, she stopped at Bruges, where her brother Charles was staying and whither James had preceded them. There the bright-eyed, laughing Maid of Honour again constantly saw the Duke, for her mistress stayed on over Christmas and for some time into the early spring.

When at last the Princess of Orange reached The Hague she found her debts so heavy that she was obliged to 'sell her jewels, and even some estates that were in her power as her son's guardian, so that,' as Bishop Burnet says, 'she fell into some misfortune that lessened the reputation she had formerly lived in.' Henrietta Maria had by her foolish interfeference brought unhappiness upon yet another member of her family, and this time the most innocent, for all the authorities of that time describe the Princess as being mild, patient, affectionate, and firm-minded. It may have been for reasons of economy that she lived for some time after this at Breda, and there it was that James, on one of his many visits 'to see his sister' in that romantic old town, secretly married the clever young Englishwoman. The date of the marriage is said to be November 24th, 1659, but it is still shrouded in mystery. At the time neither family had the slightest inkling that a marriage had taken place.

Soon after this momentous event, the dawn of a new day broke upon the House of Stuart. Oliver Cromwell had passed away a year before, and as the storms of civil war died down and the clouds of hatred dispersed, a reaction set in. Throughout Great Britain the people longed for a monarchy once more, gaiety, and above all, peace. They longed for their King from over the water, the 'Black Boy,' the hero of song and story, and by March, 1660, the restoration of Charles became the only policy on which all parties could agree. General Monk proclaimed a 'free Parliament,' and, after the election, he occupied London with his troops and protected the assembly which proceeded to call Charles back. No conditions were asked of the King but those that had been freely offered by himself in his Declaration and letters.

Bishop Burnet gives an account of Sir Edward Hyde's share in the negotiations for Charles's return. As the Bishop can never be accused of prejudice in favour of Hyde this is of importance:

'Chancellor Hyde was all this time very busy . . . he wrote in the King's name to all the leading men and got the King to write a great many letters in a very obliging manner. Some that had been faulty' (disloyal to the Stuarts) 'sent over considerable presents with assurances that they would redeem all that was passed with their zeal for the future. These were all accepted. Their money was also very welcome, for the King needed money when his matters were in that crisis. The management of all this was so entirely the Chancellor's single performance, that there was scarcely any other that had so much as a share in it with him. He kept a register of all the King's promises and of his own, and did all that lay in his power afterwards to get all to be performed. He was also that while giving the King many wise and good advices, but did it too much with the air of a governor or a lawyer. Yet the King was fully in his hands.'

During the last five years of Charles's exile Hyde had been with him at Cologne and Bruges, and had gained much influence over him, until in 1657, on the death of Sir Edward Herbert, the King raised his Chancellor of the Exchequer to the position of Lord High Chancellor of England, and gave the Great Seal into his charge.

A few days before his thirtieth birthday on May 25th, 1660, Charles II, looking strangely foreign for an English king, landed at Dover. With him came the Duke of York and his younger brother Prince Henry, his Lord Chancellor, and those of the Cavaliers who had accompanied him into exile. A number of ambitious friends who eagerly flocked towards the rising sun had preceded him to England; among them a certain lady, Barbara Villiers, a cousin of the Duke of Buckingham. She had gone with

her husband to Holland hoping to captivate the King, and became from this time forth for many years his most favoured mistress. Soon after his return the King created her husband Earl of Castlemaine, and later he made her Duchess of Cleveland.

But on that May morning long ago the eyes of the people of England scarcely glanced at those who accompanied Charles from exile. They were fixed upon their eagerly awaited King. Blinded by the halo of Divine Right that shone so brightly above his swarthy face, twenty thousand of his subjects fell upon their knees before him as he landed at Dover, and 'hardly any of those present could refrain from tears.'

Later on, when his people had dried their eyes and saw that the halo was worn carelessly, at a rakish angle, and that old Hyde often had difficulty in keeping it in place at all, was not the fascination of the wearer himself so bewildering that he could, as by a miracle, continue to bewitch rather than blind his fellow-countrymen?

The reign started well enough. Forming his Privy Council of the gentlemen who had returned with him from exile, the King added a few of the Presbyterians selected by General Monk; but the Lord Chancellor and an inner circle of trusted Ministers held the real power. As Charles left all he could to Hyde, the latter was now at the apex of his career. For a short time he rode on the crest of the wave, all his personal and monarchical ambitions satisfied. The Church was once more supreme and a Stuart again on the Throne, the restoration of both having been due more to his exertions than to those of any other man. With the power in his own hands to restore the liberties of England—as he understood them—to carry such measures as the Acts of Indemnity and Oblivion, and later on the great 'Clarendon Code' named after himself, well might he feel that his loss of fortune, the hardships of exile, the constant attacks of gout aggravated by living in damp lodgings, and the weariness of attempting to dragoon an uncommonly difficult unemployed young monarch, had at last been recom-

pensed and that he had entered a harbour of which he was indeed master.

There were only two disquieting factors—the profligacy of King and Court, and his fear of the jealous enemies whom he knew were waiting the first chance to rush out upon him and beat him down. Suddenly the blow fell, not aimed by an adversary, but as a result of the secret act of his dearly loved daughter, Anne.

After his arrival with the King at Whitehall the Lord Chancellor had taken for himself and his family Worcester House, in the Strand, and had summoned thither his wife and children, arranging for Anne to leave the service of the Princess of Orange and join them, for he had recently been approached by the 'heir of a noble family who wished to marry her.' But his daughter had other more pressing problems of her own to consider. The principal one at the moment was to persuade the Duke of York to confess their marriage to the King, for she was expecting a child in a few months' time. So cleverly did she manage this that it was not many weeks before the Duke informed the King 'that they had long been contracted, and that she was with child, and upon his knees, with tears in his eyes, he begged his brother's permission that he might publicly marry her; that if his Majesty would not give his consent he would immediately leave the Kingdom and must spend his life in foreign parts.'

The King was extremely angry with his brother, and in much perplexity as to what course to pursue in this vexatious affair. For dynastic reasons it could not have come at a more inopportune moment. As yet Charles was far from firmly balanced on the Throne, and such an absurd secret marriage of his heir, who was expected to strengthen his own position and that of the King by some carefully selected foreign alliance, could only bring ridicule abroad and unpopularity at home. Besides, the King was still beset by difficulties of all sorts, most of which he could not possibly face except with the help of the father of the young lady in question. Knowing the

Chancellor so well, he was convinced that he must be unaware of the marriage.

When Charles calmed down sufficiently to consider the matter dispassionately he consulted Lord Ormonde and Lord Southampton, both of whom were old and devoted friends of Hyde, and told them to request him to come to the King's chamber as there was business of great importance. When Sir Edward arrived, hot and flustered with his hurry, the warm weather and his gout, Lord Ormonde advised him to compose himself as 'he had a matter to inform him of that he doubted would give him much trouble, for the Duke of York had owned a great affection for his daughter to the King, and that he much doubted that she was with child by the Duke, and that the King required the advice of them and of him what he was to do.'

The Chancellor showed by the consternation with which he received this that 'he was struck with it to the heart, and never had the least apprehension of it. He broke out into a very immoderate passion against the wickedness of his daughter and said, with all imaginable earnestness, that as soon as he came home he would turn her out of his house as a strumpet to shift for herself, and would never see her again.' They told him 'that his passion was too violent to administer good counsel to him, that they thought that the Duke was married to his daughter, and that there were other measures to be taken than those which the disorder he was in had suggested to him.'

Whereupon Hyde fell into new 'commotions' and said,

'If that were true he was well prepared to advise what was to be done: that he had much rather his daughter should be the Duke's whore than his wife; in the former case nobody could blame him for the resolution he had taken, for he was not obliged to keep a whore for the greatest prince alive; and that the indignity to himself he would submit to the good pleasure of God. But if there were any reason to suspect the

other, he was ready to give a positive judgment in which he hoped their lordships would concur with him; that the King should immediately cause the woman to be sent to the Tower, and to be cast into a dungeon, under so strict a guard, that no person living should be admitted to her; and then that an Act of Parliament should be immediately passed for the cutting off her head, to which he would not only give his consent but would very willingly be the first man that should propose it.'

At this moment the King came into the room and sat down at the table. Observing the distressed condition of the Chancellor, collapsed upon a chair with his eyes swollen and the tears running down his cheeks, he asked the others ‘“What they had done and whether they were resolved on anything?”’ Lord Southampton answered, “Your Majesty must consult with soberer men, that he,” pointing to the Chancellor, “was mad and had proposed such extravagant things that he was no more to be consulted with!”’ Whereupon the King, looking at the weeping man with great kindness, said, ““Chancellor, I knew this business would trouble you and therefore I appointed your two friends to confer first with you upon it, before I would speak with you myself; but you must now lay aside all passion that disturbs you, and consider this business will not do itself; that it will quickly take air, and therefore it is fit that I first resolve what to do, before other men called presume to give their counsel; tell me therefore what you would have me do and I will follow your advice.””

Upon this the Chancellor pulled himself together, stood up and said with some composure, ““Sir, I hope I need make no apology to you for myself, and of my own in this matter, upon which I look with such detestation, that though I could have wished that your brother had not thought fit to have put this disgrace upon me, I had much rather submit and bear it with all humility, than that it should be repaired by making her his wife: the

thought whereof I do so much abominate that I would much rather see her dead, with all the infamy that is due to her presumption.' ' Then he repeated all that he had said before the King came in about having her sent to the Tower, the Act of Parliament and the rest. The spectacle of the Lord Chancellor dissolved in tears and pleading with him to send his brother's wife to the Tower and to have her head cut off, struck Charles as so ludicrous that he could not hide his amusement. At that moment the Duke of York came in, surprised to find his brother's wrath changed to merriment. The King quickly spoke of something else and drew James out of the room.

It has been suggested that Hyde showed a certain amount of slyness in his preposterous suggestions about his daughter, but it is difficult to believe that, taken unawares as he had been and overcome with wrath and consternation, he could so quickly have hit upon a device calculated to turn Charles from his anger, especially as he had no sense of humour himself and therefore could not intentionally play upon that of Charles. Besides, he was not of his generation and did not look upon things in the same way. In the Chancellor's youth the girl would have been sent to the Tower, and there is every likelihood that Charles's own father under similar circumstances would have had her head cut off. The idea of the Act of Parliament was entirely due to Hyde's legal mentality, for his old master, Charles I, would have been the last man to have troubled about asking for that.

The Chancellor went home and told his wife what had happened. He bade her find her daughter at once and order the girl to keep her own chamber and to receive no visitors, 'whereas before she had always been at dinner and supper and had much company resorting to her.' This became known to the Duke at once, and he must have tried to see her that night, for he was so offended at her father's treatment of his wife that he complained to the King 'as of an indignity offered to him.'

The next morning 'the King chid the Chancellor for proceeding with so much precipitation, and required him

"to take off that restraint and to leave her the liberty she had been accustomed to.'" To which he replied, 'that her not having discharged the duty of a daughter should not deprive him of the authority of a father and therefore he must humbly beg his Majesty not to interpose his command against his doing anything that his own dignity required.' Nor did he take off any of the restraint which he had imposed; yet he found out later that the Duke continued his visits, even spending whole nights with his wife, for he must have come by boat from Whitehall to Worcester House and been secretly admitted up the river stairs into the house by the servants, who afterwards made the excuse 'that they knew that they were married.'

During the time that he kept his daughter a prisoner in her room overlooking the Thames, Hyde went to see her and, without showing any sign of love or indulgence, cross-examined her very severely about the details of the secret marriage at Breda. He ascertained by whom they had been married; who were present at the ceremony and what witnesses would be ready to avow it, so as to prove beyond doubt that they were legally married. This did not make his mind much easier in regard to the consequences, but because of this he did not use so much severity as he had intended.

It must be remembered that apart from his apprehensions of the ruin this marriage would bring to his ambitions, reputation, and the safety of his family, and his horror of the presumption of a subject marrying the heir to the Crown, Hyde was also very unhappy that the daughter whom he had 'loved most of all his children' should have deceived him. He had known James only too well from his early childhood, and he was convinced that the Duke was incapable of making his wife happy, even if it were possible for her to step into such a difficult position and receive anything but jealousy from those about the Court. It is most unlikely that after his first surprise and indignation the Chancellor seriously thought of sending his child to the Tower and the block, but in his

distress of mind he could see no chance that any good could come of the match.

The marriage soon became generally known and was much gossiped about in those summer days of 1660, but, to the surprise of everyone, no public opposition was aroused. Indeed, the matter was never even mentioned in Parliament. The Chancellor, greatly amazed, says:

'He still received the same respects from all men which he had been accustomed to, and the Duke himself, in the House of Peers, frequently sat by him on the Woolsack, that he might the more easily confer with him upon the matters which were debated and receive his advice how to behave himself; which made all men believe that there had been a good understanding between them. And yet it is very true that the Duke never spoke one word to him of that affair. The King spoke every day about it and told the Chancellor "that he must behave himself wisely for the thing was remediless, and that his Majesty knew that they were married, which would quickly appear to all men, who knew that nothing could be done upon it."'

There seems to be no record whether the Lord Chancellor knew at the time, for it is certainly not mentioned by him in his 'Life,' that a second marriage according to the Church of England service had been performed in the dead of night on September 3rd, at Worcester House. Some time between the hours of eleven and two, while London slept, the Duke of York, his Chaplain, Dr. Joseph Crowther, and Lord Ossory were admitted into the house, and, while their boat swung to and fro at the bottom of the river steps, they were conducted to the bride's chamber, and this strange royal marriage was once more solemnised by stealth.

Ten days after this ceremony took place a messenger from Cambridge was galloping on his way to Whitehall with the news that the King's younger brother, Henry Duke of Gloucester, only twenty years old, had died of

small-pox. Pepys says that his death was in a great measure due to the negligence of his doctors.

Next morning all was consternation at the palace, for the King and Duke were very grieved at the death of their young brother. It is said that Charles's love for him was deeper than any other sentiment of his life, for Henry was a most lovable boy and had lived with him for years during their exile at Cologne. 'He was a Prince,' James wrote, 'of the greatest hopes, undaunted courage, admirable parts and a clear understanding.' Even Bishop Burnet speaks with fervour of the fine character and intelligence of this young man, who was deeply loved by his family and lamented by the whole nation.

Shortly before this sad event, word had been received at Court that the Princess of Orange intended to visit her brother the King, in order to take a share in the general rejoicings at his restoration. This entailed additional complications at that particular moment, and her arrival was not looked forward to by any of the principal actors in the drama except herself. The royal brothers were obliged to drive to Dover to meet her.

According to Hyde:

'The morning that they began their journey, the King and the Duke came to the Chancellor's house and the King after speaking to him about some business that was to be done in his absence, going out of the room, the Duke stayed behind and whispered the Chancellor in the ear, because there were others at a little distance, that he knew that he had heard of the business between him and his daughter, and of which he confessed he ought to have spoken to him before, but that when he returned from Dover he would give him full satisfaction; in the meantime, he desired him not to be offended with his daughter.'

To which the Chancellor made no other answer than that 'it was a matter too great for him to speak of.'

Notwithstanding what the Duke had promised, when

they returned to London he did not again speak to the Chancellor of the marriage and he ceased visiting or sending to his wife. All was silence on the subject, but it became noised about the town that the Princess of Orange had taken a very strong stand against the recognition of the marriage.

The Queen Mother in Paris had heard of it earlier and had written a furious letter to the Duke, full of indignation that 'he should have so low thoughts as to marry such a woman.' However, he did not seem at all moved by his mother's reproaches and even showed the letter to his wife. But the Queen now wrote to the King 'that she was on the way to England to prevent with her authority so great a stain and dishonour to the Crown.' She made use of many threats and entreaties, saying, for instance, that she 'was going to complain to the Parliament against the Chancellor, and to apply the highest remedies to prevent so great a mischief.'

At this time it began to be whispered that the Duke had received evidence that Anne had had previous affairs with other men; also, that, as the marriage had been contracted without the King's consent, it was invalid, and that James had determined never to see her again.

It appears that a conspiracy had been hatched by Sir Charles Berkley, Captain of the Guard, who had been much with the Duke on the Continent and had obtained a considerable influence over him, to prevent the acknowledgment of the marriage. Berkley, Hyde says, was a dissolute young man whom Charles looked upon 'as a fellow of great wickedness, which opinion the King was long known to have of him before his coming to England and after.' In fact, he had often vainly urged and even commanded James to break with him, fearing his evil influence over his brother.

In this dastardly attempt to turn James against his wife, Berkley had been actuated by a double aim—to save the Duke from an unsuitable marriage, and to ruin the Chancellor who had often set himself against him. It seems that Berkley had informed the Duke 'that he was

bound in conscience to preserve him from taking a woman so wholly unworthy of him; that he himself had lain with her and that for his sake he would be content to marry her, though he knew well the familiarity the Duke had with her.' If the gossip of the time can be believed, Berkley produced others ready to perjure themselves, Lord Arran, Jermyn, Talbot, and Henry Killigrew, all of whom declared that they had had affairs with Anne Hyde. It is certain that the Duke of York believed Berkley's story for some weeks, for his coldness lasted from the end of September until long after Queen Henrietta Maria arrived early in November.

Throughout this time, however, the King continued to treat the Chancellor with especial graciousness, markedly seeking him out when others were present. One day when they were alone, the King told him that he was very much troubled, for his brother had been deceived 'by a wicked conspiracy set on foot by villains, which in the end must prove of more dishonour to the Duke than anyone else.'

A few days later Charles came to the Chancellor's house and being alone with him in his cabinet reminded him that, although he had often refused to take a Barony, he had admitted that 'when his Majesty would be able to make some addition to his small fortune, he would gladly receive that honour from him.' He then pressed into his hand a small piece of paper which contained a warrant in the King's own handwriting to the Treasurer to pay the Chancellor the sum of twenty thousand pounds. The King made the gift in this way so that no one else should know of it, and accordingly no jealousies would be aroused. The kindness and thoughtfulness of the King, when Hyde and his family were nearly in despair, considerably raised their spirits. Indeed, the King's friendship at this time was a boon beyond price not only to the Chancellor but to his daughter, for he frequently visited her at her father's house.

To the girl of twenty, a prisoner in her bedroom, expecting her child at any hour, and knowing the Duke

believed the accusations against her, his desertion must have made her time of waiting an indescribable anguish. But she kept her poise and courage even in these dire straits.

On the morning of October 22nd, there happened to be a meeting of the Committee of the Privy Council at Worcester House, the King being present. At this meeting the Chancellor informed the Council that his daughter was in labour. The King told him to send for the Lady Marchioness of Ormonde, the Countess of Sunderland, and other ladies of known honour and fidelity to the Crown to be present with her. As it was always the custom, when a possible heir to the Throne was expected, to have ladies of the Court present, this command of the King's was an acknowledgment of the royal rank of the young mother.

The ladies arrived and stayed until a child was born. With them came the Bishop of Winchester, who, Hyde tells us,

'In the interval of her greatest pains, and sometimes when they were upon her, was present, and asked her such questions as were thought fit for the occasion, "Whose was the child of which she was in labour," whom she averred, with all protestations, to be the Duke's; "Whether she had ever known any other man"; which she renounced with all vehemence, saying that she was confident the Duke did not think she had and being asked "Whether she was married to the Duke?" she answered, "she was, and that there were witnesses enough who in due time, she was confident, would avow it." In a word her behaviour was such as abundantly satisfied the ladies who were present of her innocence beyond reproach; and they were not reserved in the declaration of it, even before the persons who were least pleased with their testimony. And the Lady Marchioness of Ormonde took an opportunity to declare it fully to the Duke himself, and perceived in him such a kind of tenderness, that persuaded her

that he did not believe any thing amiss, and the King equally published his opinion of the scandal.'

Queen Henrietta Maria and her daughter, the Princess Henrietta, 'Minette,' as she was called by her mother and brothers, were expected to arrive in England on November 2nd, and the King and the Duke went to meet them at Dover. The night before the royal brothers left London the King sent for the Attorney-General and handed him a warrant creating the Chancellor a Baron with the title of Clarendon, so that the latter could assume his peerage on the King's return.

When the Queen landed at Dover she at once started a tirade against the marriage. The Duke asked her pardon, 'for having placed his affection so unequally, of which he was sure there was now an end; that he was not married, and had now such evidence of her unworthiness that he would no more think of her.'

The Queen was satisfied with this assurance and delighted with the reception given her by the people of Dover and London, on her first return to the country whence she had fled nineteen years before. With that essentially English characteristic—the swift forgetfulness of injury sustained in the past—the people did not remember that the Queen had been the mischief-maker, to whom, in great measure, they owed their troubles during the reign of Charles I and the Civil War. They received her with great rejoicings and many bonfires, both in London and Westminster.

On the day after the Queen's arrival at Whitehall all the members of the Privy Council, led by the Lord Chancellor clad in the robes of a Peer, waited upon her in order to welcome her on her return. The sight of Lord Clarendon and his attire caused considerable consternation in the mind of the Queen, but she managed to receive him with the same graciousness as she did the rest, for she saw that the King was determined to honour him in spite of what had occurred. But her indignation against

the marriage continued at full height, and she did all she could to keep the Duke firm in his resolution.

It is possible that his mother's passionate entreaties did her cause more harm than good, and stirred up opposition in James's breast. It is to be hoped, however, that better feelings induced a reaction and that pity for his young wife and little son, and a returning belief in her innocence, revived the love which he felt for this charming girl who was undergoing such apprehension and humiliation. At all events, it was noticed by all at Court that he became more and more melancholy as time went on, and 'cared not for company, nor those diversions in which he formerly delighted.'

During the past few weeks many about the Court, besides the King, had spoken with detestation of Sir Charles Berkley's conduct. This odious person soon discovered that his position was not at all a pleasant one. He therefore endeavoured to retrace his steps, and came to the Duke and confessed that, as his entreaties had been of no avail, he had planned this means of stopping a marriage which he believed to be a most unsuitable one; that 'the accusation had been false and without the least ground, and that he was very confident of her virtue, and therefore besought his Highness to pardon a fault that had been committed out of pure devotion to him.' Lord Clarendon says in his 'Life' that the Duke found himself so much relieved at this announcement that he embraced the perpetrator of the outrage and promised him that he would be forgiven and would not suffer in the least for what had taken place.

The Duke at once recovered from his melancholy, told the King of Berkley's confession 'with many expressions of joy, and wrote to his wife that he would speedily visit her and gave her charge to have a care of his son.' He did not own to the Queen that he had changed his resolution not to acknowledge or see his wife, but she was not at all pleased at the course of events, and soon, hearing that James had visited Worcester House, she flew into a temper and publicly declared that: 'Whenever that woman

should be brought into Whitehall by one door, the Queen should go out of it by another door and never come into it again.' So angry was she that for several days she would not allow James to come into her presence, or if he accompanied the King, she would not notice him or speak to him.

On the other hand, the Princess of Orange, who was still in London, was greatly affected by the knowledge that her brother's wife had been unjustly accused. She was hoping to intercede with her mother—although even she dared not do so at the moment—when she was suddenly taken ill with small-pox and died on December 24th. Her young son, William of Orange, whom she had left behind in Holland, was only ten years old at the time of his mother's death.

Instead of being softened by the death of her daughter, Henrietta Maria still refused to be reconciled to the marriage, until she received a peremptory letter from Cardinal Mazarin, then the power behind the throne in France, in which he plainly told her that 'she would not receive a good welcome in France if she left her sons in displeasure' and professed such animosity against the Lord Chancellor whose services to the King had been so noteworthy. Upon this she sent for the Duke and told him 'that the business that had offended her so much, she perceived was proceeded so far that no remedy could be applied to it, and therefore that she would trouble herself no further with it, but pray to God to bless him and that he might be happy.' The day before his mother left England, James presented his wife to her at the palace. The Queen embraced her daughter-in-law as graciously as though she had wished for the marriage from the beginning.

The Duke next brought Sir Charles Berkley to Worcester House. He cast himself at the feet of the new Duchess and begged her forgiveness. The Duke had asked her to accept these protestations of penitence, which she did 'with as much majesty as if she had been used to it all her life' and promised to forget his offence.

‘After this the whole Court crowded about her eager to pay their respects from a sense of duty, which in the end became very sincere.’

The chief sufferer from all the turmoil was the unfortunate child of the marriage. He was so delicate that he died six months after his birth.

CHAPTER III

THE COURT OF CHARLES II

ONE of the consequences of the Duke of York's marriage was that, as the heir to the Throne had made a mis-alliance, it was now thought more necessary than before that the King should marry and have legitimate children. The wife chosen for him was that hapless, dried-up, brown little woman, Catherine of Braganza, who could not speak English and was taken from a nunnery in Portugal and brought to preside over the Court of Charles II, where the wit and beauty and licentiousness of the women rivalled even those of the Court of France. The bewildered Portuguese bride came with three gifts in her hands, Tangier, Bombay, and a dowry of £500,000. Through her England gained her oldest ally, so invaluable later on in the maritime wars against France, when the harbours and supplies of Portugal could always be relied upon for English men-of-war.

It was said that Lord Clarendon had arranged this marriage. Nevertheless, it is probable that he and Charles II and Catherine were but used as pawns upon the chessboard of Europe in the game played by the King's astute cousin, Louis XIV. France's ally Portugal needed to be protected against Spain. Since Louis was not at that moment himself ready to supply such protection, he decided to thrust her upon England.

The royal marriage was one of the causes of Clarendon's unpopularity in England; for, as time went on and the unfortunate Queen Catherine produced no children, it was bruited about that he had engineered the match because he knew the Queen was incapable of having any,

thinking this would ensure that the Throne should come to his own grandchildren.

After the acknowledgment of their marriage, the Duke and Duchess of York were given apartments in the King's palace of Whitehall. This rambling structure extended along the left bank of the river Thames from Old Scotland Yard to Cannon Row, Westminster. Originally built in the reign of Henry VIII by Cardinal Wolsey, it was of much the same style as the oldest part of Hampton Court, being constructed mainly of red brick with embrasures and towers, but with odd, smaller buildings interspersed, some of them in plaster and wood. There were steps down to the water's edge and a long garden beside the river. Inside, the palace was a jumble of galleries, courts, halls, chambers and a chapel.

Upon what is now called Whitehall stood the Banqueting Hall, the only part of the palace that still exists, and of later date than the rest, having been erected in the reign of James I by Inigo Jones. Still one of the most beautiful buildings in the world, it stands to-day looking much as it did originally, except that the windows formerly had leaded panes in wooden mullions.

On the other side of the road and backing on to St. James's Park, farther west than where the Horse Guards is to-day, were situated the old tilt-yard, tennis-court and Cockpit of Henry's time.

Below Whitehall the palaces of some of the great nobles, Northumberland House, the Palace of the Savoy, Somerset House and many others, lined the river. With these mediæval buildings upon its banks and the busy life upon its surface, the river was a gay and picturesque highway in those days. Lively little boats with brown sails, and brightly painted barges of the nobles and wealthy merchants shared the waters with humbler craft and a multitude of swans.

In the 'Memoirs' dictated by the Count de Grammont, an exile from the Court of France, there is a delightful account of the merry river parties enjoyed by Charles and his Court:

'The river Thames washes the skirts of the vast and unmagnificent Palace of the kings of Great Britain, called Whitehall. 'Twas from the Stairs of that Palace that the Court used to take the Water, towards the close of those Summer days when Heat and Dust do not permit walking in St. James's Park. An infinite Number of open Boats full of Celebrated Beauties of the Court and City, attended the Barges in which were the Royal Family; and Colations, Musik and Fireworks completed the Entertainment.'

The account that Grammont gives of Hyde Park and the fashionable life there is the best description that has come down to us:

'Hyde Park, everyone knows, is the promenade of London, nothing was so much in fashion during the fine weather as that promenade which was the rendezvous of Magnificence and Beauty. Everyone therefore who had sparkling eyes or a splendid equipage constantly repaired thither.

'Coaches with glasses were then a late invention. The ladies were afraid of being shut up in them. They greatly preferred the pleasure of showing almost their whole persons to the convenience of modern coaches. That which was made for the King not being remarkable for its elegance, the Chevalier de Grammont was of opinion that something ingenious might be invented which would partake of the ancient fashion and likewise prove preferable to the modern. He therefore sent Termes privately with all necessary instructions to Paris. The Duke of Guise was likewise charged with this commission and the courier having by the favour of providence escaped the quicksand, in a month's time brought safely over to England the most elegant and magnificent calash that had ever been seen, which the Chevalier presented to the King. . . .

'The Queen imagining that so splendid a carriage might prove fortunate for her wished to appear in it first, with the Duchess of York. Lady Castlemaine,

who had seen them in it, thinking that it set off a fine figure to greater advantage than any other, desired the King to lend her this wonderful calash to appear in it the first fine day in Hyde Park. Miss Stewart had the same wish and requested to have it on the same day. As it was impossible to reconcile the two Goddesses whose former union was turned into mortal hatred, the King was very much perplexed.

'Lady Castlemaine was with child and threatened to miscarry if her rival was preferred. Miss Stewart threatened that she never would be with child if her request was not granted. This menace prevailed, and Lady Castlemaine's rage was so great, that she had almost kept her word; and it was believed that this triumph cost her rival some of her innocence.'

In all this gay Court life with its balls and banquets, and drives and rides in Hyde Park at 'Park Time,' the Duchess of York took her place as the second lady in the land.

On the evening of December 31st, 1662, Pepys went to Whitehall. He afterwards wrote that Mr. Povy

'brought me first to the Duke's chamber, where I saw him and the Duchess at supper; and thence into the room where the ball was to be, crammed with fine ladies, the greatest of the Court. By and by comes the King and Queen, the Duke and Duchess and all the great ones: and after seating themselves the King takes out the Duchess of York; and the Duke the Duchess of Buckingham, the Duke of Monmouth my Lady Castlemaine; and so other lords and ladies, and they danced the Bransle.'

'After that, the King led a lady a single Coranto; and then the rest of the lords, one after another, other ladies; very noble it was, and a great pleasure to me. Then country dances, the King leading the first which he called for; which was, says he, "Cuckolds all awry," the old dance of England. Of the ladies that danced the Duke of Monmouth's mistress and my Lady

Castlemaine, and a daughter of Sir Harry de Vickers was the best. The manner, was, when the King dances, all the ladies in the room and the Queen herself stand up; and indeed he dances rarely and much better than the Duke of York.'

Earlier in that year Mr. Pierce, the 'chirurgeon,' had taken Pepys to Somerset House,

'and there carried me into the Queen Mother's presence chamber, where she was with our own Queen sitting on her left hand (whom I did never see before), and though she be not very charming, yet she hath a good and innocent look which is pleasing. Here also I saw Madame Castlemaine, and, which pleased me most, Mr. Crofts, the King's bastard,' (son of Lucy Walter and soon to be created Duke of Monmouth) 'a most pretty spark of about 15 years old, who I perceive do hang much upon my Lady Castlemaine, and is always with her; and, I hear, the Queens both of them are mighty kind to him. Bye and bye in comes the King, and anon the Duke and his Duchess, so that, they being altogether, was such a sight as I never could have hoped to see with so much ease and leisure. . . . Here were many great store of ladies, but very few handsome. The King and Queen were very merry; and he would have made the Queen Mother believe that his Queen was with child, and said that she said so. And the young Queen answered "You lye"; which was the first English word I ever heard her say: which made the King good sport; and he would have taught her to say in English, "Confess and be hanged."'

At such a Court and in such a family circle, with the constant humiliation of witnessing her husband's amorous advances towards other women, Hyde's daughter required much dignity and courage. According to all accounts these qualities never failed her. Bishop Burnet, no flatterer of royalties, says:

"The Duchess of York was a very extraordinary

woman. She had great knowledge and a lively sense of things. She soon understood what belonged to a Princess, and took state on her rather too much. She wrote well and had begun the Duke's life of which she showed me a volume. It was all drawn from his journal, and he intended to have employed me in carrying it on. She was generous and friendly but was too severe an enemy.'

We learn from the 'Memoirs' of the Count de Grammont that

'the Duchess had a majestic air, a pretty good shape, not much beauty, a great deal of wit, and so just a discernment of merit that whoever of either sex were possessed of it, was sure to be distinguished by her. An air of grandeur in all her actions made her to be considered as if born to support the rank which placed her so near the throne.'

Strangely enough, considering that she knew only too well her husband's weakness for pretty women, the Duchess of York, when she formed her new Court, resolved to choose as her Maids of Honour only the handsomest girls that were recommended to her, so she soon had a bevy of damsels about her, whose charms the Count de Grammont writes of with ecstasy. The Duke, too, certainly thought them very lovely, for he spent much of his time ogling them, or writing little love notes to those he particularly admired, including the beautiful Frances Jennings, elder sister of Sarah Jennings, afterwards Duchess of Marlborough. But he did not succeed in his attempt to make any one of them his mistress. To his disgust they all remained loyal to the Duchess until Arabella Churchill appeared upon the scene. This elder sister of young John Churchill was plain, tall, and thin. No one knew exactly why she should have been James's mistress, but she had four children by him, the eldest of whom became the famous Duke of Berwick.

James had to be content with women of a very different

type from the beautiful ladies his brother Charles collected—although there were exceptions, such as Lady Chesterfield and Lady Denham, who are said to have yielded to him. As soon as Lord Chesterfield heard the rumours about his wife he hurried her away to the country; but apparently Lady Denham was an acknowledged mistress, if Pepys, on the authority of Pierce the surgeon, can be believed. He wrote:

"The Duke of York is wholly given up to his new mistress, my Lady Denham, going at noon day with all his gentlemen with him to visit her in Scotland-yard, she declaring she will not be his mistress as Mrs. Price, to go up and down the privy stairs, but will be owned publickly, and so she is."

The royal brothers' morals were no worse than those of most other men about the Court—the most dissolute that England has ever suffered from. It must be remembered that both the young Princes and their Royalist adherents, courtiers, nobles and many of the country gentlemen, had spent their youth in exile as hangers-on at foreign courts, or in low taverns where many of them had been obliged to live, and imbibed their mode of living from the people with whom they had associated. This is a more reasonable explanation of the profligacy of the reign than any theory of reaction from Puritan strictness at home.

In everything but in his love affairs, the Duke of York is supposed to have been very much under the influence of his wife. The Duke's treasurer, Mr. Povy, told Pepys that the Duchess 'do now come like Queen Elizabeth, and sits with the Duke of York's council, and sees what they do; and she crosses out this man's wages and prices, as she sees fit for saving money, but yet, he tells me she reserves £5,000 a year for her own spending.'

When the Duke of York, who was Lord High Admiral, was endeavouring to bring about another war with Holland, of which the Lord Chancellor did not approve on the ground that 'the City of London had had war

enough and could only become rich by peace,' the Duchess went to her father and begged him, 'that he would no more oppose the Duke in the matter.' But Clarendon intended to have no petticoat interference and told her 'that she did not enough understand the consequence of that affair.' Nevertheless the war soon materialised, for the navies of both countries were yearning for a fight. After the Dutch had captured English ships off the coast of Guinea the English seized the Dutch Colonies in America. New Amsterdam was taken over and renamed New York in honour of the Duke of York. Surely there is no stranger irony in history than that the city presided over by the Statue of Liberty should be named after the most tyrannical of the Stuarts.

CHAPTER IV

THE BIRTH OF ANNE STUART

ALTHOUGH the Duke and Duchess of York continued to reside at Whitehall until the summer of 1663, the King had placed St. James's Palace at their disposal earlier. This old palace had been allowed to get into a sad condition during Cromwell's time, having been used first as a prison and then as barracks for his soldiers.

Built by Henry VIII, it is said from designs by Holbein, on the site of an ancient 'spittle for mayden lepers,' * it had not been used by royalty since Charles I and his family lived there. It was to this palace that Queen Henrietta Maria, much to the chagrin of her husband and the people in general, invited her mother, Marie de Medici, in 1638. As the latter was regarded as the symbol of the arbitrary power of France, the miniature Court which she maintained there for over three years was never acceptable to the nation. Finally Parliament voted her the sum of £10,000 on condition that she quitted the country at once, which she accordingly did in August, 1641.

Many of the rooms of the palace were then dark and ill-lit by small windows of the period when it had been built, but the walls were hung with fine tapestries and some magnificent paintings which Charles I had collected and which the Commonwealth afterwards sold, sacrificing them for a small part of their value. Before James and his wife took up their residence in the palace it was thoroughly repaired, and Restoration furniture, with all the elaborate carving of high-backed chairs, took the place of the plain, uncomfortable oak seats belonging to an earlier

* Hospital for maiden lepers.



QUEEN ANNE AS A CHILD

(By Special Permission of His Majesty The King)

time. In one room were hung the pictures of the Court beauties by Sir Peter Lely, which are now at Hampton Court.

The deer park in which the palace stood was already a beautiful one, for Henry VIII enclosed and drained the fields and woods as early as 1537 and laid out the walks. Either he or Wolsey had planted the oaks, so that many of them were already over a century old when Charles II came to the Throne. This king did more than anyone else to beautify the park which he loved so well, and he seems to have started work on it almost directly after the Restoration. With the help of Le Notre, the celebrated French gardener, he laid out the Mall, half a mile in length, planting trees in even rows and making broad gravel walks in place of the narrow winding paths; and it was he who formed the aviary from which Birdcage Walk takes its name.

In the old days the palace had been completely isolated, with the park on the south side and lovely rural slopes rolling away to the north, but by the time of the Restoration several houses had sprung up on the road to Charing Cross.

There is no dwelling-house in London that has been outwardly so little changed by the centuries as St. James's Palace, although the incongruous sash windows have been added. If James, Duke of York, returning by Pall Mall on the night of February 6th, 1664, after hours spent at Whitehall or with one of his mistresses, had not been too weary to glance out of the windows of his coach, he would have seen the old palace as it can still be seen on any night when the moon rises over the trees of St. James's Park, darkly silhouetted against the sky, with the same fantastic fairy outline of battlements and towers and lacey vane.

That night there was a commotion within the palace. The ladies and doctors had been hurriedly summoned to the Duchess of York, whose fourth child gave little time for preparation, since she came into the world in the space of one hour. No one dreamt of the magnificence of the

future of this little girl. Her birth seemed of no great consequence to any one. What likelihood was there that she would ever come to the Throne, with an older brother, the Duke of Cambridge, an elder sister Mary, and the probability that other male children would take precedence of her? Moreover, none of these children would have any interest in the Crown if the King had legitimate offspring. In his next letter to his sister in Paris, Charles wrote jokingly of his small niece—wishing Minette a boy and better luck than the Duchess.

When the christening took place in the Chapel Royal, the most ancient part of St. James's Palace, the child was given the name of Anne, after her mother. The ‘gossips’ (her god-parents) who bent over her cradle presented a curious contrast, for they were her two-year-old sister, ‘the young Lady Mary,’ old Dr. Gilbert Sheldon, then Archbishop of Canterbury, and the beautiful Duchess of Monmouth.

The infant they sponsored, Anne Stuart, was of tragic descent. Her royal grandfather, Charles I, had been beheaded, as had his grandmother, Mary Stuart; while her father spent most of his life in exile. Through the Stuarts Anne inherited the noblest blood of England and Scotland. The royal blood of France and Italy also flowed in her veins, her great-grandparents on the French side being Henry of Navarre and Marie de Medici. But there was little sign in Anne of this sinister intermixture of blood. Fair-haired and grey-eyed, she was the true daughter of her mother’s family, that long line of English country squires, who had loved the soil of England and the good English folk on their estates for many generations.

It was a singular ancestry that gave life to this little English girl, and she was born in a strange and dreadful time, for the year 1664 saw the commencement of London’s years of most deadly peril, from plague, fire and invasion.

The month the baby princess was born, or a few weeks later, a great ‘comet’ awakened apprehension of terrible disasters, and not only did the people really see this won-

der, but they imagined they also saw in the sky all sorts of other horrible signs and portents.

Daniel Defoe describes the superstitious terror felt by the citizens of London in his inimitable style :

'In the first place, a blazing star or comet appeared for several months before the plague, as there did the year after another, a little before the fire. . . . Those two comets passed directly over the city, and that so very near the houses that it was plain they imported something peculiar to the city alone; that the comet before the pestilence was of a faint, dull, languid colour and its motion very heavy, solemn and slow; but that the comet before the fire was bright and sparkling, or as others said flaming, and its motion swift and furious and that accordingly, one foretold a heavy judgment, slow but severe, terrible and frightful as was the plague. But the other foretold a stroke sudden, swift and fiery, as was the conflagration. . . . I saw both these stars, and I must confess had so much of the common notion of such things in my head that I was apt to look upon them as the forerunners and warnings of God's judgments, and especially when the plague had followed the first, I yet saw another of the same kind, I could not but say, God had not yet sufficiently scourged the city.'

There were only a few deaths from plague in London in the year 1664. During the winter months the dread disease seemed to have disappeared, only to break out afresh the next spring with great virulence.

As St. James's Palace and Whitehall were well outside the City boundary and away from other buildings, the Court stayed on until June, when it was thought no longer safe to remain. Then the families of the King and Duke of York moved to Hampton Court. Soon this too was considered unsafe, for thousands of people were by that time dying from the plague every week in London, and refugees were streaming away from the stricken city by every road.

One morning towards the end of July, the Duke and Duchess of York with their children and household started for York, the Maids of Honour and the Duke's gentlemen, with their master and mistress mounted on horseback followed by servants, baggage, and empty coaches as well as that in which the befeathered heads of the precious heir to the Throne, the Duke of Cambridge and his little sisters, Mary and Anne, could be seen.

Very splendid the cavalcade must have looked riding away on this summer's morning, so near to, and yet so oblivious of the horrors taking place in London, where those gruesome carts were rumbling down the narrow streets to the echo of 'Bring out your dead,' and great pits swallowed seven thousand bodies a week.

Evidently this appalling contrast did not strike Pepys, as he watched the Duke and his happy party depart from Hampton Court, for he makes no comment on it in his Diary, but writes with pride that he was permitted to kiss the hand of the Duchess, 'and that it was a most fine white and fat hand. But it was pretty to see the young pretty ladies dressed like men (in riding habits) in velvet coats, caps with ribands and with laced bands, just like men. Only the Duchess herself it did not become.'

Being, like all the Hydes, extremely fond of good food, the Duchess was indeed growing very fat. Count Grammont says:

'The Duchess of York was one of the highest feeders in England, and she indulged herself in it as indemnifications for other denials. It was really an edifying sight to see her at table. The Duke on the contrary being incessantly in the hurry of his new fancies, exhausted himself by his inconstancy, and was gradually wasting away, whilst the poor Princess gratifying her good appetite grew so fat and plump that it was a blessing to see her.'

But she was still charming and much admired, for as Grammont goes on to say:

'The Duchess since her elevation had conducted herself with such prudence and circumspection as could not be sufficiently admired. Such were her manners, and such the general estimation in which she was held, that she appears to have found out the secret of pleasing everyone.'

In truth the Duchess held herself with so much dignity that only once was there any scandal connected with her name, but so fond of gossip was this dissolute Court, where the only sin was to be dull, that it is remarkable she escaped as lightly. There seems to have been more talk than truth in this one affair. The best looking of all the men about the Court was Henry Sydney, the Duke's Master of the Horse, and a Gentleman of the Bedchamber. He was constantly in attendance during their journey to the north, and while they stayed at York; and later in September when the Duke had gone to Oxford, Sydney escorted the Duchess, her children and ladies slowly south, visiting Welbeck on the way. This young man certainly admired the vivacious, brilliant woman, and she, doubtless, was pleased with his admiration, but there is no reasonable ground for believing that he was ever her lover.

Burnet and Pepys only wrote from hearsay of the gossip about the Duchess and Sydney. On the other hand, Sir John Reresby, who was with them in Yorkshire, believed there was nothing serious in it so far as the Duchess was concerned, for he wrote in his Memoirs:

'She was a very handsome woman, and had a great deal of wit, therefore it was not without reason that Mr. Sydney, the handsomest youth of his time, of the Duke's bedchamber, was so much in love with her as appeared to us all, and the Duchess not unkind to him, but very innocent. He was afterwards banished the Court for another reason.'

Parliament met at Oxford that October and the royal

family and the Court also spent the winter there hoping to escape the plague, which still ravaged London. But in the early spring of 1666 Charles and James returned to London, their arrival giving new heart to the people, although the death rate from the plague was still about fifteen hundred a week.

The Great Fire broke out on the second of September. During the five days that it raged the royal brothers displayed conspicuous courage in combating the flames. They 'rode from one place to another and put themselves in great dangers among the burning and falling houses to give advice and direction what was to be done, underwent as much fatigue as the meanest and had as little sleep or rest; and the faces of all men appeared ghastly and in the highest confusion,' wrote Clarendon, and he describes 'the nights more terrible than the days, and the light the same, the light of the fire supplying that of the sun.'

The fire began in Pudding Lane, in a baker's house, and is said to have ended at Pye Corner. From near the Tower to the Temple it ran, devouring timber and masonry as it went. When at last the flames died down, the Guildhall, eighty-nine churches, including old St. Paul's, many schools, libraries, hospitals, and over thirteen thousand dwelling-houses had been consumed. With fevered imagination the people seized upon the idea that the fire was the work of the Papists, who, it was said, had been seen throwing fireballs into the houses to increase the havoc, and they fully expected that it would be followed by a general massacre of the Protestants. All the dreadful disasters of this time were regarded as a strange combination of God's vengeance and Papist activities, and for many a long year the fear of Popery influenced the trend of politics and the attitude of the people towards the Crown.

Thus was destroyed the mediæval city beside the Thames—a city with crooked streets in which high gabled houses leant forward as though to embrace one another across the narrow thoroughfares, shutting out

light and air from the living souls below. An enchantingly picturesque old city, but foully unhealthy.

The new metropolis that rose from its ashes with Phoenix-like rapidity, with broader streets and better built houses, saved London from the return of those terrible waves of pestilence which had hitherto swept away the lives of so many of her citizens. Not only was this new city, which began to rise from its ruins in Anne's infancy and burst into full flower as she grew to womanhood, more healthy, but there was a stately, classical beauty in its buildings never known before within the boundaries of ancient London.

The glory of the cathedral and churches is largely due to the inspiration of one man, the greatest of modern architects, Sir Christopher Wren. He designed a dream city of splendid buildings, with straight broad streets which met at convenient points and diverged again. Unhappily this dream was only partially realised. Common-place men could see but part of the vision that Wren saw, and his genius was restricted to the churches, with their uniquely beautiful spires, and glorious St. Paul's. The dwelling-houses and streets were constructed higgledy-piggledy—as most ordinary men's minds are formed.

The only bridge over the river, London Bridge, was not destroyed by the fire. It was still as Macaulay has described it:

‘A single line of irregular arches, overhung by piles of mean and crazy houses, and garnished after a fashion worthy of the barbarians of Dahomey, with scores of mouldering heads, impeded the navigation of the river.’

Whitehall Palace and St. James's Palace had of course been far beyond the range of the fire, and as the plague had now disappeared, the rest of the Court returned to Westminster.

The Duchess of York lived in great state. Her father, Lord Clarendon, was aghast at the grand scale on which

she kept her Court. He remonstrated with her, but he writes that he 'had no authority with her, nor did she think him a competent judge of what expenses Princes should make.' Her household consisted of a Groom of the Stole, four Maids of Honour, a Secretary, the Master of the Horse, two Equeuries, two Gentlemen Ushers and six Gentlemen Waiters, four Pages of the Back Stairs, four Lady Dressers, to say nothing of a Starcher, a Seamstress, a Lace Mender, a Laundress, and numberless Grooms, Pages, Watermen and Chairmen. The children—another boy, the Duke of Kendal, had been born the year before—had their personal attendants, the Duke of Cambridge being extremely grand, for at the age of four he possessed amongst his retinue a Tutor of the French Tongue, a Musician, a Laundress to the Body and three Rockers; the Lady Mary and the Lady Anne were not nearly so important or well served as their baby brother, but they had their own Rockers and Dressers; and, of course, each child had a Page of the Back Stairs.

With all these retainers tumbling over each other the children do not seem to have been well cared for, as they were always having illnesses. The two little boys lay dangerously ill at St. James's Palace throughout the spring of 1667. In his Diary on May 14th Pepys writes, 'Everybody mightily concerned for these children, as a matter wherein the State is much concerned that they should live.' He also remarks: 'My lord (Chancellor) did ask, not how the Princes or the Dukes do, as other people do, but how do the children?'

Evidently the King was more interested in these heirs to the Throne and the ducks that he had reared than disturbed by rumours of the threatened invasion by the Dutch Fleet, for Roger Coke in his 'Detection' makes this curious entry:

'I was on the 10th in the morning walking in St. James's Park, when a gentleman whispered to me that the Dutch were entered the river. There the King had fed his ducks, and was walking on the west side of the

Park, and as he walked Prince Rupert overtook us and met the King at the further end of the Pall Mall; and the King told the Prince how he had shot a duck, and such a dog fetched it; and so they walked on till the King came to St. James's House, and there the King said to the Prince, "Let's go see Cambridge and Kendal"—the Duke's two sons who lay a dyeing.'

Anne's younger brother, the infant Duke of Kendal, died on the 20th of May before he had lived a year. The elder boy, the Duke of Cambridge, lingered on until June and then he too died.

The only children now left were Mary and Anne. There is little about Anne's childhood in contemporary writings, but several portraits of her exist which show her to have been a plump, healthy-looking little girl with lovely auburn curls. It is said that she was her mother's favourite child, and that the Duchess fed her on cups of chocolate until 'she grew as round as a ball.' Anne had some trouble with her eyes, and when she was five years old they became so seriously affected that she was sent to her grandmother at St. Germain, to see if the French physicians could cure her of her malady. She was a good little thing, amiable and loving, but slow compared with her excitable Orléans cousin, the daughter of Minette, who was her playmate while she was in France. During her stay there she saw her father's cousin the great Louis XIV, the 'Grand Monarch' who could never have imagined that this small girl would become a Queen whose determination would one day balk him of his ambition to conquer not only Europe, but also the New World.

But to return to that summer of 1667 when London was in a fearful state of ferment, for the Dutch Admiral, De Ruyter, the greatest sailor of his time, sailed up the Thames and burnt part of the English fleet where it lay in the Medway. The people's nerves were entirely unstrung after their dreadful experiences from the plague and the Great Fire, and they expected other terrible

calamities to follow. They still believed Popery to be at the bottom of every disaster. It was said that the Court had sold England to the Papists; and that while the Dutch held the seas a French army was about to land and the general massacre of the Protestants would begin at last. Two things became imperative, to declare an ignominious peace with Holland—which was immediately accomplished—and to offer someone up as a sacrifice. The Lord Chancellor was the most unpopular person both in the country and at Court. He had been made the scapegoat by both Parliament and the people because of the lack of funds for the fleet and the mismanagement of such as were forthcoming. His unpopularity was growing. He had been blamed for the sale of Dunkirk to France, the costly defence of Tangier and the King's marriage.

The fine new house that Clarendon was building, at a cost of something like £50,000, on a piece of land which the King had granted him near St. James's Park was another sore point. Some called it Dunkirk House, insinuating that it had been bought by the appropriation of part of the price of Dunkirk. With these grievances against him, one night in June, the mob broke the windows of Clarendon House and, not content with this, painted a gibbet on the door and wrote beneath it:

'Three sights to be seen
Dunkirk, Tangier, and a barren Queene.'

There was another reason for Lord Clarendon's unpopularity with the people throughout England. This was the great Clarendon Code, which, passed during the first four years of Charles's reign, and framed in various Acts, gave political supremacy to the Anglican squires and enabled them to force upon the governing classes uncompromising adherence to the Church; thus driving thousands of Puritans and other Dissenters overseas. These terrible laws, which had been passed more under pressure from Parliament than from any desire of Clarendon, were generally enforced, but their author was flung back into exile, driven from England by his unpopularity.

among the people, by the envy of the courtiers, and the boredom of his king.

The King had been horribly bored by Hyde since, as a youth, he had been packed off to the west country with that austere lawyer, who was too devoid of humour and played the schoolmaster too much ever to become a congenial spirit to Master Charles. Though, later on, the King seems to have had an affection for the old man, and was kind to him in spite of his irritability and his perpetual lectures on the wicked ways of the Court. Now, however, the Lord Chancellor had made bitter enemies of the King's principal favourites, Lady Castlemaine and the Duke of Buckingham. That Clarendon always tried to influence his royal master against these two was well known, but his latest effort against Lady Castlemaine had proved especially disastrous.

A few days after his marriage, Charles introduced Lady Castlemaine into his wife's bedroom and insisted upon her becoming a Lady of the Bedchamber. The Queen was horrified. She had been told before she left Portugal that this lady was the Devil and that she must never allow her to come into her presence. Tears gushed from the poor Queen's eyes, blood from her nostrils and she fainted. Lord Clarendon did his utmost to dissuade the King from persisting in his intention of forcing his mistress upon his wife. Hoping to bring him to reason, the Chancellor even absented himself from Court, until he was brought to heel by a letter that left him no choice.

Charles wrote:

'I wish I may be unhappy in this world and in the world to come if I fail in the least degree of what I have resolved; which is, of making my Lady Castlemaine of my wife's bedchamber; and whoever I find use any endeavours to hinder this resolution of mine except it be only to myself, I will be his enemy to the last moment of my life. You know how true a friend I have been to you: if you oblige me eternally, make this business as easy for me as you can, what opinion

soever you are of, for I am resolved to go through with this matter, let what will come of it, which again I swear before Almighty God, therefore, if you desire to have the continuance of my friendship, meddle no more with this business. . . .

After this episode Lady Castlemaine and the Duke of Buckingham exercised the full weight of their domination over Charles to bring about Hyde's downfall. Buckingham added the deadly weapon of ridicule, amusing Charles and his courtiers by imitating the Lord Chancellor's strut, holding the fire shovel as a Mace, and the bellows as the Great Seal. At last Charles could no longer withstand their importunities and his own boredom. Although the Chancellor was sorrowing for his little grandsons and for his wife, who had also just died, the Duke of York was despatched—much against his will—to tell his father-in-law to resign office. When the Duchess heard of this she rushed to the King, taking the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Duke of Albemarle with her, and passionately though vainly protested against Charles's decision. As for the Duke of York, he was so embarrassed between his duty to his wife and father-in-law, and his duty to his brother, that he confesses in his journal that he would not have known how to deal with the situation 'had it not pleased God in the heat of this prosecution to visit him with the small-pox; so that before he was able to come abroad this great business was over.'

In the meantime the Chancellor, in much perturbation, sent back the Great Seal and demanded an interview with the King. When Charles granted this last audience to his father's old servant, they talked for two hours in the garden at Whitehall. The King, in answer to Clarendon's humble request to be told what fault he had committed that he should be asked to resign the Great Seal, acknowledged that he had nothing 'to object to him, for he had been faithful and honest, and he believed that never King had a better servant, but that he intended to remove him from office to assuage the anger of the Parliament and

secure him from its attacks.' After two hours of remonstrance Clarendon left the King's presence for the last time. His strut gone for ever and his double chin sagging forlornly, he was indeed a dreary object for his foes to jeer at as he passed out of the gardens.

Pepys describes the scene that then took place:

"The Chancellor's disgrace was certainly designed in my Lady Castlemaine's chamber; and that when he went from the King on Monday morning, she was in bed, though about twelve o'clock, and ran out in her smock into her aviary looking into Whitehall Gardens; and thither her women brought her her nightgown,* and she stood joying herself at the old man's going away; and several of the gallants of Whitehall, of which there were many staying to see the Chancellor's return, did talk to her in her birdcage . . . telling her she was the Bird of Paradise.'

The Countess's insulting behaviour was so marked, that as Clarendon passed he could not refrain from giving her this bitter forecast of her own fall from power, 'Madam, if you live, *you* will grow old.'

When the Duke recovered from the small-pox the King told him to persuade his father-in-law to leave the country, and James, partly because it was the King's wish and partly because a dispute was going on between the House of Commons and the House of Lords as to the impeachment of Hyde, consented. Clarendon accordingly sailed for Calais on November 29th. From there he wrote to the House of Lords a defence of his conduct which so chagrined his enemies that it was ordered to be burnt by the Common Hangman. He was impeached by the House of Commons in November, 1667, and the next month a Bill was passed banishing him from the King's dominions under pain of treason, if he should return. It was even made treasonable to correspond with him without leave from the King, but this part of the

* Dressing-gown.

Bill did not pass without much opposition. He spent his last years writing his 'Life' and other works; and finally, in 1674, this man who had done more than any other to place Charles II upon the Throne and to settle him firmly there died a lonely death in Rouen.

There was another reason why Charles was thankful to have Clarendon safely overseas: he had been England's bulwark against Catholicism. Although Charles had been brought up by his father's orders in the English Church, his mother had done her utmost to convert all her children to her own faith, and their French Catholic blood had been inevitably influenced by long residence abroad. Charles's and James's religion was always suspect in England after the first joy of the Restoration was over, but Charles's cynicism rode so ill with any religion that his conversion was not dreaded as was that of James. Besides, whatever his faults, Charles had the *bonhomie* which makes for popularity, while James's insufferable disregard for the prejudices of the public accentuated the dislike and fear of his religion. It is difficult for us in these more tolerant days to realise the horror that Popery then exercised over the minds of the people.

When Charles and James first went over to Catholicism is uncertain; Charles was only an acknowledged Catholic on his death-bed and James probably not earlier than 1670, but there is no doubt that James, at least, had leanings in that direction from his youth. Neither could actually become a Romanist without openly breaking away from the Anglican faith, for the Roman Catholic Church would not allow anyone to participate by stealth in her Sacraments. James told Bishop Burnet that while staying in a monastery during his travels through Flanders in his youth, 'a nun desired him to pray every day that if he was not in the right way, God would bring him into it,' and that the impression these words made on him never left him until his conversion.

The real difference between the brothers was that Charles was not troubled by a conscience, while James possessed one that gave him no peace, for he had that

most troublesome combination—‘a conscience with a licentious nature.’

As the public was always suspicious of James, a major crisis in regard to the succession to the Throne would be immediately invoked by any act which might confirm the fear that he had become a Catholic. Such an occasion now arose, because of the rumour that his wife had ceased her usual devotions. All her life she had been most devout, attending church regularly, but during the last two years before she died, it was noticed that she no longer came to the services of the Church of England. She excused herself on account of her ill-health, but ready as everyone was about the Court, and, for that matter, throughout the town and the whole country, to suspect the Papist sympathies of the royal brothers, this defection of the Duchess from her customary devotions caused a scandal which at that time was particularly unfortunate.

The whole of Protestant England was horrified at the rumour that the mother of the heir to the Throne had become a Roman Catholic, and it was not long before busy tongues in France were wagging too. Her father Lord Clarendon, far away in banishment, heard of this to him most shameful story. Suspecting that his daughter had been influenced by her husband, he wrote a moving letter to the Duke of York, and another to his daughter setting out at great length his opinion of the doctrines and fallacies of the Church of Rome, as well as more worldly reasons in favour of adherence to the English Church. He ended with a touching appeal to her affection for her children and himself.

In a letter dated August 20th, 1670, the Duchess replied to her father in a form which could also be given to her friends as a defence for her conversion. This epistle is not only an extraordinarily well-reasoned vindication of her conduct, but, from a literary point of view, it is one of the most remarkable letters in history. She begins by asserting that no one had persuaded her to change her belief—that it had come as an answer from God to her daily prayers to bring her to the true faith

before she died; she gives excellent grounds for her conviction that the Church of England should never have broken away from the Church of Rome, and she goes on to justify the points of doctrine in which the two Churches differ. Although this letter was never made public during her lifetime, there could not be much doubt that the Duchess had been converted to the Church of Rome, and uneasiness as to the Duke's conversion increased.

In James's 'Memoirs' he says it was in the beginning of the year 1669 that he 'began to think seriously of his salvation' and sent for Father Simons, a Jesuit, and that his admonitions and other influences induced him to declare his faith. The Duke sounded the King and found him of the same mind; and they both of them resolved to become Roman Catholics and also decided that the King should confer with other Catholics on the 'ways and methods fit to be taken for advancing the religion in his Kingdoms.' . . . 'The consultation lasted long and the result was that there was no better way of doing this great work than to do it in conjunction with France, and with the assistance of his Most Christian Majesty.'

The French Ambassador was entrusted with the duty of reporting this matter to Louis XIV, and Lord Arundell was sent to France to arrange a secret treaty with him.

'The Treaty was not finally concluded and signed till about the beginning of 1670. The purport of which was that the French King was to give £200,000 a year by quarterly payments, the first of which was to begin when the ratifications were exchanged, to enable the King to begin the work in England; but when the Catholic religion was settled here, our King was to join with France in making war with Holland.'

After this had been signed and exchanged between the two kings, 'His Most Christian Majesty,' Louis, seemed to have bethought himself that the conversion of England might take too long and delay his own personal ambitions. He therefore determined that Charles must wage war upon Holland at once. In order to bring this about

he despatched the Duchess of Orléans, Minette, to persuade her brother to agree to this condition.

Purposely leaving the Duke of York in London, the King journeyed to Dover to meet his sister, and spent two weeks with her there. So completely did she twist her brother round her little finger, that he assented to all his cousin Louis desired; much to the disappointment of the Duke of York, who realised that the money which should have gone to the conversion of England would now in part be used towards the Dutch war, and the rest of it would go into Charles's empty pockets. So indignant was James with his sister that he showed little sorrow for her sudden death, which took place soon after her return to France, his only comment being that 'a little after her arrival at her own house at St. Cloud she dy'd of a sudden and violent distemper, which seized her but the evening before to the great surprise and grief of all the Royal Families. The manner of her death gave some suspicion that she was poysion'd but the phisitians when she was open'd declared she was not. This voyage of Madame into England made a noise beyond Sea; and the Dutch were much alarmed at it, whose jealousy was increased by the Duke of Buckingham being sent after into France.'

Soon after this the Duke of York caught a cold which threatened to develop into consumption and he and the Duchess and their three children, Mary, Anne and the last-born child—another ill-starred Duke of Cambridge—spent the rest of that spring and summer at Richmond Palace. It was hoped that the fine air would benefit the father and overcome the constitutional delicacy of the children.

The girl whom the Duchess had borne the previous year, Henrietta, had died in the autumn just before her mother's conversion. Bishop Burnet suggests that the Duke of York had contracted and transmitted to his children a taint which caused the early deaths of all but Mary and Anne, both of whom suffered from serious eye-trouble. He says:

'Willis, the great physician, being called to consult for one of James's sons, gave his opinion in these words, "*Mala stamina vitae*," which gave so much offence that he was never called for afterwards.'

Further recording the scandal of the time, the Bishop goes on:

'A story was set about and generally believed that the Earl of Southesk, that had married a daughter of Duke Hamilton, suspecting some familiarities between the Duke of York and his wife, had taken a sure method to procure a disease to himself, which he communicated to his wife, and was by that means sent around to the Duchess of York, who was so tainted with it that it was the occasion of the death of all her children, except the two daughters, our two queens; and was believed to be the cause of an illness under which she languished long and died. Lord Southesk was for some years not ill-pleased to have this believed. It looked like a peculiar strain of revenge, with which he was much delighted, but I know he has to some of his friends denied the story very solemnly.'

Bishop Burnet's unsavoury gossip cannot be relied upon as evidence, but there can be no doubt that the Duchess had been tortured by some obscure complaint during the past two years. In spite of her extremely bad state of health, her eighth child was born on February 7th, 1671. She was up and about again when the agony of death suddenly came upon her.

According to her husband's 'Memoirs,' on the morning of March 31st she became so ill that she besought him not to leave her until after her death. If any of the Anglican bishops wished to come to her, she asked the Duke to tell them that she was reconciled to the Church of Rome and had actually partaken of the Sacrament. If they still insisted upon seeing her, they might come into her room, provided that they did not disturb her with controversial matters.

Poor neglected Queen Catherine had always been very fond of her clever sister-in-law. She wished to be with her when she died, and herself a devout Catholic, she hoped to keep the English prelates away by her presence. Throughout that day Catherine and James sat by the bedside of the dying woman. Towards evening, when the Duchess seemed about to expire, her younger brother, Lord Rochester, brought good Bishop Blandford to the palace. Before the Bishop was allowed to enter the death chamber, the Duke informed him of his wife's conversion.

Dr. Burnet gives this poignant description of the last awful moments of the Duchess's life:

'He (Blandford) was modest and humble even to a fault; so he had not presence of mind enough to begin prayers, which probably would have driven the Queen out of the room; but that not being done, she, pretending kindness, would not leave her. The Bishop spoke but little and fearfully. He happened to say he hoped she continued still in the Truth: upon which she asked "What is truth?"; and then, her agony increasing, she repeated the word "truth, truth, truth" very often, and died in a very few minutes.'

On April 5th, 1671, the body of the daughter of Edward Hyde was buried in state in King Henry VII's Chapel, Westminster Abbey.

CHAPTER V

HER GIRLHOOD

LEFT motherless at the age of seven, Anne seemed so delicate that fears were entertained for her life. This is shown in a letter written by Lady Mary Bertie on April 4th, 1671, the day before the Duchess's funeral:

'We are all goeing into mourning for the Duchesse of Yorke, and they say the Duke of Cambridge cannot live a fortnight, ouer Lady Anne above six months.'

Some time before this, Lady Frances Villiers, daughter of the second Earl of Suffolk and wife of Edward Villiers, had been appointed Lady Governess to the Duke of York's four children; and as Charles now granted her and her husband the use of Richmond Palace for a term of years, Mary and Anne with their younger brother, baby sister and numerous attendants were sent to reside there, in hopes that the country air would make the children stronger.

The poor little Duke of Cambridge lived only until June, on the eighth of which month he died. The baby, Katherine, died later in the year. But Anne became bonny and rosy once more, and there can be but small doubt that the three years spent in the beautiful old palace by the river gave to her and to Mary the health which they had not inherited.

The palace at Richmond had been built on the site of a much earlier royal palace, where the Thames wends its lovely way through a pleasant valley. Of its rebuilding in 1501 by Henry VII, an old writer says, 'howe he builded it again sumptuously and costly and called it Richmont, since he and his father were Earls of Rich-

mont.' In a manuscript of 1503 there is this description of the palace: 'Girded and encompassed with strong and mighty brick walls, vaned and bent with towers, each in his own corner and angle and also in his midway. His openings be strong gates of double timber and heart of oak stuck full of nails wrought and thick and crossed with bars of iron,' and 'the vanes on the towers are pleasant to see and hear on a windy day.'

In this fine old palace, during the next few years, Lady Frances Villiers brought up the two little daughters of the Duke of York with her own family of seven children; of whom three, Edward Villiers, created Lord Jersey, Elizabeth, afterwards Countess of Orkney, and Barbara, who married Lord Fitzharding, were destined to play prominent parts in the lives of both Mary and Anne. Indeed, Elizabeth exercised as baneful an influence upon Mary's life as other members of the Villiers family had done over the three previous generations of Stuarts. Their father was a nephew of the first Duke of Buckingham, the favourite of James I and Charles I, to whose bad counsels and foolish deeds both father and son owed so much of their unpopularity; and a cousin of the second Duke of Buckingham who had done more than anyone to debauch Charles II in his youth and still periodically held sway over him. Another equally pernicious relation was that all-powerful mistress of Charles, Barbara Villiers, Lady Castlemaine.

This notorious lady often stayed with her cousins at Richmond, and then Charles came too with his lords and ladies, and the old palace was filled with a brilliant throng that overflowed into the gardens and park, making exquisite pictures for the eye to marvel at, such as those that Lancret and Watteau loved to paint. Silks and satins of every hue dotted the lawns; and among these gay sauntering groups played the children and their dogs, the little girls in their long full skirts, low-necked bodices and big sleeves looking like miniature court ladies.

When Frances Jennings, the lovely Maid of Honour to Anne's mother, came to Richmond she sometimes

brought her younger sister, Sarah, four years older than Anne. Sarah was a vivacious slender creature, who amused the courtiers with her impudent wit and restless mind. From the first this girl seems to have fascinated the Duke's younger daughter. Unlike Sarah, Anne was not quick or tumultuous in her passions. She was a contented, rather shy child, but she had a happy enjoyment of life and love of laughter, and Sarah amused her and won her heart when she was hardly more than a baby.

The children's most enchanting playground must have been the 'Open Gallery paved with square tiles' leading to the garden and orchard. From the windows of their nursery they could look down upon the delights of the Great Orchard, 'cut into one Great Square and one little Triangle all planted with cherries and other fruit to the number of 223 trees. There is a handsome Bird or Turtle Cage, wherein Turtle-Doves are now kept.'

In these exquisite surroundings Anne spent the happiest years of her childhood. Yet life did not consist only of amusement or the making of youthful friendships. There were tutors of every sort and kind, and dancing masters who came and went, but the person who devoted himself most to the responsibilities of the upbringing of Anne and her sister was their Chaplain, the Reverend Edward Lake, with Dr. Compton, Bishop of London, as their spiritual Governor. James seems to have been a kind and indulgent father, and he, too, often came to see them at Richmond.

Affairs were not going well for the Duke. The fact of his wife having died a Roman Catholic lent much credit to the rumours of his own conversion, so that in March 1673, Parliament passed the Test Act, which was directed against James and all other Roman Catholics, as well as against the Dissenters. By this Act they were obliged to make a declaration before taking office of any kind, military or civil. This, however, their religion forbade them to do. The Test Act made it impossible for the Duke of York to continue as Lord High Admiral, and was a cruel blow to his pride and ambition.

He now seriously turned his thoughts to a second marriage. With this object the Earl of Peterborough was despatched on a pilgrimage through Europe to inspect all the beautiful young princesses. At length he came to Modena, and finding there the youthful and lovely Marie d'Este, he demanded her hand for his royal master. The Princess was only fifteen years old, and when told of the proposed marriage, she asked, 'Who is the Duke of York, and where is England?' When they admitted that he was forty years of age, she burst into tears and besought her aunt to marry him instead. That idea being frowned upon, she declared that she would rather become a nun than marry him. However, her mother finally persuaded the Princess to accept her elderly suitor, and on September 19th she was married to the Earl of Peterborough, who stood proxy for his master, the Duke of York.

The matter was kept so quiet that the House of Commons knew nothing about it until the next month. When the Members discovered that the marriage had actually taken place they were furious that the heir to the Throne should have married a Roman Catholic. There were violent debates, the outcome of which was that they despatched an address to the King, demanding that the marriage should be broken off. The new Duchess of York was, however, not only legally married but on her way from Paris to Calais, so the King refused to interfere, and prorogued Parliament—as was his habit in times of stress. By this time, however, the people of England had become convinced that the bride was a daughter of the Pope, and most of the courtiers were so frightened by the extreme unpopularity of the marriage that they dared not show any interest in it, and therefore none of them accompanied the Duke when he went to welcome his young wife at Dover. Only the Bishop of Oxford attended him to 'declare' the marriage.

Although James was now a middle-aged man, his face set and seamed by years of self-indulgence, there must still have been something lovable about him, for the tall, dark-eyed Italian girl, Mary of Modena, devoted her

youth and life to him, and would have made him a most admirable wife if she had not been so haughty in her behaviour towards his country-men and so fanatical in her religion.

Sydney Godolphin was appointed her Chamberlain. A Cornish gentleman of royalist stock, he had started his Court life as a page to Charles II and afterwards entered the household of James, to whom he became deeply attached. There was little in the personal appearance of Godolphin to recommend him, for he was fat, badly pitted by small-pox and of a yellowish complexion, but his discretion and dependability were almost proverbial, and his private life unimpeachable, although cock-fighting, racing and gambling seem to have occupied most of his leisure hours.

Another of the principal members of the Duke's household, and a close friend of Godolphin, was John Churchill, a Gentleman of the Bedchamber. Although at this time he was only twenty-three years old he had seen much fighting under the French general Turenne, and so distinguished himself that he had been made a Colonel. Undoubtedly he was also helped by the influence of his sister, Arabella Churchill, who had already given birth to four of the Duke's children. John Churchill owed his first chance of a military career to the Duke of York, whose page he had been, and who, finding the boy's heart was set on being a soldier, recommended him for a commission in the Guards. At one time it seemed as though his career at Court had been blighted, for young Churchill, when still in his teens, was so much favoured by Lady Castlemaine that it is said he was seen one night by the King himself getting out of her bedroom window. Even the royal jester failed to appreciate the humour of this situation, so Churchill was packed off to Tangier. Lady Castlemaine is supposed to have given him £5,000, with which he very prudently bought an annuity, and the £500 thus obtained was his only source of income. Banishment must have been welcome to young Churchill if Charles really made the scathing remark attributed to him

by the gossip of the day: 'I forgive you, for you do it for your bread.'

Most of the lovely Maids of Honour who had attended the first Duchess now clustered round the second; and there was added another, Sarah Jennings, who two years before, at the age of twelve, had been permanently attached to the Household as a playmate or attendant for Anne. Sarah already showed signs of the imperious temper which afterwards, when she became Duchess of Marlborough, made statesmen, as well as her illustrious husband, quake before her. Even at this early age she was able to give battle to her formidable mother, Mrs. Jennings, who for mysterious reasons, some said to escape her creditors, had established herself at St. James's Palace. In the Belvoir MSS., under the date of November 23rd, 1676, it is stated that Sarah and her mother actually came to blows and that the girl threatened to run away if her mother was not ejected from the palace. When this request was made by the royal owner, Mrs. Jennings answered 'with all her heart she would never dispute the Duke and Duchess's commands, but with the Grace of God she would take her daughter with her, for two of the maids had had great bellies at Court, and she would not have her child to have a third, so rather than part with her the mother must stay.' Only a month later, however, it appears that 'Sarah Jennings hath got the best of her mother, who is commanded to leave the Court and her daughter in it, notwithstanding the mother's petition that she might have her girl with her, the girl saying she is a mad woman.'

Her mother little knew Sarah if she thought her incapable of taking care of herself. At the age of sixteen she had plenty of suitors, and probably managed them all in as high-handed a manner as she did John Churchill, who was violently in love with her. Whatever his intentions may originally have been as to marrying an heiress, for he was a poor man and his family wished him to marry for money, from the time he fell in love with Sarah Jennings his fate was sealed. She well knew the art of leading a

man on and putting him off, and she kept the gallant soldier in a pretty state of uncertainty for several years before she finally married him. When the marriage actually took place is doubtful. By the end of 1678 they had a child, so it is likely that they were married a year or so before. Sarah herself never seemed very sure of the date, but she says that it was kept secret and that no one but the Duchess of York was present or knew of it.

Returning to 1674, Anne and her sister, then ten and twelve years old, were brought back to St. James's Palace; and all the young people, with James a middle-aged but indulgent satyr in their midst, made the place ring with gaiety and laughter. The old palace now witnessed a joyousness surprising even to those walls grown used to many a startling change. Games of hide and seek must have taken the members of this youthful Court into every part of the historic building—the bedchamber where Henry VIII had rested his corpulent frame; the Presence Chamber where Anne's great-grandmother, Marie de Medici, had held her Catholic Court; or a certain dark corner where James had hid one night in his boyhood—during the time when he and his brothers and sisters were kept prisoner in the palace by Cromwell's orders—and in one of their games of hide and seek had crept to the garden gate and been spirited away to France.

The gay crowd among whom Anne spent this period of her youth would have often amused themselves in St. James's Park, stocked by her uncle, the King, with many curious animals, 'deer spotted like leopards, antelope, elk, Guinea-goats and Arabian sheep.' Charles had done much to beautify the park, and had made the three ponds into one long lake, where he bred 'ordinary and extraordinary wildfowl in the Decoy.'

Sometimes the young folk would join Charles and his lords and ladies at games of bowls on fine summer evenings in the garden beneath the palace windows; or they would watch the most vigorous amongst them play 'Pell Mell' in the long alley beside the road leading to Charing



HER HIGHNESS, THE LADY ANNE

Cross, the street which by its name forever immortalises the game. The ancestor of our modern croquet, Pell Mell was played with a wooden mallet about three feet long. With this mallet a ball was sent flying through a high arch at the other end of the alley, the winner being that player who sent his ball soonest through the archway or with the least number of strokes.

One of the principal amusements of Anne and her sister was the acting of masques. Some one of their elders—Charles is the most likely person—had conceived the brilliant idea of employing that celebrated actress and good woman, Mrs. Betterton, to teach them elocution. Endowed by nature with a beautiful clear voice, Anne only needed this training to give her the perfect diction and quality of tone which charmed everyone, and when she became Queen enabled her to render her speeches in Parliament in so perfect a manner as to amaze all her listeners.

There is a delightful account in Evelyn's Diary of a masque performed before the two Courts on the night of December 2nd, 1674, in which Mary and Anne took the chief parts. This was a pastoral called 'Calisto, or the Chaste Nymph,' written by John Crowne and specially arranged by him for the youthful performers—with considerable difficulty, however, for the situations and innuendoes were more suited for the ears of Charles and his wanton Court than for the lips of the little girls. The principal part, Calisto, was taken by Mary. Anne was the engaging heroine, Nyphe, and Sarah Jennings had been appropriately cast as Mercury. They were supported by the younger members of the Court as gods and goddesses, nymphs, and satyrs. The epilogue, especially written by Dryden for the occasion and addressed to the King, celebrated the charms of the latter's two little nieces, Mary and Anne:

"Two glorious Nymphs of your own Godlike line
Whose morning Rays like noon tide strike and shine
Whom you to suppliant Monarchs shall dispose
To bind your Friends and to disarm your Foes."

Soon after this Anne was coached by Mrs. Betterton for the part of Semandra in 'Mithridate.' Many years later, when she became a great queen, she did not forget the actress who had taught her and her sister, and she settled a pension of £100 a year upon her old instructress.

Alternating between St. James's Palace and Richmond, this was a happy life for Anne. The people she loved best were with her, Mary and Sarah, her dear governess Lady Frances, Dr. Lake and all the other tutors and servants who were devoted to her. But little as she guessed it, significant events were taking place in the country and at her uncle's Court, upon which her future and her father's hung in the balance. The people's suspicion of the royal brothers and their religion as well as the fear of their collaboration with France had forced not only the Test Act upon Charles, but in March, 1674, obliged him to conclude peace with Holland.

He at least had now thoroughly learnt the lesson that it was impossible to foist Popery upon England. Unfortunately his brother, Anne's father, had neither the wit nor common sense to face the facts. James, a true Stuart, could never understand the English and still believed it possible to drive them, independent freedom-loving people as they have always been, into the superstitions that they abhorred. From this time forward he became the principal instrument of the Jesuits. Recognising this, exertions to exclude him from the succession to the Throne were hastened on—first by an attempt to persuade Charles to divorce his Roman Catholic wife and marry a Protestant, and when the King resolutely refused to do this, by a strong intimation that he should acknowledge a previous marriage to Lucy Walter, mother of the Duke of Monmouth, thereby making him his heir. But Charles honourably refused both of these suggestions saying: 'Well as I love the Duke of Monmouth, I had rather see him hanged at Tyburn than own him as my legitimate son.'

The Duke of Monmouth had married the wealthy heiress of the Duke of Buccleuch, and was fast becoming the

darling of certain sections of the people. He was a handsome and vain young man and was induced to believe that he could lead the ultra-Protestant elements in the country. To further his own designs in regard to the Throne he persuaded the King to appoint him General over all the troops in England, which James found himself powerless to prevent.

While these intrigues were being pushed forward by the supporters of the Duke of Monmouth, another and saner party was establishing the position of the legitimate Protestant heirs to the Throne. Charles himself would not on any account allow his nieces, Mary and Anne, to be brought up otherwise than as strict Protestants, and their religious instruction had been superintended by that splendid militant Bishop of London, Dr. Compton. He it was who, in 1676, dared to tackle James on the subject of the confirmation of Princess Mary. Her father protested that it would never be done with his consent. He said 'it was much against his will that his daughters went to Church and were bred Protestants, and that the only reason he had not endeavoured to have them instructed in his own religion was because he knew that if he attempted it, they would immediately be quite taken from him.' The Bishop, nevertheless, went straight to the King with the Duke's refusal and Charles summarily commanded him to confirm his niece.

With a view to the further strengthening of the Protestant succession and the ties with Holland, and in spite of the protests of the Duke, it was suggested to the Prince of Orange that he might ask for the hand of his cousin, the Princess Mary, in marriage. After various negotiations in the autumn of 1677, the Prince arrived in England. The chief victim of this design, Mary, now fifteen years old, guessed nothing of the affair until her father took her into her closet and told her that all was arranged, 'whereupon her Highness wept all that afternoon and the following day.' Anne was kept in complete ignorance of her sister's marriage.

Fortunately their tutor, Dr. Edward Lake, kept a diary

during this fateful time at St. James's Palace. This quaint record—evidently inspired by the importance of the events chronicled—gives the following brief but dramatic description of the wedding, which was hurried on as the Duchess of York was hourly expecting a baby, who, if a boy, would take precedence of Mary as heir to the Throne and possibly cause the Prince of Orange to break off the alliance. On November 4th:

'At nine o'clock at night the marriage was solemnized in her Highness's bed-chamber. The King, who gave her away, was very pleasant all the while, for he desired that the Bishop of London would make haste, lest his sister be delivered of a son, and so the marriage be disappointed. And when the Prince endowed her with all his worldly goods, he willed to put all up in his pockett, for 'twas clear gains. At 11 o'clock they went to bed, and his Majesty came and drew the curtains, and said to the Prince "Now, nephew, to your work! Hey! Saint George for England!".'

Great must have been the bridegroom's disappointment when, three days later,

'the Duchess of Yorke was safely delivered of a son . . . at nine at night. The child is but little, but sprightly, and likely to live. 'Twas christened the next day in the evening, by the Bishop of Durham. The King and the Prince of Orange were godfathers, and the Lady Frances Villiers godmother. He was called Charles and created Duke of Cambridge.'

While these momentous events were taking place, the finger of Death swung in the direction of the palace, for an epidemic of small-pox broke out and many people died, including Lady Frances Villiers. Anne was one of the first to take the infection. So vivid is the picture that Dr. Lake gives of her in her illness that we can almost see the little girl lying upon her big four-poster bed, her auburn curls clustering about her flushed face, and her mind

busied with the well-being of her attendants and the needs of the poor.

He relates that on November 10th:

'Her Highness the Lady Anne (whom God preserve!) having been 5 days sick, appeared to have the small-pox; whereupon I was commanded not to go into her chamber and read prayers, because of my attendance on the Princess and the other children, which very much troubled me, and the more because her nurse was a very busy, zealous Roman Catholick, and would probably discompose her if shee had an opportunity; wherefore, Nov. 11th,—I waited on the Lady Governess and suggested this unto her. She bad me indeed do as I thought fitt, but unsatisfyed with what shee said to mee, I addressed the Bishop of London, who commanded mee to wait constantly on her Highness and to do all suitable offices ministeriall which were encumbent on me. . . . At 3 o'clock I went to Lady Anne, and (considering her distemper) found her very well, without any headake or fever. I read prayers to her and at 4 o'clock preached at Albemarle House. I returned to Lady Anne at 7 o'clock, and found her as I left her; the pox were very small and not many.'

'Nov. 12th.—They appeared very many, and her Highnesse somewhat giddy and very much disordered. Her Highnesse requested mee not to leave her but come often to her, recommending to mee her foster sister, that I would take care to instruct her in the Protestant religion. At night I christened her nurse's child call'd Mary.

'Nov. 13th and 14th.—Her Highnesse continued very ill.'

Fearful of the infection, the Prince of Orange now wished to leave the palace, but could not persuade his unhappy bride to go away from her home. His mood became so disagreeable that all the Court noticed his 'sullenesse or clownishnesse' at the play and ball that took place at Whitehall before they left for Holland on

November 19th. So much was the Prince of Orange disliked for his boorish behaviour at the time of his marriage that Charles's courtiers amused themselves by giving him nicknames such as 'Caliban,' and 'the Dutch Monster.'

Dr. Lake goes on :

. . . 'Nov. 29th.—Her Highnesse Lady Anne seemed perfectly recover'd and order'd me to give God thanks in her chamber for safe recovery; at which time she gave me two guinneys to bestow on the poor. . . .

'Dec. 3rd.—Lady Anne went forth of her chamber to see the Duchesse in her lodgings, the servants all rejoicing to see her Highnesse so perfectly recover'd. The Duke visited her every day of her sicknesse, and commanded that her sister's departure should be conceal'd from her; wherefore there was a feigned message sent every morning from the Princesse to her Highnesse to know how she did. This day I had noticed that the Duke had discovered last night to Lady Anne the Princess's departure, which she appeared to bear very patiently.

'Dec. 10th.—Lady Anne removed from her lodgings into the Princess's.

'Dec. 12th.—This day between 11 and 12 o'clock, Charles Duke of Cambridge dyed at St. James's, not without suspicion of being ill manag'd by Mrs. Chambers, who pretended to recover him. . . .

'Dec. 13th.—The Duke of Cambridge was opened this morning, and his internals found perfectly sound; that in the opinion of the physicians he might have lived many years had not Mrs. Chambers, and Mrs. Manning his dry nurse, struck in a humour which broke forth under his arm and at his navell, instead of putting a cole leafe to draw it out; quo' natura tendit, tendat, quo' movet, moveat; wherefore the whole Court was concern'd at it; and the Duke was never known to grieve so much at the death of any of his other children.

'Dec. 16th.—Lady Anne came to Chapple and appear'd thoroughly recover'd.

'March 31st.—Being Easter day, was the first time Lady Anne received the sacrament. The Bishop of Exon preached at St. James's and consecrated; and dined with me that day. Her Highness was not (through negligence) instructed how much of the wine to drink, but drank of it twice or thrice, whereat I was much concern'd lest the Duke should have notice of it.'

This extraordinary proceeding on the part of Anne shocked Dr. Lake extremely, much more than it would have offended her father, who regarded the whole Anglican ceremony as heretical, or her uncle Charles, who probably would have been more amused than horrified by the little girl's natural mistake.

Indeed it is difficult to imagine a greater contrast than that between the devout religious upbringing Anne received from good Dr. Lake and the Bishop of London, and the debauched lives of her father and uncle. As she grew older she could not fail to be influenced by her Governor's and tutor's horror both of Popery and dissipation, and knowing her father's addiction to both it was inevitable that she should become prejudiced against him. She must have known that he was neglecting his second wife as he had neglected her mother, and she must have been aware of his numerous illegitimate children.

Arabella Churchill and Catherine Sedley were now his favourite mistresses. They were both plain women. Charles is said to have once remarked that he believed 'his brother had his mistresses given him by his priests for penance'—a witticism especially directed against Catherine Sedley. This ugly but clever woman bore James a daughter, and dominated him with bold vulgarity for many years. Catherine had more wit than discretion. Speaking of James's mistresses she is said to have exclaimed, 'Why does he choose us? We are none of us handsome, and if we have wit he has not enough to find it out.' James made her Countess of Dorchester, but she was so hated by the Duchess of York and the priests that she was obliged to leave England. Later she returned as

the wife of Sir David Collyer, by whom she had two sons. According to the gossip of the day, she once remarked to the latter, 'If anybody should call you sons of a whore, you must bear it for you are so, but if they call you bastards fight till you die for you are an honest man's sons.'

As for James's religion, he now threw himself more wholeheartedly than ever into the clutches of the Jesuits, and actually allowed them to hold a 'Congregation' in his own chamber at St. James's Palace on the night of April 24th, 1678. So secret was this meeting, however, that only later generations have discovered where it took place. Coleman, the Duke's secretary, managed to bring these designing men through the maze of dark passages and secret stairways of the old palace so stealthily, that no one but James and the priests knew of this illegal and sinister assemblage; for, taking place in the private apartments of the heir to the Throne, it might have been sufficient to cause a revolution if news of it had reached the ears of the public. Dr. Lake, Lady Clarendon—the new governess—and the other Protestant attendants of Anne, asleep in their beds, never dreamt of the closeness of the Popish terror, nor the extent to which her father was involved in the schemes of the Jesuits.

That summer the arch-perjurer, Titus Oates, appeared on the scene. Having learnt in France that a Jesuit Congregation had been held somewhere in England—luckily for James he had not discovered the real place of meeting—Oates laid before the King the details of a 'Popish Plot' which he alleged had been hatched at that assemblage. According to Oates the chief objective of this conspiracy was the forcible conversion of England to the Roman Catholic faith, opening with the murder of the King, the firing of the City of London and the raising of rebellions in Scotland and Ireland.

Charles did not believe the rogue—he caught him out on too many points where he was obviously lying—but his Council believed him, and issued warrants against the accused Jesuits; while Coleman, the Duke's Secretary,

was arrested and his papers seized. Behind the chimney in the latter's room at St. James's Palace a box was found containing treasonable correspondence with the Papal Nuncio and Père La Chaise, the confessor of Louis XIV. Although there was nothing to involve James in any designs upon his brother's life there was plenty to inculpate him regarding the project to overthrow the Protestant religion in England.

One of the letters from Coleman to Louis's confessor only too plainly incriminated James. It reads:

‘We have a mighty work upon our hands, no less than the conversion of three Kingdoms, and by that the subduing of a pestilent heresy, which has dominieered over a greater part of this northern world a long time; there was never such hopes of success since the death of Queen Mary as now in our days, when God has given us a prince, who is become (may I say by a miracle) zealous of being the author and instrument of so glorious a work. . . . That which we rely upon most, next to God Almighty’s providence and the favour of my master, the Duke, is the mighty mind of his most Christian Majesty’ (Louis) ‘whose generous soul inclines him to great undertakings. . . .’

Emboldened by his success, Titus Oates did not hesitate to accuse the Queen of plotting to poison her husband. Charles gave even less credit to this story than he had to the charges against his brother, but the people of London were in a state of panic, and when the body of the magistrate, Sir Edmund Bury Godfrey, before whom Oates had laid his disposition in regard to the plot, was found in a ditch with marks of strangulation on his neck and his sword thrust through his heart, they believed him to be the first victim of the massacre of the Protestants of London. Men went everywhere armed, and even the women carried daggers and pistols.

Both Houses of Parliament passed a unanimous resolution that ‘there has been and still is, a damnable and hellish plot contrived and carried out by Popish recusants,

for the assassinating and murdering the King and for subverting the Government and routing out and destroying the Protestant religion.' As a result of this the militia were called out; cannon were placed in Whitehall; hundreds of Catholics were thrust into prison and a proclamation was issued commanding all Popish recusants to depart ten miles from London. Coleman the traitor was convicted of treason and executed, and batches of other Catholics followed, who, no doubt, were entirely innocent.

Charles defended his brother manfully. He even dissolved Parliament, his old Cavalier parliament, which seventeen years before had restored him to power, but in the end he gave way, sent for James, and advised him to withdraw from England.

The Duke and Duchess made hasty preparations and sailed on March 4th, 1679, first going to The Hague, and then on to Brussels, taking with them a few of their attendants, among whom were John Churchill and his wife. When he decided to leave the country, James had asked the King if he might take his daughter Anne with him, to which the King readily agreed. 'Yet,' as the Duke says in his Memoirs, 'the Sunday following the King told him many persons found it strange that she should go, and accordingly obliged the Duke to leave her.'

So Anne and her small half-sister, Isabella, were left at St. James's Palace. How much Anne knew or understood about the 'Popish Plot' must remain a matter of conjecture. It can well be imagined that little else was talked of among the attendants and servants. Probably this girl of fifteen knew a great deal more than she was supposed to know and the Popish Terror was a very real thing to her. No one who grew up as she did, surrounded by the fear and suspicion of Popery and dragooned by such a fierce Protestant as the Bishop of London, could fail to be a vehement Protestant till the end of her life.

The education even of a royal maiden in those days was not undertaken very seriously. There had been a reaction from the time of Queen Elizabeth, who in one of the

many facets of her singular personality had been a veritable blue-stocking. Anne was taught most thoroughly everything relating to the Scriptures and the doctrines of the Church—Bishop Compton saw that this was in no way neglected, but as he had been a soldier until he was thirty, he was no great scholar; nor was Dr. Lake, judging from his diary. The new Governess, her aunt, Lady Clarendon, appears to have been a woman of considerable culture, but Anne did not like her, and Sarah jeered at her, saying ‘that she looked like a mad woman and talked like a scholar.’ This sort of vituperation, so often indulged in by her dearest friend—who was extremely ignorant—was not likely to lead to great devotion to books on Anne’s part, especially as Sarah boasted that she herself never read, but employed her time in playing cards. Besides, always suffering from trouble with her eyes, Anne could never use them much, so it is probable that her education was as neglected as her detractors would have us believe. She certainly was taught French and dancing and to play the guitar well. The pastimes she most delighted in were riding and hunting—she was a remarkable horsewoman—dancing, acting and music, which she always passionately loved.

Although Anne had been prevented from accompanying her father when he left England, she and Isabella were allowed to visit him later on in the year under the pretext of going to her sister at The Hague. Thence they went to Brussels. While there Anne wrote to Lady Apsley, the wife of Sir Allen Apsley, Treasurer to the Duke of York, a letter dated September 20th, 1679. It begins with excuses for not having written before and news of her family, over whose troubles she had, apparently, been very unhappy, for she says, ‘I have a good heart, thank God, or else it would have bin down long ago.’ She goes on:

‘I was to see a ball at the Court incognito, which I likde very well; it was in very good order, and some dancd well enought; indeed there was Prince Vode-

nunt that danced extreamly well, as well if not better than ethere the Duke of Monmouth or Sr E. Villiers which I think is very extrodinary. Last night againe I was to see fyre works and bonfyers, which was to celebrate the king of Spaine's weding, and they weare very well worth seeing indeed.

'All the people hear are very sivil, and exsept you be othere way to them they will be so to you. As for the town it is a fine town. Methinks tho the streets are not so cleane as they are in Holland, yet they are not so dirty as ours. They are very well paved, and very easy —they only have od kind of smells. My sistter Isabella's lodgings and mine are much better than I ex-pected, and so is all in this place. For our lodgings they weare all in one Roome, and now are divided with boards into severall.

'My sister Isabella has a good bedchamber, with a chimny in it, there is a little hole to putt by things, and between her room and mine there is a indeferent room without a chimney; then mine is a good one with a chimney, which was made a purpose for me. I have a closet and a place for my trunks and thers a little place wheare our women dine and over that such anothere. I doubt I have quite tirde out your patience, so that I will say no more, onely beg you to beleeve me to be what I really am, & will be, your affectiont freinde,

'ANNE.

'Pray remember me very kindly to Sir Allin.'

There is another letter from Anne written two days later to Lady Apsley's daughter Frances, a dear friend of hets, in which she describes the refreshments at the ball, 'which far surpasde my expectations for it was very well there we had Limonade cinemont water & chocolate sweet meats all very good.' In this letter the strict little Protestant speaks of 'all the fine churches & monasterys you know I must not see so can give you no good account of them, but those things which I must needs see as theire images which are in every shope & corner of the street.

The more I see of those foolerys & and the more I heare of that Religion the more I dislike it. . . .

That same month word suddenly came that the King was stricken with what at the time seemed to be a mortal illness. In the utmost haste the Duke of York left Brussels, taking with him only Lord Peterborough, Colonel Churchill, and his barber, and landed in the Port of London, disguised in a black wig. By the time he arrived at Windsor Charles had nearly recovered. He seemed quite pleased to see his brother, but was extremely embarrassed by his presence in England once more. After many conferences with his Ministers, it was arranged that as Brussels was so far away and lay in the heart of a Catholic country—a thing which in itself might prejudice the English people against James—he should make his home in Scotland until the clouds of suspicion blew away.

After collecting his family in Brussels James visited his daughter at The Hague. The ménage of the Princess of Orange was not a happy one. Mary had taken Elizabeth Villiers to Holland—her one consolation for her marriage being to have her adored friend with her. But she had not reckoned with the failing of the Villiers' family, and Elizabeth became, as mistress of that austere man, William of Orange, the greatest humiliation and unhappiness in Mary's life; for in spite of his neglect of her, she had fallen deeply in love with her husband.

After their return to London, Anne and her little sister again stayed at St. James's Palace under Lady Clarendon's charge, and the Duke and Duchess with their retinue left for Scotland on October 27th. There was always a tender place in the heart of the Scots for their own line of Stuarts, and they received James and his wife with all imaginable expressions of joy and gratitude for the honour they said the King and his royal Highness did the country in his coming to reside amongst them.

Meanwhile the old Cavalier Parliament had been succeeded by another which was mostly composed of men of a different political opinion, who were beginning to be

known as Whigs. The Whig party consisted of those members of the aristocracy and gentry who had combined with certain merchants, shopkeepers and yeomen in the hope of wresting the political power from the Crown and forcing the Tory party and the Bishops to grant toleration to the Dissenters. The name Whig, meaning Sour Milk, had originally been applied to the rigid Scotch Presbyterians, or Covenanters, and it was now bestowed in derision by their opponents, whom the Whigs, on the other hand, styled Tories—a name given to Irish robbers who were ready for any villainous enterprise.

The Whigs were led by Lord Shaftesbury, their immediate aim being the exclusion of James from the Throne. Many of them favoured the Duke of Monmouth, looking upon him as the leader of the Protestant party and as the heir to the Crown. This dangerously ambitious young man had been sent to Holland, but in November, against the King's command, he returned to London, and his popularity appears to have been so great 'that the pealing of the bells and the crackle of bonfires were drowned by the cheering of the people.'

On November 17th a great procession wound through London. It was staged by the Whigs, who hoped further to excite the people against the Papists, for in it there were horrifying figures of Cardinals and Jesuits, and other persons, political or allegorical, who were abhorrent to the Whigs. There came a bellman with the warning cry, 'Remember Justice Godfrey,' and an effigy of the murdered magistrate carried by a man dressed as a Jesuit riding a white horse. Professor Trevelyan says:

'In the glare of torches, the clamour and the press of men the scene was infernal, appalling. The city population was strained to the highest pitch of emotional excitement. By midnight the vast mob was so highly wrought that many supposed the proceedings had been designed to end in a revolution before dawn.'

For a time the fate of the country and the heirship to the Crown swung in the balance. It was a time of fear and suspense. At St. James's Palace, Anne, a lonely girl with only her devoted tutors and attendants about her, must have heard of the machinations of the Whigs, and it can be assumed that her abhorrence of them, even in those early days, came only second to her dread of the Papists. All the people about her were High Churchmen and Tories, so that she grew up with every reason for trusting them, as opposed to the violence of the Whigs and Catholics. She was never, throughout her life, to lose the bias which she formed in her youth. Great events hung upon the development of this girl, so different in character and upbringing from any of her father's family.

To the old Cavaliers, the Bishops and the rest of the Tory party the exclusion of James meant civil war; so, although they hated his religion, a reaction in his favour—subtly fostered by the astute Charles—set in. After a winter spent in the cold and draughty palace at Holyrood, it was thought safe for James and his wife to return to London. They accordingly began their journey on February 24th, 1680, but this time they came by sea rather than risk another disagreeable journey through northern England.

In those days high politics was like a kaleidoscope. The central factor about which men schemed and fought was the uncertainty as to the next occupant of the Throne, an uncertainty which persisted until the Hanoverians were safely seated there. Strangely enough, in the following year, after Charles had dramatically dissolved the third Whig parliament at Oxford, James found himself the idol of the Tories, for want of a better. But the feeling generally against him was still strong and by October Charles no longer dared keep his brother in London, so despatched him once more to Scotland.

Early in the following year a suitor for the hand of Anne arrived on the scene. This was George, son of the Elector of Hanover, and afterwards George I of England. He was Anne's cousin, his grandmother, the old Elec-

tress, having been a sister of Charles I. There could be no greater bond in the strengthening of the Protestant succession than for this Prince to marry the Princess Anne, and not only the Court of England but all Europe was agog with the possibilities of such an alliance.

George kissed her before all the Court, and then returned to Hanover. Whether his father recalled him, or William of Orange did not approve of the match—or, what is more likely, Louis XIV snatched him back—is uncertain, but it was humiliating for Anne, and she had no great liking for the Hanoverian branch of the family from this time onward. She certainly had a merciful escape, for George was not only unprepossessing in appearance, but his unkindness and unfaithfulness to the woman he married soon after his return from England were notorious.

A real sorrow came to Anne a few weeks later, for the little sister, Isabella, whom she dearly loved, died at St. James's Palace. The child's father and mother being still in Scotland, Anne was the only one of the family to be with the little girl at the time of her death. There is a lovely portrait of this child by Sir Peter Lely at Hampton Court, in which she is depicted as an infant with a chaplet of flowers on her head and resting her left hand on the forehead of a lamb.

Anne was now alone in the old palace except for those paid to serve her, and it could not but be an adventure eagerly looked forward to when permission for her to visit her father in Scotland was granted. Her stay in Scotland was a popular move, eagerly expected by the Scotch, for Lord Fountainhall voices the general enthusiasm that Lady Anne had arrived 'at length frey England, 17th July 1681, having travelled all the way by sea.' She stayed with her father at Holyrood.

In letters written to his niece, the young Countess of Lichfield—an illegitimate daughter of Charles and Lady Castlemaine—James describes their life at Holyrood. That his wife and Anne ride abroad almost every day, and 'sometymes we go to the plays; these players come out of

Ireland and are pretty tolerable. I am going to see them this afternoon.' Later he says:

'I assure you that we here do not pass our tyme so ill as you in England think we do, for we have plays, ride abroad when it is good weather, play at Bassett, and have a great deal of good company, but for all that, one wishes oneself with one's friends at London. I am sure I do, but when that will be God and the King knows. My daughter acted on Thursday last for the third and last time her play. There were five of them very well drest, so that they made a very fine show, and such a one as had not been seen in this country before.'

In the intense cold of a January day James writes:

'We have now right winter weather which is the first we have had this season so that there is no stirring abroad, which is a great mortification for me, that love best the diversions without doors, than those within. The Duchesse plays often at Bassett, and my daughter dances country dances as oftten.'

Although the Scotch are the most sentimental folk in the world in regard to anyone of their own people, and especially the House of Stuart, it cannot be said that James was a great success when he stayed there. For they were too shrewd not to see through him, and the prejudice against his religion was so great that effigies of the Pope were burnt by the students during his stay in Edinburgh. His daughter, however, the bonnie Stuart girl, the Scots adored, and it may well be that her stay in Scotland helped to draw the two countries together. It was otherwise with her stepmother, for Mary of Modena treated the Scottish gentlemen so haughtily that she offended many by her lack of graciousness. One night, for instance, when James had asked the famous General Dalziel to dine with them, the Duchess refused to sit down at table with a private gentleman. Dalziel is said to have remarked with considerable warmth, 'Madam, I have dined at a table where your father stood behind my

back.' By this he alluded to the time when he had dined with the Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire, and the Duke of Modena as a vassal of his Imperial master was serving at the table.

It is clearly shown by later letters that Anne and her stepmother were never on very affectionate terms. Probably the Duchess also looked upon her stepdaughter, whose mother had been a commoner, rather contemptuously. All the same they never seemed to have quarrelled, for Anne was a difficult person to quarrel with.

Leaving the Duchess and Anne at Edinburgh the Duke of York joined his brother at Newmarket in March, but only stayed in England five weeks. Then he boarded the frigate 'Gloucester' and started with Colonel Churchill on a disastrous voyage, for the ship was wrecked at the Nore and at least one hundred souls were lost. As soon as the danger was recognised, a shallop was lowered, the Duke of York got into it, and 'he called on Mr. Churchill and one or two, and rowed away.' A number of the nobles attending him and some of his servants were taken off by some other boats, but among those drowned was Lord Roxburgh. The Duke and Colonel Churchill were put safely aboard another boat and arrived at Holyrood before the news of the wreck. After this experience it was courageous of the Duke and his wife and daughter to return to England by sea, as they did soon after, and they were received at Westminster with great rejoicing, for James's narrow escape had made him popular with the hero-loving English. They had always loved Anne, and were overjoyed to have her home once more.

At the time when Anne returned home she was at the height of her vigorous young womanhood—a fine rosy-cheeked girl with large eyes, and a beautiful mouth. Her profusion of auburn curls fluttered about her head as she danced country-dances, or joined in the royal buck-hunts, and they fell about her face as she bent over her guitar. With her lovely voice and extremely beautiful hands she did not need the added enticement of a possible crown to be attractive. John Sheffield, Earl of Mulgrave, certainly



THE PRINCESS ANNE

found her so, although he must have known the penalty of lifting his eyes so high. Nor did it deter him that not only his rank but his reputation was not sufficiently exalted to make his courtship permissible. At thirty he was a reputed lady-killer, even figuring as a rival to the King, as he had also been to James and Monmouth on several occasions.

At Windsor that summer Mulgrave found means to show his admiration of the Princess, but the affair could not have proceeded very far—Anne was too carefully guarded and surrounded for that. It seems to have been found out and nipped in the bud at a very early stage, before the girl was more than flattered by the attentions of a man so good-looking and so much older than herself, and one who knew so well the value of a look or the pressure of a hand. In any case, Mulgrave was curtly dismissed the Court, and obliged to relinquish his lucrative position as Groom of the Bedchamber to the King.

There is a good deal of gossip about this in various letters and diaries. John Verney wrote to Sir Ralph Verney on March 16th, 1682 :

“Tis said Lord Mulgrave has written to the King to know the reason of his displeasure. Some report Lord Hyde got him in disgrace because he was too great an admirer of his Viscountess, and Mulgrave obtained his ends by her friendship with Lady Anne’s governess; but I believe this is but to salve the repute of the Lady Anne, to whom some say Lord Arran, son of Hamilton, makes his addresses.’

However, Dr. Denton, writing on the same subject to Sir Ralph Verney on November 13th, shows how little there was in it :

‘Mulgrave hath not been told his crime, the town lays it on Lady A’s account, which he knows; and ’tis said that he writ letters to her and that his Majesty hath them, with which I taxed him, who assured me that he

never writ one to her and I believe him, some will have his crime only ogling.'

Sir John Reresby in Yorkshire, and Lord Fountainhall in Edinburgh heard the gossip, and that Mulgrave had been banished the Court, but not one of all the people at that time suggests that his love was returned.

Negotiations had been pending for her marriage to the brother of the King of Denmark, and it is more than probable that Anne's heart—capable of so much tenderness and loyalty—was entirely free, when next year, early in July, 1683, the tall, blond, Prince George of Denmark came to England with the intention of asking for her hand in marriage. Anne thought, and rightly, that he was the finest man she had ever beheld. Although she had only seen him once before when she was a child of six and he as a young man of twenty had visited England, she had continually heard of him through the Churchills, for George Churchill, John's brother, had been in the household of the Prince's brother, the King of Denmark, since his thirteenth year. Being descended from the brother of Anne of Denmark who had married James I. of England, Anne's great-grandfather, Prince George, was a distant cousin.

No time was wasted by the King in getting this marriage to a Protestant prince settled—although the father of the bride was indignant that another daughter should be married to a heretic. Nevertheless he as well as Charles knew the popularity to be gained by such a marriage and was quite complacent about it when he wrote from St. James's on the evening of July 28th:

"The marriage is to be this night, and I write now, because should I stay till then, I shall not have tyme to do it, the post going away this night, for their Majesties will both be there and I believe will stay at St. James's till they are bedded, the Duchesse, Lady Anne and Prince George are gone to the play, and I am sent for to attend his Majesty.'

In those days when all the great world dined in the afternoon at three o'clock the plays began at five and lasted until nine. There were then two principal play-houses in London. On her wedding night Anne and her bridegroom may have patronised the Theatre Royal. Or they went to the Dorset Gardens Theatre in Salisbury Court, Fleet Street, which had been opened twelve years before by the 'Duke of York's Company.' This gem of a theatre is well worthy of remembrance, and it must be regretted that so lovely a building has been lost to us. Said to have been built by Sir Christopher Wren and decorated by Grinling Gibbons, one beautiful columned façade faced the Thames, and those who wished to travel by that 'silent highway' could arrive in their gaily decorated barges at the landing-place before the theatre. Surely no scene in Venice could be more bewitching than this 'Stately Edifice, this Noble and delightful Mansion' reflected in the quiet beauty of the river on a moonlit evening.

CHAPTER VI

HER MARRIAGE

THE 28th of July is Saint Anne's Day, an auspicious date for the marriage of Anne Stuart.

This was no miserable hole-in-the-corner affair like that hurried wedding and bedding of Mary on the dark November night, when, with small-pox and death about them at St. James's Palace, the unhappy couple were tied together and only the King saw cause for merriment—of a grim nature.

When Anne was married to her Danish prince, it was a lovely, romantic English summer evening; the warm earth, deep blue sky, stars and moon each contributing their share towards the rejoicing of the people of London. All night the bells gaily clamoured from every church, wine flowed from the conduits, and shows and diversions of all sorts were provided for the populace. As the royal lovers returned from the theatre, the bride's full, soft lips trembling, their coach creaking and jolting through cobbled streets, they were surrounded by exulting crowds who cheered their dearly loved princess, each hot, smiling face lit by the bonfires that had been built before the doors of the houses in her honour. For she had been born and bred amongst them, and the Londoners loved her not only for her English looks and characteristics, but also because they knew her to be a staunch Protestant.

The marriage was solemnised with great ceremony in St. James's Chapel at ten o'clock, and Charles gave his niece away. Nobles and ladies of the Court crowded the little chapel—all those that were left of the older generation with whom her mother had danced and laughed, and the youth and beauty of Anne's own generation. The



GEORGE, PRINCE OF DENMARK

whole of London became sentimental over this marriage. Even Charles Montague, afterwards Lord Halifax, that brilliant financial genius later in his life to become celebrated as the founder of the Bank of England and the organiser of the National Debt, burst into such an amazing effusion as this, in honour of the bride:

'What means this royal beauteous pair,
This troop of youths and virgins heavenly fair?
That does at once astonish and delight
Great Charles and his illustrious brother here.
No bold assassinate need fear;
Here is no harmful weapon found,
Nothing but Cupid's darts, and beauty here can wound.

'See, see! how decently the bashful bride
Does bear her conquests, with how little pride
She views that prince, the captive of her charms,
Who made the North with fear to quake,
And did that powerful empire shake;
Before whose arms, when great Gustavus led,
The frightened Roman eagles fled.'

This summer's night was the most fortunate of all Anne Stuart's life, for no royal couple is known to have been happier than this pair. Fate, for once, had been very kind to her: she was gaining a husband whose goodness, tenderness and amiability never failed her during the twenty-five years of their married life together. Not only was he an ideal bridegroom from the bride's point of view, but this great Dane fulfilled right nobly the dynastic requirements expected of him, and it was in no way his fault that the children of the marriage were not strong and long-lived, and that none of his descendants is reigning over the British Empire to-day.

Prince George of Denmark was born at Copenhagen in 1653, and was bred to the sea. Throughout his life he was a typical sailor, and although they tried to make a courtier of him by sending him to France, Italy and Germany to acquire polish and languages, he never lost his simple kindly ways, and he spoke all foreign tongues so atrociously that his accent became a jest at the Courts of

Europe. Although Charles had chosen him as a suitable husband for his niece, the Prince was neither clever nor wicked enough to appeal to the King, who dismissed all interest in him with the caustic remark that he 'had tried George drunk and he had tried him sober and there was nothing in him.'

Except that Prince George drank a good deal, as most men of his time did, he was free from all vice. There was something about this great clumsy fellow with the loving faithfulness of a dog that was rather pathetic, for he was apt to be overlooked and belittled by the gay, cynical courtiers about him. Anne not only loved her devoted husband, but throughout his life she showed an almost maternal desire to protect him from the slights which he experienced only too often in England and which always hurt his pride.

No doubt thanks to the ironic fancy of Charles, the residence placed at the disposal of the newly wedded pair was the building adjacent to the orchard in St. James's Park with an entrance in Whitehall, known as the 'Cockpit.' Its previous occupants, General Monk, the Duke of Buckingham and the Duke of Monmouth, had been of a very different type. During the tenancy of the two last gentlemen many wild orgies must have taken place in the big Council room where Anne now held her card-parties. Her gatherings were anything but orgies, though the play at basset and ombre was often high, as it was bound to be with such inveterate gamblers as the people of that day. Godolphin was one of the most frequent players, and Anne herself won and lost heavily.

The Cockpit formed part of the old Palace of Whitchall built by Henry VIII. It backed onto St. James's Park, with Henry's tennis court on one side and the tiltyard on the other; the small domed octagonal cockpit, which gave its name to the whole building, lay behind in an angle to the north-west. The ground floor was a warren of offices. Above there was the large Council Chamber, besides smaller rooms facing south, with a view across the wall of the Privy Garden in Whitehall to the river beyond and

the wooded surroundings of Lambeth Palace in the distance. The cockpit itself had been changed into a theatre where plays were acted for the amusement of the Court.

It could hardly have been a large enough house for the Prince and Princess with their retinue or a very comfortable place, but George and Anne were simple in their tastes, and always throughout their married life shared the same bedroom. Considering that Parliament had granted Anne an allowance of £20,000 a year and Prince George brought with him an annual income of £10,000, the revenue from some small islands belonging to the Danish Crown, they should have been amply provided for. Nevertheless, whether owing to high play at cards or the lavish generosity which always kept her in difficulties, the bride's debts were heavy and would have embarrassed her if her father had not paid them.

The first summer of their married life was spent at Windsor, where the newly-married pair joined in the buck-hunts and in other amusements of the Court. From Windsor they accompanied the Duke and Duchess to Winchester and enjoyed a new type of hunting, for on September 8th James wrote: 'The Duchess and my daughter have been several tymes a hare-hunting with little beagles and are mightily pleased with the sport.' While they were there, they made trips to Portsmouth, Southampton, Wilton House, and Salisbury.

In October their stay at Newmarket became the first of a series of annual visits which became one of the chief joys of Anne's life, for she loved racing and horses and long rides about the country-side. What greatly added to her enjoyment of all these pleasures was the fact that her father acceded to her request that her friend Sarah Churchill, now Lady Churchill—her husband having been created Baron Churchill of Aymouth in 1682—should be transferred to her household. This request was granted in response to an ardent desire expressed by Sarah, clearly indicated in the following letter from Anne:

'The Duke of York came in just as you were gone,

and made no difficulties, but has promised me that I shall have you, which I assure you is a very great joy to me. I should say a great deal for your kindness *in offering it*, but I am not good at compliments. I will only say, that I do take it extreme kindly, and shall be ready at any time to do you all the service that is in my power.'

This arrangement was not quite as easily settled as the friends desired, however, for Anne's uncle, Laurence Hyde, now Lord Rochester, warmly opposed it, believing Lady Churchill to be a not too desirable companion for his niece. Whether this was from disinterested reasons it is impossible to fathom, for Rochester, as well as his brother, Lord Clarendon, played their own game, with little regard for Anne.

The two women were now continually together; and Anne, with her early love of Sarah and the charm of her friend's agile tongue delighting her, gave such of her heart as was not her husband's to this enchanting friendship. On September 20th, 1684, she wrote to Sarah from Winchester:

'Let me beg of you not to call me Highness at every word but be as free with me as one friend may be with another. And you can never give me any greater proof of your friendship than in telling me your mind freely in all things, which I beg of you to do.'

It was the custom of important people at that time, when letters were sent by messengers who might be way-laid, to use a code or fictitious names. Anne and Sarah decided to use names in their private letters to each other which would be safer and less formal than the usual mode of address. Sarah afterwards wrote:

'She grew uneasy to be treated by me with the form and ceremony due to her rank; nor could she bear from me the sound of words which implied in them distance and superiority. It was this turn of mind,

which made her one day propose to me, that whenever I should happen to be absent from her, we might in all our letters write ourselves by feigned names, such as would import nothing of distinction of rank between us. Morley and Freeman were the names her fancy hit upon; and she left me to choose by which of them I would be called. My frank, open temper naturally led me to pitch upon Freeman, and so the Princess took the other; and from this time Mrs. Morley and Mrs. Freeman began to converse as equals, made so by affection and friendship.'

The sympathetic companionship of another woman was badly needed by Anne. From this time onward she could no longer enjoy the active amusements of hunting, riding, and dancing which she loved so much, but was dependent upon those about her for amusement. She was now fully launched upon that long wearisome period of child-bearing which was destined to lead to many frustrated hopes.

As there were no immediate heirs to the Throne after James, except Mary and Anne, and as Mary had no children, the marriage of their favourite Princess to a Protestant prince had been extremely popular with the English people, who looked forward to a long line of their descendants as inheritors of the Throne. The child that was due to arrive in May, 1684, was therefore eagerly expected, and it caused general disappointment when the baby, a girl, was still-born. As she lay in her bed-chamber at the Cockpit in the lovely spring weather, Anne, at the age of twenty, was experiencing the first of those grievous losses that were to leave her arms empty and her heart torn by sorrow.

The next year, however, things seemed to be going better, for a baby girl came safely into the world on June 2nd. She was named Mary after her aunt, the Princess of Orange. That the nervous tension of the mother had been very great is shown by a letter from James to the Prince of Orange, dated June 5th, 1685:

'My daughter was taken ill this morning having had the vapours, which sometimes trouble women in her condition; this frightened us at first, but now, God be praised, our fears are over; she took some remedies, and has slept after them most of the afternoon and evening, and is in a good way.'

There may have been another reason for Anne's attack of the 'vapours,' for when the pitiful little scrap of humanity was placed in her arms even the proudest of mothers could not fail to see that this baby was so delicate that she must be a constant source of anxiety.

While Anne was experiencing these tribulations, the affairs of her uncle and father had improved. Since the discovery of the Rye House Plot, which had been hatched by some of the Whigs and aimed at the murder of the King and the Duke of York, a very different political situation had arisen, for in the reaction which set in against the Whigs, Charles and the Tories became masters of the country, local self-government was abolished and freedom of speech suppressed. The people who had welcomed Charles on their knees at Dover were again in that posture—but not of their own volition.

It can never be known how Charles would have used the situation thus created, for in February, 1685, the 'Merry Monarch' lay dying at Whitehall. All his cynicism stripped from him, he besought them to look after poor Nelly, begged them to forgive him for being 'so long adying,' and received from the priest who had saved him at the Battle of Worcester, now an old man, the sacrament which the Catholic Church had never permitted him to receive before.

He left his brother, James II, not only a throne, but a country so rigidly bound by despotism that it was made easy to hunt down the Dissenters more ruthlessly than had hitherto been possible. In England they were imprisoned, fined, and ruined, in Scotland men were shot and women drowned.

The Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and the per-

secution of the Protestants in France by Louis XIV, sent thousands of escaping Huguenots into England. It was their tales of the horrible cruelty with which they had been treated, together with the extreme poverty and misery of the French people generally—many of whom wore wooden shoes—that led to the cry which persisted for many decades: ‘No Popery, no wooden shoes.’

In the south-western counties of England the Puritans eagerly welcomed the Duke of Monmouth when with a few followers he landed at Lyme Regis, but their hopes were cruelly shattered with the rout of his forces by the royalist troops at Sedgemoor in July, 1685, thanks to the generalship of Churchill. Soon after this defeat Monmouth was sentenced to death, and the beautiful head of the romantic young leader of the western Protestants was cut off at the Tower.

Then it was that the fanatical King James began to show his hand. Not only were 800 of the simple, godly folk of Somerset and Dorset sent to the West Indies, but 300 of them were hanged by Judge Jeffreys at the ‘Bloody Assize,’ and the men and women of western England saw the dismembered remains of their loved ones displayed upon their own market places and highways.

The ease with which this rebellion was put down encouraged James to build up his army to nearly 30,000 regular troops, of which he kept about 13,000 on Hounslow Heath to cover London. Numbers of these soldiers were Irish Catholics, wild and unkempt peasants sent over by shiploads to England to leaven the Protestant army. The hatred of the English for these Irishmen is said to have led to the composition of the famous Revolutionary song, ‘Lilli-Burlero,’ supposed to have been written by Thomas Wharton to Purcell’s music. It was sung and whistled up and down the country-side, increasing the people’s horror of the ‘savage Irish,’ the priests, and King James.

The Irish and English soldiers of the army on Hounslow Heath were responsible for many deeds of violence

and became the terror of the country people round about as well as of the Londoners, who saw a threat to the Capital in them. Their fears were augmented when it became known that priests were attempting to proselytise the English troops.

To the consternation of everyone, Judge Jeffreys had been appointed Lord Chancellor by the King; the army was officered as much as possible by Roman Catholics, while others were given high positions in the State. Nor was freehold property any longer safe, for two colleges at Oxford were seized and converted into Popish seminaries. Priests and monks soon appeared in great numbers, their strange costumes striking terror into the hearts of a generation which knew them only, says Trevelyan, 'from prints of foreign countries and of Smithfield fires.' At the moment when the English people were horrified at these proceedings but still hesitant as to what course to pursue, the rabid King commanded the clergy to read the Declaration of Indulgence in the churches. Most of them firmly refused to do this and with impunity, but when seven of the bishops ventured to send a signed protest to the King they were shut up in the Tower for seditious libel.

While England was paralysed by this swift advance of the Popish Terror, Anne was in a state of nervous apprehension, for, loving and understanding her countrymen and venerating the Church of England, she could not fail to dread the dire consequences of her father's fanaticism and the influence of his Jesuits. Every letter written by her at this time bears witness to her fears and her own determination never to waver from her religion. She was unfit physically to endure such anxieties, and she had personal worries about her child, who appeared to be afflicted by some wasting disease.

There had, however, been one cause for rejoicing in the fact that on May 12th of the previous year, 1686, Anne had given birth to another girl, Lady Anne Sophia, and any disappointment that this was not the eagerly expected boy was dispelled by her great joy that this last

child was healthy and likely to live. On the day this precious baby was christened, Anne experienced a shock which was accentuated by her weak condition and added to her dread of her father's intentions in regard to her own family. Lady Charworth writes that on the day of the christening the King came to his daughter's chamber at the Cockpit bringing a priest with him, 'who no sooner the Princess saw that she fell a crying.' She had reason to be apprehensive, for although her father had not attempted to coerce her, yet her Protestant clergy had been dismissed, and Mass was now said in the chapel at Whitehall which had hitherto been given up to her.

It should be remembered that not only Anne, but everyone about the Court was in a state of suspicion and alarm. Spies were everywhere, some writing to William, others going with their tales to James; and most of the courtiers were intriguing with both, for no one felt safe or certain of the future. There was a spy in Anne's own household, Lady Fitzharding, who was in close correspondence with her sister Elizabeth Villiers at The Hague, so that William and Mary heard of everything that took place at the Cockpit, often in a distorted fashion. Whether it was by this means that a rumour reached The Hague that Sarah Churchill had leanings towards Catholicism is uncertain, but Anne was forced to defend her vigorously. On December 29th, 1686, she wrote to Mary from the Cockpit that she was

'sorry people had taken such pains to give so ill a character of Lady Churchill. . . . I believe there is nobody in the world has better notions of religion than she has. It is true, she is not so strict as some are, nor does she keep such a bustle with religion, which I confess I think is never the worse, for one sees so many Saints meer devils, that if one be a good Christian, the less shew one makes the better in my opinion. Then, as for moral principles, it is impossible to have better; and without that, all the lifting up of hands and eyes,

and going off into Church, will prove but a very lame devotion. One thing more I must say for her, which is, that she has a true sense of the doctrine of the Church, and abhors all the principles of the Church of Rome; so that as to this particular, I assure you she will never change.

‘The same thing, I will venture, now I am on this subject to say for her Lord; for though he is a very faithful servant to the King, and that the King is very kind to him, and I believe, he will always obey the King in all things that are consistent with religion, yet rather than change that, I dare say he will lose all his places and all that he has. . . .’

In the midst of the turmoils and intrigues of the Court Anne was suddenly overwhelmed by personal anxieties and sorrows. Early in the year 1687 Prince George became so ill that his life was despaired of for many days. Anne hardly left him, nursing him hersclf day and night, in constant dread of seeing him expire at any moment. Scarcely was she somewhat relieved from this terrible suspense by his gradual recovery, when the younger baby girl, Anne Sophia, was discovered to be ailing. She died quite suddenly on the 6th of February, her mother’s birthday. The other child, Mary, who had always been delicate, died a few hours later.

By this shocking double tragedy Anne and her husband were left childless in one day. Rachel, Lady Russel gave a pathetic description of the grief of the bereaved parents, in two letters dated February 9th and 18th:

‘The good Princess has taken her chastisement heavily; the first relief of that sorrow proceeded from calming of a greater, the Prince being so ill of a fever. I never heard any relation more moving than that of seeing them together. Sometimes they wept, sometimes they mourned in words—but hand in hand, he, sick in his bed, she, the carefullest nurse to him that can be imagined. As soon as he was able, they went to Richmond Palace, which was Thursday last.’ . . . ‘The

poor Princess is still wonderful sad. The children were opened; the eldest was all consumed away, as was expected, but the youngest quite healthy, and every appearance for long life.'

The little bodies were buried in St. George's Chapel, Windsor.

Anne always bore her sorrows heroically, demanding little sympathy from any one but her husband, and her letters to her sister do not dwell on her personal troubles. But they are interesting and important because they show her disquietude about her father's affairs and her own isolation; when even her mother's family, her step-mother and the nobles who held the greatest influence with the King were distrusted by her. Through these letters it is made easy to understand her growing fear of her father and her increasing dependence upon the Churchills as the only friends she could trust. On January 10th, she writes to Mary that she was afraid to send a letter by the English minister at The Hague, 'he has always been counted a spy,' and that she dares not even trust her mother's relations, for her uncle Lord Clarendon 'has not behaved himself so well to me as I think he had reason, nor no more has any of that family, which one may think a little extraordinary.'

Lord Sunderland was apparently abetting James in his Catholic excesses, but he was actually playing a double part and while appearing to fall in with the King's wishes, he was keeping in close touch with William of Orange. Although Anne could not know this, she distrusted both Sunderland and his wife, and the following letters to Mary explain her reasons for doing so. She may also have wished to warn her sister against them:

Cockpit. Jan. 31st, 1687.

'I am sorry the King encourages the Papists so much; and I think it is very much to be feared, that the desire the King has to take off the Test, and all other laws against them, is only a pretence to bring in Popery. I

am sorry the King relies so much upon Lord Sunderland and Lord Godolphin; for everybody knows that once they were as great enemies as any he had, and their own hearts can only tell them what converts they are.

'As for the first of them, by all outward appearance he must be a great knave (if I may use that expression of a Minister) for he goes on fiercely for the interests of the Papists, and yet goes to no Church, and has made no public declaration of his religion whatever it is. I fear he has not much of any. All we can do in these matters, is to pray to God to open the King's eyes, and to order all things for the best, that this poor nation may not be overthrown by Popery.'

In another letter written on March 13th, she says:

'This letter going by sure hands, I will now venture to write my mind very freely to you. . . . You may remember I have once before ventured to tell you that I thought Lord Sunderland a very ill man, and I am more confirmed every day in that opinion. Everybody knows how often this man turned backwards and forwards in the late King's time, and now to complete all his virtues, he is working with all his might to bring in Popery. He is perpetually with the priests, and stirs up the King to do things faster than I believe he would of himself. Things have come to that pass now that if they go on much longer, I believe in a little while no Protestant will be able to live here.'

'The King has never said a word to me since the time I told you of, but I expect every minute, and am resolved to undergo anything rather than change my religion. Nay, if it should come to such extremities, I will choose to live on alms rather than change. . . . There is one thing about yourself, which I cannot help giving my opinion in, which is, that if the King should desire you and the Prince of Orange to come over to make him a visit, I think it would be better (if you can make any handsome excuse) not to do it, for though I

dare swear the King could have no thought against either of you, yet since people can say one thing and do another one cannot help being afraid; if either of you should come, I should be very glad to see you, but really if you and the Prince should come, I should be frightened out of my wits for fear any harm should happen to either of you.'

In April she vehemently expresses her religious opinions:

'I abhor the principles of the Church of Rome as much as it is possible for any to do, and I as much value the doctrine of the Church of England. And certainly there is the greatest reason in the world to do so, for the doctrine of the Church of Rome is wicked and dangerous and directly contrary to the Scriptures; and their ceremonies, most of them, plain downright idolatry.'

From Richmond, a month later, she writes to her sister:

'It is a melancholy prospect that all we of the Church of England have. . . . For my part I expect every minute to be spoke to about my religion, and wonder very much I have heard nothing of it yet. . . . One thing I must say of the Queen, which is, that she is the worst hated in the world of all sorts of people, for everybody believes that she presses the King to be more violent than he would be himself; which is not unlikely; for she is a very great bigot in her way; and one may see by her, that she hates all Protestants. All ladies of quality say, she is so proud, that they don't care to come oftener than they must needs just out of mere duty. And indeed she has not so great a court as she used to have. She pretends to have a great deal of kindness to me, but I doubt it is very real; for I never see proofs of it, but rather to the contrary.'

At this time there were strange happenings at White-

hall and a disturbing rumour was rife. There are several letters from Anne to her sister saying that the Queen is supposed to be with child but that everyone is very suspicious about it. Anne gives the reasons which to her make it conclusive that no child is really expected, and she says, ‘that they will stick at nothing be it never so wicked if it will promote their interest, gives some cause to fear there may be foul play intended.’

A boy, whose birth is one of the unsolved mysteries of history, was supposedly born to the Queen on June 10th, 1688. The story of the Pretender was not entirely anti-Jacobite propaganda, as the fantastic nonsense of the Warming-Pan Plot would lead one to imagine, for there is no doubt that Anne and George and many others about the Court believed that a child had been surreptitiously put forward as heir to the Throne.

According to Court gossip there had been a miscarriage at Easter and a baby was introduced into the Queen's room at the time of the supposed birth in a famous warming-pan. Modern historians however generally acknowledge that the child was the King's son. To us, to-day, the vital point is not to establish the authenticity of the ‘Pretender’s’ birth, but to show that Mary and Anne, the Prince of Orange and their supporters believed that the boy was not the genuine heir, for upon this rests the charge so often brought against them of circulating and encouraging false stories set about solely for the furtherance of the pretensions of the House of Orange and Princess Anne. The memory of Mary and Anne has suffered under an accusation, of the vileness of their behaviour in excluding the rightful heir to the Throne, their own brother.

There is no doubt that Anne did her best to find out the truth before the birth of the child, and it is said that the Queen became so infuriated with her step-daughter because she would not leave the room one morning when she was sitting at her toilet table, that she flung a hair-brush at her. The following letter from Anne to Mary is the best evidence we have that she was sincere in her

doubts as to whether this was a genuine or surreptitious child.

'The Cockpit, June 18, 1688.'

'My dear sister can't imagine the concern and vexation I have been in, that I should be so unfortunate to be out of Town when the Queen was brought to bed, for I shall never now be satisfied whether the child be true or false. It may be that 'tis our own brother, but God only knows, for she never took care to satisfy the world, or give people any demonstration of it. It is wonderful, if she had really been with child that nobody was suffered to feel it stir, but Madam Mazarin and Lady Sunderland, who are people that nobody would give credit to. If out of her pride, she would not have let me touch her, methinks it would have been very natural for her sometimes, when she had been undressing, to let Mrs. Roberts, but instead of endeavouring to give one any satisfaction, she has always been very shy both to her and me.'

'The great bustle that was made about her lying in at Windsor, and the resolving all of a sudden to go to St. James's, which is much the properest place to act such a cheat in . . . and none of the family besides being removed from Whitehall, are things that give one great cause to be suspicious. But that, which to me seems the plainest thing in the world, is her being brought to bed two days after she heard of my coming to Town' [going from] 'and saying that the child had come at the full time, when everybody knows, by her own reckoning she should have gone a month longer. After all this, 'tis possible that it may be her child; but where one believes it a thousand do not. For my part except they do give very plain demonstrations, which is almost impossible now, I shall ever be of the number of unbelievers. I don't find that people are at all disheartened but seem all of a mind, which is a very uncomfortable thing at such a time as this. . . . One cannot help having a thousand fears and melancholy

thoughts, but whatever changes may happen, you shall ever find me firm to my religion and faithfully yours.'

However genuine the sisters' belief might be that the birth of the child was a fraud, it must be acknowledged that better propaganda for the cause of Orange could not be imagined; and William, the Court, the Protestant officers of the army and Puritans and other Dissenters throughout the land made full use of it. James lacked the vision to see that the birth of a Roman Catholic Prince of Wales, which to him was an incentive to more intensive methods of proselytising the country, became a stronger reason for the people to cast off the yoke which they were sensible would otherwise soon be firmly fixed upon their shoulders. So long as the next heirs to the Throne were Anne Hyde's two Protestant daughters they could afford to wait, knowing that time was on their side, but, as Trevelyan says,

'with the birth of a male heir, son of the Italian princess, the prospect opened out of a long succession of Jesuit-loving and foreign-hearted kings. Mary, whose peaceful succession to her father was now impossible, had for husband William of Orange, armed champion of the Protestants of Europe. . . . Thus the struggle for the English throne became the pivot of European politics, at one of those rare crises which from time to time decide the trend of civilisation.'

The country was now in a ferment. This was brought to a head by the trial of the seven bishops and the birth of the Prince of Wales. On June 30th, 1688, an invitation signed by Peers and Bishops was sent to William of Orange, urging him to come to England, the prime mover in this conspiracy being Lord Churchill—who now had an additional reason for throwing in his lot against the King because of the knowledge that James had endeavoured to proselytise his daughter Anne. Communicating this news to the Princess of Orange and also the Princess Anne's determination to 'suffer all extremities

even to death itself, rather than be brought to change her religion,' Churchill added on his own account, 'I think it may be a great ease to your Highness and the Princess to be satisfied that the Princess of Denmark is safe in the trusting of me.'

Both Tories and Whigs now agreed to strike the fatal blow to the King's power as soon as William would land in England. Throughout the summer months William built up his military and naval forces, with the avowed excuse of preparation for a combined attack upon Holland by France and England. All was ready in September, and William joined his fleet in order to set sail to England, but south-west winds prevented his setting out for nearly three weeks.

By this time there was no disguising their destination and the anxious expectation of the English people became intense. All ordinary occupations in the City of London were suspended. The usually busy citizens spent their days and a good part of their nights watching the weather-cocks and praying for an east wind, or, as it was now called, a 'Protestant Wind.'

At Whitehall James was in a panic, and offended his people still more by ordering the elevation of the Host for forty days. Relying on this defence, he showed no surprise when, after the Dutch Fleet at last set sail, word was brought when he was at dinner one day that it had been shipwrecked. Crossing himself he said: "Tis not to be wondered at, for the Host has been exposed these several days.'

Meanwhile all was uncertainty and agitation at the Cockpit. Anne did not suspect that her father's crown might be in danger, but her indignation had been aroused by his endeavour to establish a Papist despotism in England and the cruelties that had been perpetrated to this end. Her natural love of Protestantism, of liberty and toleration, and, more personal motives, dislike of her Catholic step-mother and the trick which she believed had been played upon them, as well as fears for her own safety and that of her adored husband and friends the

Churchills, were very agitating to a woman who was expecting another child. Her fears were so great that she had a private staircase built from her chamber at the Cockpit, under pretext of more convenient access to Lady Churchill's apartments, but in reality to secure means of escape if necessary.

William landed in Torbay on November 5th amidst the great excitement of the people, for the coincidence of this particular date was looked upon as a symbol of the overthrow of Popery.

Suddenly realising that the Host had failed him, James took coach to Salisbury through a country ringing with the tune of 'Lilli-Burlero,' and put himself at the head of 24,000 troops. But during the six days that he remained there he was constantly shocked by information of some fresh desertion of his officers. The first serious news of defection was from the navy—that Captain Churchill, brother of Lord Churchill, had joined the Dutch fleet with his ship. After this other officers deserted thick and fast, the worst blow coming when the King received a letter from Lord Churchill, who had commanded a Brigade, relinquishing his command. James was in such a state of agitation that he became subject to frequent bleedings at the nose. Indeed, this may have saved him from being handed over bodily to his enemy, for it is said that, previous to his leaving to join William of Orange, Churchill had been on the point of bundling the King into a coach to drive him to the Prince's encampment, when James was overcome by one of these attacks and obliged to remain at camp.

The King's perturbation was increased by the news brought to him that the City of London was in a state of great unrest. Now thoroughly alarmed, James determined to retreat towards the capital. The night before he left he supped in his tent with Prince George and the young Duke of Ormonde. Naturally the King was in deep dejection, as name after name of his deserting friends was brought him. At each name the Prince only murmured 'Est'il possible?' an ingenious way of avoiding any expres-

sion of opinion of his personal views. The next morning, before the march was begun, word was brought to the King that his two companions of the evening before had left in the night to join the Prince of Orange: 'So "Est'il possible?" is gone too,' was the bitter comment of the disillusioned tyrant.

Deserted finally by most of his Protestant officers, and leaving his troops quartered in different places, James returned to London and Whitehall. Here he was met by a new disaster. The Princess Anne had disappeared. Her rooms were found empty by her women when they entered her chamber in the morning and her aunt, Lady Clarendon, and her nurse ran up and down like distracted persons saying that she had been murdered by the Papists. The excitement of the people was so violent, when they heard of the disappearance of their beloved Princess, that they threatened to pull down the palace if her whereabouts were not at once discovered. But a letter was found which had been left by Anne for her step-mother, admitting that she had fled the night before to join her husband. At this blow, James, whose best trait was his love for his children, burst into tears, exclaiming: 'God help me, my own children have forsaken me.'

Anne's letter, written in extreme trepidation, was as follows:

'I beg pardon if I am so deeply affected with the surprising news of the Prince's being gone as not to be able to see you, but to leave this paper to Express my humble Duty to the King and yourself, and to let you know that I am gone to absent myself to avoid the King's Displeasure, which I am not able to bear, either against the Prince or Myself, and I stay at so great a Distance as not to return before I hear the happy news of a Reconcilement. And I am confident the Prince did not leave the King with any other Design than to use all possible means for his Preservation, so I hope you will do me the Justice to believe, that I am capable of following him for no other end.'

'Never was anyone in such an unhappy condition, so divided between Duty and Affection to a Father and a Husband; and therefore I know not what to do but to follow one to preserve the other. I see the general falling off of the Nobility and Gentry, *who avowed to have no other end than to prevail with the King to secure their Religion;* which they saw so much in danger by the violent Counsels of the Priests, who to promote their own Religion, did not care to what Danger they exposed the King. I am fully persuaded that the Prince of Orange designs the King's Safety and Preservation, and hope all things may be composed without more bloodshed, by the calling of a Parliament. God grant a happy End to these Troubles, that the King's reign may be prosperous, and that I may shortly meet you in Peace and Safety; till when let me beg you to continue the same favourable opinion that you have hitherto had of &c.'

From this letter it would appear that Anne had not definitely arranged to break with her father unless circumstances forced her to do so. If Sarah's account can be believed, a message was brought to Anne that her husband had deserted the King, and that James was in retreat to London. This put the Princess into a 'great fright. She sent for me, told me her distress, and declared that rather than see her father she would jump out of the window. This was her very expression.'

The Bishop of London, Dr. Compton, who was lodged secretly near by in Suffolk Street, had previously sent word where he could be found if the Princess was in need of a friend in any emergency. Despatching Sarah to the Bishop, Anne now acquainted him with her decision to leave the Court immediately and to put herself under his protection. It was agreed that he should himself come to the neighbourhood of the Cockpit at midnight in order to convey her to some place of safety.

That evening, November 25th, the wisdom of this decision was confirmed by an order brought by the Lord

Chamberlain from the Queen commanding the immediate arrest of Lady Churchill and Lady Fitzharding. At Anne's urgent request, however, he agreed to defer its execution until she had time to speak to the Queen in the morning. Anne had already decided to leave and had written her letter before receiving this disquieting command, so now it was even more fully realised what an urgency there was for secrecy and flight. Sarah's account is as follows:

"The Princess went to bed at the usual time to avoid suspicion, I came to her soon after, and by the back stairs, which went down from her closet, her Royal Highness, My Lady Fitzharding and I with one servant walked to the coach, where we found the Bishop and the Earl of Dorset. They conducted us that night to the Bishop's house in the city, and the next day to my Lord Dorset's at Copt Hall. From there we went to the Earl of Northampton's and from thence to Nottingham where the country gathered round the Princess, nor did she think herself safe until she saw herself surrounded by the Prince of Orange's friends."

Never was there so ludicrous or so popular a flight through England. When they left Copt Hall haste was imperative, so most of the journey was made on horseback. Immensely popular with the people, for they looked upon her as their own Protestant English Princess, Anne was soon surrounded by a body of volunteers, who guarded her on her way. At their head with the Princess and her retinue rode the chivalric Bishop of London, who had been a Cornet of Dragoons in his youth, carrying his drawn sword and a purple flag, with pistols on his saddlebow. It may have been his martial figure which led to the rumour that Anne was being pursued by two thousand of the King's Dragoon sent to take her back to London. On receipt of this alarming report the volunteers of Nottingham immediately scrambled to arms and galloped to meet her on the London road, so that she entered the town in fine style, to the great joy of the populace.

But a very cold and tired Princess it was who found

that instead of the warm comfort of a four-poster, she must needs put on one of Lady Devonshire's best gowns, and preside over an enormous banquet given in her honour by Lord Devonshire, with whom she and her companions stayed. At this banquet Lord Chesterfield, Lord Northampton and other noblemen and distinguished persons from all the country-side were present. Shy, homesick and weary, Anne was probably thankful to eat her dinner in silence and leave the conversation to Sarah, who, thoroughly in her element, dazzled all beholders by her beauty and wit.

Later on in Court circles both Anne and Lady Churchill were to be much criticised for this spectacular flight, and historians still write homilies upon Anne's lack of filial devotion. But it must be remembered that for years she had been constantly frightened by the idea that her father would give the country into the hands of the priests and Louis XIV, and also, that her nerves had been greatly strained by child-bearing. After Prince George and Churchill had gone over to William, and Sarah's arrest had been commanded, there was little else that she could do but leave London.

From Nottingham the Princess and her attendants drove more comfortably in a coach to Oxford, where Prince George joined them. The Prince of Orange had intended to stay there too, but he was obliged to turn and go on towards London because of accounts of outbreaks against the priests and other Papists.

When Judge Jeffreys attempted to fly in disguise he was recognised by someone who knew him, handled very roughly for many hours and finally taken to the Guildhall by the mob who demanded his imprisonment in the Tower. The Mayor of London was so frightened by the rioting and the ill-usage of a man before whom all had hitherto trembled that he fell into an apoplectic fit and died soon after. But before his seizure he called a meeting of Privy Councillors and Peers at the Guildhall. These charged the people of London to keep the peace and wrote to the Prince of Orange desiring him to come

at once to the capital and take the government of the nation into his hands, until a parliament could be called. This they all signed and sent to the Prince, who had come as far towards London as Windsor.

In the meantime the King was prevailed upon by his priests to escape. The Queen and her child had already successfully reached one of the royal yachts and had been conveyed to France. On December 11th, at three o'clock in the morning, James left Whitehall with Sir Edward Hales disguised as the latter's servant. Bishop Burnet says that James had previously possessed himself of the Great Seal and that as he went by the river he threw it in, whence it chanced to be fished up in a net about six months later, between Lambeth and Fox-Hall (Vaux-hall); but later historians have cast considerable doubt upon this picturesque story.

Later on in the day of the King's flight some fishermen saw the two refugees in the miserable fishing-boat which Sir Edward Hales had procured to take them over to France, and being on the look out for escaping priests, took them to Faversham. James told them who he was, and wondering crowds gathered to watch their King as he passed by, led captive by humble fishermen. He was kept at Faversham but otherwise treated with the utmost respect. Two Kentish gentlemen journeyed all night to Windsor to ask what was the Prince of Orange's pleasure in regard to the disposal of the King's person. They arrived early in the morning before the Prince was up, and first saw Dr. Burnet who awoke Bentinck and persuaded him to ask the Prince what was to be done. They were all in a great quandary at the news, for it would have served their purpose much better if James had safely escaped to France, in such a way that it would appear to be a desertion of his Throne and people.

As soon as the news that he was in such straits arrived in London many people who had been most against him were moved to pity, and the Peers met to deliberate upon it. Some of them decided that the King should be sent for, and Lord Feversham set out for him with the royal

coaches and guards. He was brought back through the City on December 16th and was welcomed with expressions of joy by numbers of the people. His Catholic adherents at the Court now crept out of their hiding-places and gathered round him at Whitehall once more, and for a short time James was again hopeful.

But next day the Prince of Orange despatched his Dutch Guards to take over the palace and obliged the King's Guards to surrender their places. It was midnight before this was arranged, and the King had retired to bed, when Lords Halifax, Shrewsbury and Delamere arrived from the Prince and demanded entrance to his bedroom. They told him that the Prince of Orange must come to London, and that it would conduce to the safety of the King's own person and the quiet of the town if he would retire to some house in the country. They proposed Ham House. Much dejected, James asked them if he must get up and go immediately. They told him to take his rest first, and that he would be carefully guarded from any disturbance. They then withdrew. A short time later James sent word to ask if he might go to Rochester instead. As this was recognised as an indication that he wished once more to escape, it was readily agreed to, and he was taken by barge down the river to Rochester, where he stayed for a week, and then very secretly, on the last day of the year, took boat to France.

This time the 'Protestant Wind' blew from the west as James was borne away from England. It may have been that he had been wafted out of the country on the lilt of a song, for Wharton, the author of '*Lilli-Burlero*,' is said to have boasted that it had sung James out of three kingdoms. But there were more profound reasons—the ideals that are the mainsprings of the English character: an intense abhorrence of tyranny of any sort, and an equally intense zeal for liberty of faith.

CHAPTER VII

'WILLIAM AND MARY'

'THE Glorious Revolution' had been accomplished without civil war or bloodshed, and all England rejoiced in the coming of the deliverer, William of Orange. On December 18th, 1688, the people of London gathered in huge crowds to await his arrival. It was a wet and stormy day and the multitudes congregated in the streets through which he was expected to pass were buffeted by the wind. With their homespun garments clinging to them and the orange ribbons with which they had decked themselves hanging in sodden masses, but with their hearts warmed by zeal, these sturdy people defied the wind and rain in the hope that they might catch a glimpse of the man who had rescued them from their oppressor. They were disappointed, for William, who scorned 'cheers and shoutings,' avoided them by going through St. James's Park. His entry into London was a typical instance of his want of consideration for the feelings of the people and of his contempt for popularity.

This able administrator and soldier was not born to be a popular idol. Both in appearance and manner he was unprepossessing. His rigid and pallid face, pitted by small-pox, was redeemed only by piercing eyes and an eagle nose. His body was puny, almost deformed, with one shoulder higher than the other. Dr. Burnet, William's Scottish chaplain, whom he afterwards made Bishop of Salisbury, wrote of his master:

'He was always asthmatical and suffered from a constant deep cough. His behaviour was solemn and serious, he spoke little and very slowly and most commonly with a disgusting dryness.'

The same day that William came to London Anne and her husband were driving back from Oxford through the muddy, wind-swept roads, very thankful to be returning to their comfortable home once more. William's first act after his arrival was to visit his sister-in-law at the Cock-pit. He well knew that her goodwill was essential to his future, for was she not the next heir to the Throne after his wife and undoubtedly the most popular person in England? Indeed, her former popularity had been enhanced by her spectacular flight through the country, for the sight of their beloved Princess in distress and fleeing from a Catholic tyrant to fling herself upon their protection had stirred the hearts of the English people.

From the moment of William's first appearance in London his repellent manners and Dutch favourites made him generally disliked, but the dire necessity for concerted action brought all parties together in recognising that there was no one else who could re-establish order in the kingdom. The first step taken was to call a Convention composed of the members of both Houses of Parliament to discuss the form that the future government should take. No one before this seems to have had any very clear idea of what was intended when William was invited over. The invitation appears to have been prompted more by a desire to punish James for his Popish proclivities and to get rid of his priests, than with any intention of making William king.

Now that the question had to be faced there was a great to-do, the whole Court rushing about, doing a great deal of talking, and all the members of the Convention arguing one way or another with intense vehemence. Lady Churchill stirred up more trouble than anyone else on behalf of her 'dear Princess,' and afterwards demanded all the credit for getting her mistress's acquiescence in the final settlement. There were two people, however, who kept out of this turmoil—one was William, who shut himself up in the palace, and the other was Anne, who only spoke to repudiate any responsibility for those who claimed to be agitating in her interest.

At last, after many heated debates, the Convention agreed by a final vote that the Prince and Princess of Orange should be asked to accept the Crown jointly, although Mary was to have no share in the administration except when her husband was abroad.

During this time Mary was still in Holland. William wished to keep her there until the question of the sovereignty had been finally settled, and when she did attempt to come over the 'Protestant winds' failed her. She could not sail for some time, but, at last, accompanied by her retinue, including Elizabeth Villiers, she arrived at Greenwich on February 12th. There she was met by Anne, who flung herself into the arms of her eagerly expected sister.

Mary was tall, talkative, handsome and bovine, with a forced vivacity of manner. She came dressed in a purple velvet robe showing a great deal of orange petticoat. When she travelled this gorgeous attire was covered by a long bright orange cloak, but she wore no hood, so that her elaborately dressed hair, adorned with orange ribbon and pearls, could be seen by her amazed countrymen. It had been bruited about that she was not pleased with the way in which her father had been treated or the limited powers given to herself, and that William had written, while she was still in Holland, to tell her she must appear so cheerful on her arrival that no one would suspect that she had been made uneasy by what had happened. Unfortunately, the stupid Mary overdid it, and put on an air of gaiety when she arrived at Whitehall which horrified everyone. She received the crowds of people who hastened to pay her homage with such levity of manner that she was very much criticised by them for what they took to be an indecent disregard for the fate of her father. As Sarah Churchill put it, Mary 'wanted bowels.'

Sarah gives a lucid account of her arrival :

'I was one of those who had the honour to wait upon her to her own apartment. She ran about, looking into every closet and convenience, and turning up

the quilts upon the beds as people do when they come into an inn and with no other sort of concern in her appearance but such as they express; a behaviour which, though at that time I was extremely caressed by her, I thought very strange and unbecoming. For whatever necessity there was for deposing King James, he was still her father, who had so lately been driven from that chamber and from that bed, and if she felt no tenderness, I thought she should at least have looked grave, or even pensively sad, at so melancholy a reverse of fortune. But I kept these thoughts in my own breast, not imparting them even to my mistress, to whom I could say anything with all the freedom imaginable.'

A few days after the arrival of Mary, Lady Churchill was provided with a very good reason for keeping her mouth shut, for Lord Churchill was sworn a member of the Privy Council and a Lord of the Bedchamber, and two days before the Coronation he was created Earl of Marlborough.

The Coronation was a miserable affair, for early that morning a messenger arrived bringing the disturbing news that James was about to land in Ireland and that the Irish were flocking to him. Whether from fear of what might be the outcome of this expedition or because of their dislike of the new sovereign, many of the nobles stayed away from the ceremony and only a few of the bishops attended.

Always a sombre man and in a bad state of health, William started his gloomy but well-administered reign in no very affable spirit, which the Queen's stupid gaiety did little to redeem. They gave great offence and showed their lack of good taste even in the Coronation medals. One of these medals referring to the dethronement of James, represented Phæton stricken from his car. Another portrayed a riven English oak, from the base of whose shattered trunk there grew a flourishing young orange tree, with the motto, 'Instead of acorns, golden oranges.'



QUEEN MARY

A few days after his Coronation the King retired to Hampton Court, where the air suited him and where he could hunt, coming to London only for Council meetings. The unpopularity of this withdrawal from the capital so soon after his accession was augmented by Queen Mary's action in turning from the Court all those of her sex, except her rival Elizabeth Villiers—for there she was powerless—who might be suspected of light behaviour. Mary herself gave a good example by working amongst her ladies at their needlework while someone *read to* them. This was such a contrast to the previous reigns, with their reckless dissipation, that the disgusted nobles and their wives practically deserted the Court.

Anne and George spent the following summer at Hampton Court. The sisters got on fairly well together at first, but as they had been separated for over twelve years they could hardly be expected to have great affection for each other. Mary had become above all things a conscientious and obedient wife. She had but one love and one thought—William. Aside from her love *for him* she seemed utterly heartless, and was the most unlovable of women. It was not long before Anne found the cold, unfriendly manner of her sister chilling, and Mary openly showed that she despised her unpretentious, simple-hearted younger sister. Besides, Mary loved conversation however foolish, and Anne was one of those shy people who have little small talk at the best of times, and now was doubly silent, instinctively feeling the danger of expressing her opinions in the very difficult situation in which she found herself. Another thing that widened the rift between them was that William and Mary soon discovered that Anne enjoyed the affection of the English people to an extent that they could never hope to attain. That, in fact, many of them would have preferred Anne as their queen.

This summer spent at Hampton Court was a trying time for Anne. She was expecting another baby in July, but the King showed no consideration, treating her very coldly and giving the impression that he had no further

use for her. What hurt her most, however, was that he consistently ignored Prince George. William's manners, habitually bad, became almost ludicrous at times. But Sarah could see no humour in the picture she has handed down to us of the family party, William, Mary and Anne, seated at dinner one day, when a dish of green peas was placed before them—the first of the season:

'The King, without offering the Princess the least share of them eat them all himself. Whether he offered any to the Queen I cannot say, but he might do that safely enough, for he knew she durst not touch them. The Princess confessed, when she came home she had so great a mind to the pease that she was afraid to look at them and yet could hardly keep her eyes off them.'

Sarah became most indignant at this and other incidents, and ranted about his 'vulgar behaviour,' saying 'that neither in great nor in small things had he the manners of a gentleman.' Remembering the nick-names which had been given him at Court at the time of his marriage, Sarah in private conversation with Anne called him 'the Dutch Monster' and 'Caliban,' and added another interesting but abstruse name of her own manufacture—'the Dutch Abortion.' This sort of talk could not make Anne's feelings towards the King more cordial, or William's more kindly towards her; for Lady Fitzharding, one of Lady Frances Villiers' daughters and now Anne's Lady of the Bedchamber, repeated everything to her sister Elizabeth, so that William soon knew all that Anne and Sarah said or did.

Although Parliament had stipulated that the King should provide for his sister-in-law, and he had accordingly promised to make her an allowance in place of the annual income hitherto voted her by Parliament, nothing had been done. Anne and George were needy relations at this time, as Sarah never ceased to point out. The Churchills and Anne's other attendants were also feeling the pinch of hard times, for she had always been extremely genetous to her favourites and servants. The humiliations

they all had to suffer were augmented by the disregard they received from the Dutch favourites and Whig nobles.

Anne's third living child was born at Hampton Court on July 24th, 1689, and to her intense delight was a boy. There was great rejoicing throughout England at this happy event. Even the King showed considerable interest in the child, and Anne's importance was much advanced at William's Court, where everyone, however much they had slighted her before, now hastened to pay their respects to her. Three days after his birth the baby was christened, and given the name of William Henry after the King, who held him in his arms and conferred on him there and then the title of Duke of Gloucester, a proceeding unheard-of in royal annals. William and Prince George acted as the child's godfathers and the Marchioness of Halifax as his godmother.

Anne did not recover quickly. She had had an agitating time before the birth. The disturbances and uncertainties of the last few months of James's reign, her distress at being obliged to leave her father and flee from her home; and the fatigues of travel that she had endured, as well as the events attendant upon James's abdication and the financial anxieties and slights put upon her since, had exhausted her strength and for many weeks she lay very ill at Hampton Court.

During this time the Queen was kind to her and took much interest in the baby. The latter was at first supposed to be fairly strong, but now, to the intense anxiety of his mother, he was discovered to be very sickly—although the child's physicians and those about the Court never disclosed to her their fear that he was so delicate that he could not live.

Anne was soon given further cause for complaint against the King. The Cockpit had always been too small for her and her attendants, and now, on returning there with the baby, it was discovered that there was not sufficient room for the child and his servants. Anne therefore asked William if she might leave the Cockpit and move to the apartments which had been used by the

Duchess of Portsmouth in Whitehall Palace near the river. To this the King agreed, but when she asked for additional lodgings nearby for some of her suite, most probably the Marlboroughs, she encountered considerable opposition. It seemed that the Duke of Devonshire also desired to have these extra rooms because they included a large ballroom, and he used his influence with the King and Queen to obtain the first choice of the accommodation. Finally, the Queen told Anne 'that she could not let her have the lodgings she desired for her servants till my Lord Devonshire had resolved whether he would have them or a part of the Cockpit.' Upon which the Princess announced with spirit that she 'would then stay where she was, for she would not have my Lord Devonshire's leavings.' So she took the Duchess of Portsmouth's apartments which had first been granted to her to house the Duke of Gloucester and his servants and stayed on herself at the Cockpit.

Shortly after this Anne asked the Queen if she might have the use of the old palace at Richmond, the beloved playground of her youth, where she hoped her precious boy would find the health that she as a child had gained in its park and gardens. This too was refused her, although for many years the palace had not been lived in by any member of the royal family. The Princess, in spite of these ill-natured refusals, 'continued,' says Sarah, 'to pay all imaginable respect to the King and Queen.'

Anne, however, was induced by the vehement Sarah, who had had enough of living a straitened life on the diminished income of her mistress, to accept a plan which she and her friends had devised of obtaining the consent of Parliament to her receiving a permanent and independent allowance as heiress to the Throne. Anne's share in this scheme arose from a genuine dislike of her dependence on her sister and brother-in-law, and a desire for a fixed income. But there was a more sinister motive in this appeal to Parliament of which she probably knew nothing, one that was calculated to stir up the Tories and all the disaffected elements which would attract the sym-

pathy of the people towards her and render William even more unpopular than he was already. Her father had increased her income to £30,000 a year. It seemed only reasonable that William should augment this sum, which it was fully in his power to do since the civil list amounted to no less than £600,000 a year. But he had no intention of making Anne independent, if he could possibly avoid it. His policy was to keep her in subjection to himself in order to ensure her fidelity.

Early in his reign the King had bought the lease of Kensington House from the Earl of Nottingham, and workmen were still busily engaged in transforming it, according to the plans of Sir Christopher Wren, into a more suitable royal residence. Even while the work was going on the King and Queen used the older portion as a town house, because William preferred the country air of Kensington to that of Whitehall. While they were staying at Kensington the scheme for bringing before Parliament the question of an allowance for Anne came to William's knowledge, and started a quarrel between the two sisters which was to end only at Mary's death.

One evening when Anne had come to Kensington Mary began to question her as to the proceedings in Parliament; to which Anne somewhat evasively replied that 'she heard her friends had a mind to make her some settlement.' To this the Queen hastily remarked: 'Pray what friends have you but the King and me?' Lady Marlborough afterwards wrote:

'I had not the honour to attend the Princess that night, but when she came back she repeated this to me. And indeed I never saw her express so much resentment as she did at this usage, and I think it must be allowed she had great reason, for it was unjust in her sister not to allow her decent provision, without an entire dependence upon the King: and besides, the Princess had in a short time learnt that she must be very miserable, if she was to have no support but the friendship of the two persons her Majesty had mentioned.'

Lady Marlborough redoubled her efforts to obtain an allowance for her mistress in face of the most desperate opposition from the entire Court, who vainly attempted to dissuade her from her purpose. It was well known that the only person who had any influence over her was Lady Fitzharding, whose gallant endeavours have been described by Sarah:

'My Lady Fitzharding, who was more than anybody in the Queen's favour and for whom it was known I had a singular affection, was the person chiefly employed in this undertaking. Sometimes she attacked me on the side of my own interests telling me "that if I would not put an end to measures so disagreeable to the King and Queen it would certainly be the ruin of my lord, and consequently of all our family." When she found that this had no effect, she endeavoured to alarm my fears for the Princess by saying that these measures would in all probability ruin her, for nobody but such as flattered me, believed the Princess would carry her point, and in case she did not the King would not think himself obliged to do anything for her. That it was perfect madness for me to persist and I had better ten thousand times to let the thing fall, and to make all easy to the King and Queen.'

Finding the indomitable woman's purpose as firm on this as on all other occasions, the King sent the Duke of Shrewsbury, that charming and cultured gentleman, well known as the 'King of Hearts,' to offer Anne an annuity of £50,000 if she would desist from soliciting a settlement from Parliament. The Duke himself undertook to give a sort of guarantee for this payment, by saying, 'that he was confident the King would keep his word, and that if he did not he would not serve him an hour after he broke it.' This message was also brought to Sarah, and as she declared herself dissatisfied, it is probable that she prevailed on Anne to give the following answer: 'That she would not think herself in the wrong to desire a security

for what was to support her, and that the business has now gone so far, that she thought it reasonable to see what her friends could do for her.’

Finally, in the House of Commons, seventy thousand pounds a year was demanded as an allowance. The Opposition insisted that it was dangerous to settle any revenue on a Princess who had so near a claim to the Crown. As a result of the debate it was resolved that ‘a humble address be presented to his Majesty that he would be pleased to make a provision for the Prince and Princess of Denmark of £50,000 a year beginning at Christmas next.’ Cornered, William vouchsafed graciously enough: ‘Gentlemen, whatsoever comes from the House of Commons is so agreeable to me, and particularly this address, that I will do what you desire of me.’ So it was settled at last, but Anne’s supporters would have done better to have arranged it privately, for the upshot of this further struggle against William’s meanness did her more harm than good. Never again was she able to placate her sister.

Sometime after this, Anne, fearful of hurting Sarah’s pride, wrote her a gracious letter, tactfully pressing upon her friend a yearly present:

‘I have had something to say to you a great while, and I did not know how to go about it. I have designed, ever since my revenue was settled, to desire you would accept of a thousand pounds a year. . . . I beg you would only look upon it as an earnest of my goodwill, but never mention a thing of it to me; for I shall be ashamed to have any notice taken of such a thing from one that deserves more than I shall ever be able to return.’

All this time William had been planning a grand campaign in Ireland, and, after pouring troops into that country, he himself took the field in the summer of 1690 and routed the Irish army at the Battle of the Boyne on the 1st of July. Prince George had accompanied the King, but although he distinguished himself during the cam-

paign, William deliberately treated him with disdain, and would not even allow his brother-in-law to drive in the same carriage with him. This was an unheard-of insult which cruelly hurt the Prince's feelings. Anne also was deeply distressed by this affront to her dearly loved husband. The numerous agitations of this period of her life injured her health and consequently it is not to be wondered at that her children were weaklings. That all but one of them were foredoomed to perish in infancy may have been due to the saddest of all reasons—an inherited taint.

Another little girl was born that autumn. Anne wished her to be given the name of Mary and this was hastily done at her birth, for the breath only came to the baby's lips, and then her life flickered out. This child probably suffered from the same dreadful disease, water on the brain, which, it is said, proved fatal to many, if not all Anne's children. Her principal consolation at this time was that her adored boy, the infant Duke of Gloucester, was more healthy than might have been expected from his weakness at birth. On the refusal of her request for Richmond Palace, she had sought another residence for him near London, which would be in a healthier situation than Whitehall, and Lord Craven had lent her his house near Kensington Gravel Pits. Mercifully, the child had been removed to this house, when, on the night of April 9th, 1691, a serious fire broke out at Whitehall and by daybreak the greater part of the historic palace was destroyed. Certain portions of the building were spared, including the Banqueting Hall, the Holbein Gate and the Cockpit, which were destined to survive another conflagration. The fire started in the deserted nurseries of the Duke of Gloucester. Queen Mary, whose apartments at Whitehall adjoined his, escaped only in her night clothes.

The next month, when William was preparing to journey to Flanders to take part in the war known as the War of the League of Augsburg, in which the Dutch, Austrians and Spaniards were fighting against France

and the increasing ambitions of Louis XIV, another indignity was put upon the Prince of Denmark. George, whose courage was greater than his energy, was particularly anxious to serve with the fleet in the war, even if he were not given any special command, and with this object he approached William, who was about to leave for the Continent. The King on parting embraced him, in the manner of the times, but did not answer his request. Unwisely assuming that his desire had been granted, and with joy in his simple heart, the Prince busily prepared his equipage at great expense, and sent it on board the flagship. But before leaving for Flanders, William gave the Queen instructions that Prince George was not on any account to be allowed to go to sea. If possible she should attempt to make him 'choose for himself to stay at home,' so 'she sent a great Lord,' says Lady Marlborough, 'to desire that I should persuade the Prince from going to sea, and this I was to encompass without letting the Princess know that it was the Queen's desire.' The affair had gone too far to be settled so simply, and was made no easier by an insolent answer to the Queen's message from Sarah, who intimated that 'she would say what her Majesty pleased to the Princess if she were allowed to make use of the Queen's name.'

Angered by this reply, Mary sent a peremptory message through Lord Nottingham, forbidding Prince George to go to sea. This necessitated the withdrawal of his baggage and arms from the ship, and the public exposure of his humiliating disappointment. Nothing could bring greater unhappiness to Anne than the mortification of her good-natured husband, who was incapable of hurting anyone or of understanding such petty cruelty in others. They suffered together in silence, and neither asked any further favours for themselves from their brother-in-law. Later in that summer, however, they ventured to intercede on behalf of Marlborough, to whose exertions William owed so much at the time of the Revolution, begging that he should be given the Garter. That this request would be refused might have been expected, for

the King and Queen were now determined to show Anne and her husband every possible indignity and to get rid of Sarah Churchill at all costs.

If they had possessed any warmth of heart they would have pitied Anne, who at this time was suffering in mind and body, for she had not been well since the birth of her last child, and had brooded over the pitiful condition of her exiled father at St. Germain. On December 1st, 1691, she sent him this touching letter:

'I have been very desirous of some opportunity to make you a sincere and humble offer of my duty and submission, and to beg you will be assured that I am both truly concerned for the misfortune of your condition and sensible, as I ought to be, of my own happiness. As to what you may think I have contributed to it, if wishes would recall what is past, I have long since redeemed my fault. I am sensible it would have been a great relief to me if I could have found means to have acquainted you earlier with my repentant thoughts, but I hope they may find the advantage of coming late, of being less suspected of insincerity than perhaps they would have been at any time before.'

'It will be a great addition to the ease I propose to my own mind by this plain confession if I am so happy as to find that it bring any real satisfaction to you, and that you are as indulgent and ready to receive my humble submission as I am to make them, in a free disinterested acknowledgment of my fault, for no other end but to deserve and receive your pardon. I have a great mind to beg you to make one compliment for me, but fearing the expressions which would be properest for me, to make use of might be, perhaps, the least inconvenient for a letter, I must content myself at present with hoping the bearer will make a compliment for me to the Queen.'

There is no treason towards William and Mary contained in this letter, which signifies nothing more than pity for her father's exiled state and a daughter's natural

desire for forgiveness. To anyone who had read it its harmlessness is obvious, but if the King heard of any correspondence he was bound to suspect more sinister motives than existed, which would add to his dislike and suspicion of Anne and her entourage.

In spite of the estrangement which existed between the two sisters they appeared outwardly to be on good terms, until one evening in the following January when Mary began, as Anne expressed it, to ‘pick quarrels’ upon the vexed subject of the annuity by suggesting that if some twenty or thirty thousand pounds were to be taken off the fifty thousand allowed she supposed Anne could live upon it as she had done before. After this they openly quarrelled. The Duchess would have us believe that this led to the dire misfortunes which soon overtook her husband.

The following morning, when Marlborough was with the King and was performing his usual duties as Lord of the Bedchamber, William showed no sign of any displeasure, but later in the day Lord Nottingham was sent with a message to say that the Earl had been dismissed from all his offices, both civil and military, and forbidden to appear at Court. William never gave any reasons for this precipitate action and it is difficult to conceive what motive was influencing him. Liddiard relates ‘that all the resentment was for the liberty he’ (Marlborough) ‘had taken to tell the King, that though himself he had no reason to complain yet many of his good subjects were sorry to see his royal munificence confined to one or two Foreign Lords.’

Sarah’s indiscreet tongue had added many enemies to those who already eyed the Marlboroughs with jealousy. But none of them was more bitter than Elizabeth Villiers, who as William’s mistress could use her influence against them. Other reasons have been suggested for Marlborough’s dismissal, for Evelyn wrote in his ‘Diary’:

‘Lord Marlborough, Lieutenant-General, Gentleman of the Bedchamber, dismissed from all his employ-

ments, military and others for his false and excessive taking of bribes, covetousness and extortion on all occasions from his inferior officers.'

This may have been only the gossip of the time, for these charges were never brought by William or anyone else. In her exalted position Anne could hardly have known that such accusations had been suggested or generally credited, and she believed that Marlborough's devotion to herself and her interests had brought about his downfall, so, naturally enough, she took up the cudgels vigorously on her friends' behalf.

It can be imagined that Sarah was put into a dreadful temper by the dismissal of her husband, and that her wrath came near to wrecking the Cockpit. For three weeks her unfortunate mistress was unable to pacify her Lady in Waiting or to induce her to accompany her to Court as usual, until Godolphin assured Sarah 'that in attending the Princess she was only paying her duty where it was owing.' But the Queen took Lady Marlborough's appearance at Court as an insult and wrote a long letter to her sister the next day, taking her to task for having brought Sarah to Kensington the night before and requiring her to give her up as a personal attendant. When Anne sent a very conciliatory answer to her sister by Lord Rochester, in which, however, she did not agree to give up her friend, a message was returned by Lord Dorset, the Lord Chamberlain, forbidding Lady Marlborough to continue longer at the Cockpit.

Now the Cockpit was clearly Anne's own property, as Charles II had settled it on her and her heirs at the time of her marriage, and the Queen had no possible right to demand the expulsion of one of her sister's ladies. Anne's mildness of temper would not permit her openly to defy her sister, and as she was determined not to give up her friend, she resolved to leave the Court. She therefore wrote the following note to Mary:

'I am very sorry to find that all I have said myself, and my Lord Rochester for me, has not had effect

enough to keep your Majesty from persisting in a resolution which you are satisfied must be so great a mortification to me, as, to avoid it, I shall be obliged to retire, and deprive myself of the satisfaction of living where I might have frequent opportunities of assuring you of that duty and respect which I always have been and shall be desirous to pay you on all occasions.

‘My only consolation in this extremity is, that not having done anything in all my life to deserve your unkindness, I hope I shall not be long under the necessity of absenting myself from you; the thought of which is so uneasy to me, that I find myself too much indisposed to give your Majesty any further trouble at this time.’

It was quite true that Anne was very unwell, for she was expecting another child, and the bearing of each child, the agony of the birth and the subsequent agony of mourning, were gradually undermining her health. It could not but be a wearisome affair, requiring courage and endurance, to turn out of her house in winter and journey so far as she now contemplated. Nevertheless she sent for the Duchess of Somerset, daughter and sole heiress of the Earl of Northumberland, and asked her for the loan of Syon House, about eight miles from the Cockpit. The Duchess, after consulting with her husband, placed this house at the Princess’s disposal, with ‘many expressions of her pleasure at being able to do her a service.’ As soon as the King heard of this arrangement he sent for the Duke of Somerset and did his utmost to persuade the Duke to withdraw his promise, but the latter stoutly refused.

Before she removed from the Cockpit Anne drove to Kensington Palace with the intention of making one more attempt to propitiate her sister. She was received with absolute coldness and her affectionate greeting was answered in an angry manner.

Anne not only continued to be in disgrace, but all imaginable means were taken to humiliate her as much as

possible. She was actually deprived of the guards who always attended her—for the state of the roads was very dangerous in those days—and one evening in March while driving from London to Syon House her coach was stopped near Brentford and she was robbed by highwaymen. After this frightful experience she lay very ill at Syon House. Early on the morning of April 17th she sent a message by Sir Benjamin Bathurst which might have softened the hardest heart, to tell her sister that her time had come, and that she ‘felt very ill indeed, much worse than was usual.’ But the Queen would not send any answer or even see the messenger. The baby which was born that day lived only about an hour; he was hastily christened George, after his father, and then he died.

This time Anne’s courage nearly failed; the burden of life seemed too heavy to be taken upon her shoulders once more. Now, at last, her sister was compelled to come to her where she lay, overcome by this latest disappointment. When Mary swept haughtily to her sister’s side she gave no sign of sympathy or affection. She curtly said: ‘I have made the first step by coming to you, and now I expect that you should make the next by dismissing Lady Marlborough.’ Loyalty to her friend gave Anne new strength and in spite of her weakness she found voice to answer, ‘I have never in all my life disobeyed your Majesty, but in this one particular, and I hope at some time or other it will appear as unreasonable to your Majesty as it does now to me.’ These few words were all that the sisters said to each other at this, their last, meeting.

The Queen made an exit from the room as stately as her entry had been, and Prince George silently attended her to her coach. Too full of her own angry thoughts to remember that this gentle, loving creature had that morning lost a son and was overwhelmed with sorrow and anxiety for his wife, she repeated to him what she had said to her sister. She had no word of comfort or pity for the stricken man; as usual she treated him only with cold contempt.

On the long drive back from Syon House to Kensing-

ton the Queen's conscience bestirred itself a trifle. As she entered her own home she was heard to say, 'I am sorry for having spoken to the Princess, she trembled and looked as white as the sheets.'

That night Anne was in a raging fever which lasted for many days and her life fluttered and almost escaped into a happier world. It was well for England that her husband devoted himself to holding her spirit back from its flight, and comforting the weeks of her convalescence. Throughout her delirium and afterwards, the quarrel with Mary continually preyed upon her mind. As soon as she was well enough she made a last attempt to placate her sister; she sent her a humble letter thanking her for her visit during her illness and begging to be permitted to pay her duty to her at Kensington. To this the Queen despatched a haughty answer declaring that 'words would not make them live together as they ought,' and that there was but one thing she demanded, and no other would satisfy her.

An overwhelming blow was soon to fall upon the Churchills, and as their sorrows were Anne's sorrows, she suffered further distress. On May 5th, 1692, Marlborough was suddenly arrested on a charge of high treason and sent to the Tower. It seems that in the Palace of the Bishop of Rochester, at Bromley in Kent, several treasonable letters had been discovered which appeared to have been signed by Marlborough. Their existence had been brought to light by a rogue named Young who was at that moment in gaol for perjury and forgery. Some time afterwards he confessed that he had obtained Marlborough's signature by writing to him in the guise of a country gentleman enquiring for the character of a servant. It is possible that the King never believed in these false documents, but he must have been extremely pleased at having Marlborough safely stowed away in the Tower at this particular moment.

It had been suspected for some time by William that Marlborough, Godolphin and other noblemen about the Court were in correspondence with the Court of the exiled James at St. Germains, and that some of them

might be ready to support him against William if the prospects of the former at any time seemed sufficiently brilliant to warrant their defection. That such men as Godolphin and Marlborough should contemplate reverting to their allegiance to James, although they had sworn fealty to William, was not quite so heinous an offence from their point of view as it must appear to us. Marlborough could not but feel that it was to a great extent owing to his own action on the King's behalf that William had ascended the Throne, and he expected a better reward than a mere Earldom. It was galling to him and to many other Englishmen to see the Dutch favourites receiving some of the best offices. Besides, a great climber such as Marlborough was bound to think that as far as his own ambitions were concerned he had backed the wrong horse, and repenting of his defection, he would have wished to have his old master back on terms. It seems almost incredible, however, that he would have assisted a scheme for bringing back a Catholic King and plunging his country into civil war for the sake of his own ambition; yet James and Louis seem to have believed that Marlborough would bring about a revolt of the English army at home in support of an invasion of England.

William was away on the Continent with a large body of English troops, when it was arranged to carry out this invasion. The plan seems to have been that the King of France should march with his great army into Flanders, that William should be assassinated there, and that then the English troops would have to be withdrawn from the Continent. Afterwards Louis would be able to make himself master in Flanders and force Holland to give in, while the union of James's army of invasion with the English army led by Marlborough would place James on the throne. This attractive French programme was considerably disarranged when Marlborough was clapped into the Tower.

While James was encamped with his army near Cherbourg awaiting transport to England, Bishop Burnet says that 'we in England were all this while very secure and

did not apprehend we were in any danger. Both the King and his Secretaries were much blamed for taking so little care to procure intelligence, for if the winds had favoured the French they themselves would have brought us the first news of their design.’ But for a whole month a great storm raged upon the coast of France so that the fleet of transports was unable to sail. There was some doubt as to whether the English Admiral Russell was true to the King, but after the Queen had appealed to his honour and patriotism, he joined the Dutch with his whole fleet. As soon as the storm cleared they gave chase to the French navy, and in the harbours of Cherbourg and La Hogue the French fleet suffered a great defeat. On May 19th Admiral Rooke burnt sixteen ships off La Hogue while James and his army watched the conflagration.

It is said that Louis XIV, knowing that Admiral Russell was avaricious, sent him £20,000 before the battle requesting him not to fight, and that while delaying his answer Russell sent messengers to William to know how to act. The answer was laconic: ‘Take the money and beat them.’

Meanwhile at home Queen Mary as Regent reached the apex of her existence. She issued warrants against all those, many of them of high rank, who had been disaffected; summoned Parliament by proclamation and made provision for the safety of London by calling up the Militia of Westminster and other parts of London.

It is certain that Anne took no part in the treasonable transactions of the Jacobites. Even Mary in her journal exonerates her sister from any such suspicion. She was altogether at a loss to find a reason for Marlborough’s arrest and the suspicions cast upon him. This is proved by a letter from Anne to Sarah:

‘I hear Lord Marlborough is sent to the Tower, and though I am certain they have nothing against him, and expected by your letter it would be so, yet I was struck when I was told it, for methinks it is a dismal thing to have one’s friends sent to that place. . . .’

While Marlborough was in the Tower his second son, a boy of two years old, died. Anne was overwhelmed with sorrow for her friends. She wrote what words of comfort she could to the bereaved mother.

Marlborough was kept a prisoner until June 15th, when he was admitted to bail, the Marquis of Halifax and the Duke of Shrewsbury acting as his sureties, for which kindness they were, shortly afterwards, erased from the list of Privy Councillors. Sarah now begged Anne to assent to the Queen's desire that she should retire from her service, and asked her to ascertain the wishes of Prince George. Unfortunately for Anne, her courage and loyalty were too strong to allow her to forsake her friends, and she wrote this reply:

'In obedience to dear Mrs. Freeman I have told the Prince all she desired me and he is so far from being of another opinion, that if there had been any occasion, he would have strengthened me in my resolutions, and we both beg you would never mention so cruel a thing any more. Can you think either of us so wretched as for the sake of £20,000, and to be tormented from morning till night with flattering knaves and fools, we should forsake those we have such obligations to, and that we are so certain we are the occasion of all their misfortunes? Besides, can you believe we will truckle to Caliban, who, from the first moment of his coming, has used us at that rate as we are sensible he has done?

'But suppose that I did submit, and that the King could change his nature so much as to use me with humanity, how would all reasonable people despise me? And, which is much more, how would my conscience reproach me for having sacrificed it, my honour, reputation, and all the substantial comforts of this life, for transitory interest, which, even to those who make it their interest, can never afford any real satisfaction to a virtuous mind.

'No my dear Mrs. Freeman, never believe that your

faithful Morley will ever submit. *She can wait with patience for a sunshiny day, and if she does not see it, yet she hopes England will flourish again.*

Anguish and ill-health had strengthened Anne's powers of endurance, and had brought about a remarkable development of character, which later in her life, when she became Queen, was to enable her to bear many private tribulations and public burdens.

At this time the physicians ordered Anne to visit Bath for the more complete recovery of her health. The Queen's persecutions followed her even there, for she instructed the Secretary of State, Lord Nottingham, to write this letter to the Mayor of Bath, who was a tallow-chandler:

‘Sir, the Queen has been informed that you yourself and your brethren have attended the Princess with the same respect and ceremony, as had been usually paid to the Royal Family. Perhaps you may not have heard what occasion her Majesty has had to be displeased with the Princess. And therefore I am commanded to acquaint you, that you are not for the future to pay her Highness any such respect or ceremony, without leave from her Majesty, who does not doubt of receiving from you and your brethren this public mark of your duty. I am,

Your most humble servant,
NOTTINGHAM.’

Sarah was furious at this, but Anne only laughed at the failure of the tallow-chandler to escort her to church the next Sunday, and was, perhaps, mightily pleased to do without the tiresome attendance and addresses of the Mayor and Corporation.

When Anne returned to London from Bath she took Berkeley House, for Syon was too far away from town and her beloved son, Gloucester. Berkeley House was then the last dwelling-house in Piccadilly, and stood on

the site afterwards occupied by Devonshire House. It was surrounded by gardens, and must have been a large property, for it included the whole of what is now Berkeley Square and the adjoining streets. A charming model farm, planted with ornamental trees, nestled at the foot of Hay Hill. From her windows to the south Anne could look down upon St. James's Palace with the Abbey and Westminster Hall beyond.

While residing at Berkeley House Anne regularly attended St. James's Church, then newly built. The Rector, Dr. Birch, received a verbal command from the Court desiring that he should not show the Princess Anne any of the attentions usually accorded to royalty—in this case they consisted of the very innocuous custom of having the text of the sermon pinned upon a cushion in the front of her pew. Dr. Birch was an ardent partisan of Anne, and he was most indignant at this petty tyranny. Therefore, before obeying the command, he demanded a written order. His belligerent attitude had the desired effect; nothing more was heard of this silly business, and Anne was able to enjoy her sermons in comfort with the text before her—for she really did enjoy listening to them, a most surprising taste in those days when sermons were much longer and heavier than they are now.

In Anne's religion there was no conception of the transcendent radiancy that can sweep the soul into celestial spheres of complete harmony and light; hers was a comfortable, work-a-day religion which helped her to do her duty and consoled her when in sorrow or pain; and yet a sense of the Divine Presence was constantly with her, for if ever a woman 'walked with God' this can truly be said of Anne Stuart.

CHAPTER VIII

THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER

DURING the next two years Anne and her husband lived very quietly at Berkeley House with Lady Marlborough and the few friends who dared brave the displeasure of the King and Queen by attending their small Court. The devoted parents paid frequent visits for weeks at a time to Camden House, where their cherished boy, the pride and hope of the nation, was residing. Anne had rented this house at great expense, the other which had been lent by Lord Craven having proved too small for them all.

Camden House had been built in 1612 by Sir Baptist Hicks, afterwards created Viscount Camden, who, it is said, won the site at cards from Sir Walter Cope, the Lord of the Manor. This exquisite Jacobean house stood facing south on the sheltered side of Campden Hill. From its mullioned windows on fine days the eye could travel over wooded slopes to the gleaming ribbon of the Thames, winding in and out from Chelsea to Westminster, and far into the distance where the blueness of the Surrey hills bounded the horizon.

The park that surrounded Camden House was entered near the churchyard of old Kensington church through finely wrought iron gates, their posts surmounted by hounds, the supporters of the Camden family. Thence an avenue of elms led up to the house.

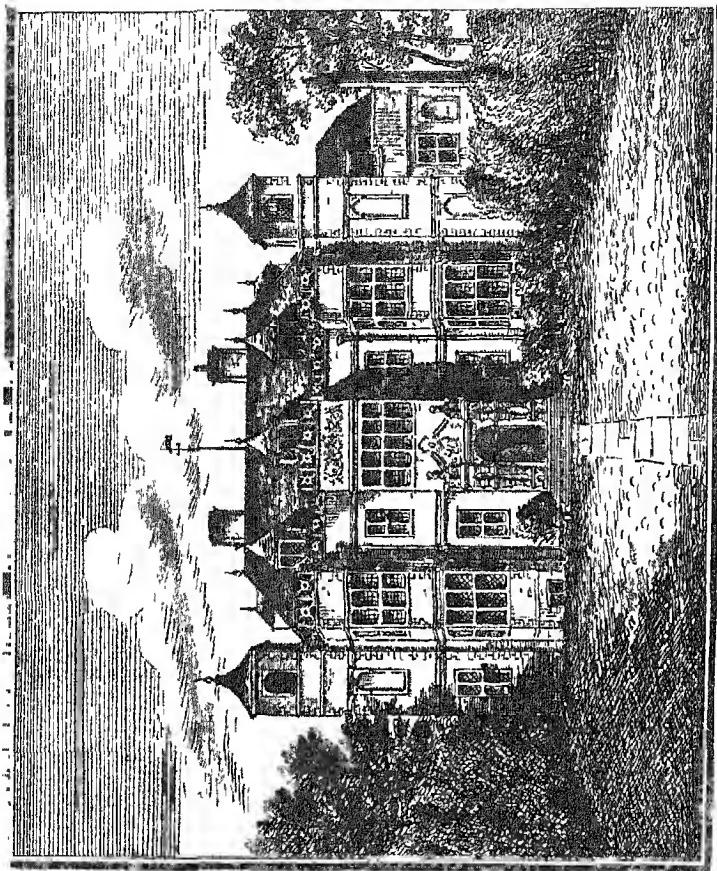
The walls of the square entrance hall were lined with small oak panels, bleached to a silvery grey. On the right, beside the door into the Great Parlour, stood a massive Jacobean mantelpiece, and on the other side an archway led to the wide oaken staircase. The state apartments consisted of a suite of three large rooms on

the first floor, with a southern aspect. In the room at the eastern end, Anne's bedroom, the plaster ceiling was of a 'grotesque' pattern with pendants, and the walls were hung with red silk damask depicting foliage. From her bedroom Anne could pass directly into the Presence Chamber in the centre of the house—a room to dream of, full of wonderful flecks of colour on sunny days, for the stained glass windows in their leaded panes threw gay patterns upon the walls and floor. Here there was a beautifully moulded ceiling with the Camden arms painted in the centre. Even the chimneypiece added to the cheerfulness of the room, for it was made of various coloured marbles. Beyond the Presence Chamber the so-called Globe Room communicated with a raised terrace by a flight of stone steps, built under Anne's directions, so that she, who dearly loved the open air, might more easily reach the garden below.

Here in this charming old house the Duke of Gloucester spent most of his childhood, and the days passed within its walls, or in the park outside, were among the happiest of Anne's life. Every morning the boy was taken to her bedroom and stood beside her toilet-table while her hair was dressed; and later, she would watch from the front door as he was placed, warmly wrapped, in a little coach given him by the Duchess of Ormonde, drawn by two horses no larger than mastiffs and led by Dick Drury the child's own coachman. On wet days his mother watched him with adoring eyes as he played with his toy cannon in the Presence Chamber, and when the little fellow was ill she hardly left his bedside. Lady Marlborough writes that on these occasions,

'the Queen used to send a bedchamber woman to Camden House to enquire how he did. But this compliment was made in so offensive a manner to the Princess that I have often wondered how any mortal could bear it with patience. For whoever was sent, used to come without any ceremony into the room where the Princess was, and passing by her, as she

CAMDEN HOUSE



stood or sat, without taking more notice of her than if she had been a rocker, go directly up to the Duke and make their speech to him, or to the nurse as he lay in her lap.'

The early years of the child's life are minutely chronicled by his devoted Welsh servant, Jenkin Lewis, who had been one of Anne's footmen. In this unique memoir of the life of a royal child Lewis reveals how deeply the servants resented the rudeness shown their mistress by the Queen. He says,

'There was a misunderstanding at this time between the Queen and Princess, that had subsisted a good while, in consequence of which her guards were taken from her by the express order of her Majesty, who prohibited all honours being paid to her rank; nor were the mouths of the malicious stopt from uttering whatever malice they could invent: nay, even her person was scarcely protected from insult, but all this she bore with fortitude and patience without complaining of the indignity put upon her—for never did woman possess a sweeter disposition than this amiable Princess.'

As the Duke grew older it became more and more apparent that he was not a normal child but was suffering from the dread disease which had robbed Anne of her other children. She herself was blind to this terrible truth. Lewis says that the Duke's

'head was grown very long and was so big round that his hat was big enough for most men, which was occasioned by the issue in his pole, that had been kept running ever since his sickness at Hampton Court, which made it difficult to fit his head with a peruke. Although he was active and lively yet he could not go up and down stairs without help, nor raise himself when down; and he tottered when he walked which made people conclude it was occasioned by the over-

care of the ladies about him. The Prince of Denmark, who was a very good natural pleasant man, would often rally them about it, and Dr. Radcliffe, according to his accustomed manner, spoke very bluntly to Mrs. Lewin upon the subject.'

This pathetic child at the age of three declared that he would play no longer with his toys as he was now a man and a soldier. To amuse him a company of thirty-two boys from Kensington, wearing paper caps and armed with wooden swords, used to be brought to Camden House, where they were reviewed by the Duke as he sat in his little coach, transported with delight.

One day when the child was at Kensington Palace his troop of boys and another company from London amounting to ninety boys, armed with wooden swords and muskets, and wearing the red caps of Grenadiers, were summoned to the garden by the beat of drums, for the King and Queen and the Duke to review them. 'The King ordered twenty guineas for the boys, and took particular notice of one, six years old, by name William Gardiner, remarkable for beating the drum, almost equal to the ablest drummer; to him the King gave two pieces of gold.' The little Duke, while proudly exhibiting his soldiers and chatting to his Aunt and Uncle, suddenly caused confusion by telling the Queen that his 'Mamma had once many guards, but now had none.' His attendants held their breath, doubtful how this would be taken, but the Queen only hid her embarrassment by pretending to be surprised at the news.

The next day the household at Camden House were informed that the King would visit the Duke. The latter felt this to be a most important event and ordered his servants to

'get all his warlike affairs ready, consisting of a pasteboard fortification, mounted with small guns, and what was stiled his great ones, which were four little brass cannon, and carry them down in order to be dis-

charged by way of salute to the King upon his arrival. . . . He then talked to the King of forces and arms, and thanked him of his own accord for the honour he did in coming to see him. He told the King that one of his cannons was broke; the King promised to send him some cannon but never did; the Duke thanked him and complimented him in these words—"My dear King, you shall have both my companies with you to Flanders," where the King was to go soon after.'

The peaceful citizens of Kensington must have heartily wished these boys in Flanders, for their rudeness and outlawry became a public nuisance. 'They would challenge men, and fall on many people as they came to and fro from Kensington to London, which caused complaints.'

The child stoutly defended the behaviour of his troops. Towards his servants too, when they were blamed for letting him do what he was not allowed to do, or for speaking words that he should not know, he was most loyal.

'One day he was in the Princess's bedchamber with her, at Camden House, when in talking to her he said "I vow," when the Princess asked him who taught him so? he said "Lewis;" then said her Highness, "Lewis shall be turned out of waiting." "No, Mamma," said he, "it was I myself did invent that word, now I think on't." One time he had an habit of calling bad names, which we knew not how he learnt unless it was from hearing his town soldiers sometimes bccall one another. Her royal Highness, the Princess, who was the tenderest of mothers, would not let him be roughly handled, nor had he ever been whipped, though he would now and then be absolute and put himself into passions and then stamp with his feet, which humour he was not to be frightened out of. Sometimes they told him his women and servants should be turned away, which would make some alteration in him for the present.

"The next year,' Lewis continues, 'when he was five years old he had a very unaccountable fancy seize him of not going at all without two persons to hold him; he was talked to and asked whence it proceeded, whether from a fright and a dream, or no? but he could give no account of it. At last the Princess was much troubled about him, she asked him what was the matter; he was master and would not stir a step without two persons to hold him, which when the Prince of Denmark observed, he carried him into a room with the Princess and with a birch rod (as yet he had never been whipped) which he did not value at first, but when he was made to smart, he said he would go if one would hold him; he was whipped again and went ever after well.'

After the Duke had suffered from an attack of the ague in the following spring, Anne was advised by the doctors to take him for a change of air. She enquired for houses at Epsom, Richmond and Hampstead, and at last Twickenham was found to be a convenient place so she took three houses there, all belonging to an old lady, Mrs. Davies, Lord Berkeley's aunt,

'Who,' says Lewis, 'was a very temperate healthy old lady though upwards of eighty years of age, she was said to follow the maxim of the ancient philosophers by living chiefly on herbs, etc., without animal food. When Sir Benjamin Bathurst (a very worthy man) by the Princess's order came to tender her one hundred guineas for the month the Princess had been there, she refused taking any, which he pressed her to accept; but she was angry with him at last and threw the money about the room, persisting in her refusal, in so much that Sir Benjamin Bathurst was obliged to desist and thereupon withdrew. Her fields were full of ripe cherries when her Highness went there, yet would she not fell any, but gave them to the family and only desired when we gathered them that we would not break the trees. The Princess, who was all goodness,

could not but be pleased with such disinterested generosity, so rare to be found even among those who are blessed with affluence. Although she would gladly have rewarded the good old lady amply for her accommodation, yet would she not hurt her delicacy by a further tender of money, feeling the benevolent gentlewoman persisted in a refusal of it.' . . .

During the winter of 1694, after the Duke had returned to Camden House, an epidemic of small-pox raged in London, thousands dying of it. The Queen had never had the disease and when she was taken ill some days before Christmas there was great consternation. It was thought at first that it was some less serious complaint than small-pox, and the doctors were not called in until too late. When it was discovered on the day after Christmas that she was in fact suffering from small-pox in a most virulent form, her doctor told the King that there was little hope of saving her.

At this time Anne was far from strong, lying constantly on her couch by the order of her physicians. She was not allowed to go up or down stairs, but as soon as she heard of the Queen's illness she sent one of her ladies with an affectionate and sympathetic message, begging to be allowed 'the happiness of waiting upon her, and declaring she would run any risk in her present situation to have that satisfaction.' This message was delivered to the Queen herself, but the next day a letter came from Lady Derby to say that the King had been advised by the physicians that such a meeting would be bad for the Queen, and that the visit should be deferred till later. Every day Anne sent to enquire for her sister, and Lady Fitzharding even broke into the room where the Queen was dying and tried to impress her with a sense of her sister's distress. Mary returned no answer but 'a cold thanks.' The Queen died on December 28th at one o'clock in the morning, in her thirty-third year.

Although he had seemed to care little for her during their marriage, the King was inconsolable during his

wife's illness. He had many fainting fits and was in such an agony at her death that those who knew him best were amazed at his display of sorrow, for they did not think him capable of so much feeling.

The death of the Queen had snapped another link in the chain of Protestant succession and Anne and the Duke of Gloucester thereby became even more precious to the English people than they had been before. Her death had also placed William in a new and exceedingly difficult position. Doubts were cast upon his right to the Crown, and some even argued that as Parliament had been summoned in the joint names of the King and Queen, it was dissolved by the death of the latter. The Marlboroughs and certain other supporters of Anne were very active in their desire to further this contention. Had she abetted their pretensions she might have created a very dangerous situation in the country, aimed directly at the destruction of the authority of the King. She refused to show the slightest desire to question his right. Instead, forgetting all reasons for resentment, she wrote affectionately to her brother-in-law expressing her 'sincere and hearty sorrow for his affliction,' and declared 'I am as sensibly touched with this sad misfortune, as if I had never been so unhappy as to have fallen into her displeasure.'

Her letter found the King sunk in the depths of despair, and he returned no answer to it. Lord Somers, who was determined to bring about a reconciliation and perceived that the most opportune moment was while William was softened by his loss, drove to Kensington and insisted upon being shown into the King's room, where he found him in a stupor of grief. He took no notice of Somers until the latter broke the silence by expressing a hope that 'now all disunion between his Majesty and the Princess Anne might cease.' 'My Lord, do what you will, I can think of no business,' was the agonised reply of the King, and to all the other remarks Somers made he returned no further reply.

Although the reconciliation was opposed by Lord

Portland, a meeting was finally arranged. Driving from Berkeley House to Kensington, Anne was carried up the square staircase into the Presence Chamber in a sedan chair, for she was not yet allowed to walk upstairs. On her arrival Jenkin Lewis attended her and

'opened the door of her chair (as was my duty when in waiting) and upon her entering the King came and saluted her. She told his Majesty in faltering accents, that she was truly sorry for his loss! Who replied, he was much concerned for hers; both were deeply affected and could hardly refrain from tears or speak distinctly. The King then handed the Princess into her chair, who stayed with him three quarters of an hour. His Highness presented the Princess, soon after, with most of her sister's jewels. The Princess, from grief at the long separation that had been between the Queen and her, laboured under an indisposition of body, that made her believe she was with child, which she had much the appearance of, although it proved otherwise. The Duke was told of the Queen's death by the Princess at Berkeley House who wept sadly as she related it, but he was not so much affected as might have been imagined, owing, most likely, to his inattention to the circumstance at the time.'

The next important event in the young Duke's life which Lewis chronicles shows the curious life the child lived and the dismay with which any suggestion of illness was received by those about him.

'The first of March being St. David's day, when we Welshmen wear leeks in our hats in honour of the day, as does the King and royal family artificial ones out of compliment to the Ancient Britons, but the Duke besides that in his hat, would have a bunch of natural ones also to deck his ship withal. Two bunches being brought him by Marshel, he handled them a good deal, and after doing then what he thought proper he fell asleep; when he awoke he was sick, probably from the

smell of the leeks, and by bustling about brought on a cold that in three days came to a fever, which Dr. Radcliffe pronounced to be of the regular kind, but the ladies in waiting fancied it was of the intermitting-kind, and similar to the agues he had two years running before at the same season. He was blistered on the back which made him very uneasy. Dr. Radcliffe, when he visited him next, felt his pulse and said, "The Devil! There is something we have not yet found out," which put the ladies into a great consternation, as they were too apt to be alarmed, and reports were immediately spread that the Duke was in great danger. The Princess, who loved him in a great degree, came in her sedan chair and was carried upstairs (with short poles) but it pleased God to restore him in nine days to perfect health again; to the no small joy of the Prince and Princess and the whole family.'

He had another illness that spring, so in the following summer his parents took him with them to Windsor, where he had never been before. When he was shown his apartments, he complained that his Presence room was not big enough to exercise his soldiers in, and then calling for a drum, he told them to beat a Tattoo.

"When he was led to see the several apartments in the Castle, Mr. Randu the housekeeper, attended him and gave him an account of the pictures etc. many of which he could not comprehend, but was much pleased with the history of the Triumph in St. George's Hall, saying that place was fit to fight his battles in. Next day Mr. Boscawen, and my Lord Churchill with the two Mr. Bathursts, had leave to wait upon the Duke from Eaton School, when he would have a little battle fought in St. George's Hall; whither he had his muskets, pikes, great swords, and artillery carried being a dozen or fifteen in number. Mrs. Atkinson and I were in waiting. The stairs and balcony he would have to represent a Castle, which he was to besiege and

take; and they were to sally out and retreat when over-powered. Having half pikes and muskets for arms, I contrived that Mr. Boscawen, a discreet youth, should be the enemy that they might not hurt the Duke by running any pike or other implement against him. The battle was fought very hotly and orderly, and Mr. Peter Bathurst happened to run against the Duke and pushed him in the neck with his sword in the scabbard; the sheath of his sword by striking and clattering against our arms had fallen off which I perceiving, stopt the Duke to see whether he was hurt, he said, "No!" and would pursue the enemy into their garrison, leaving the field and their dead. When all was over, he asked Mrs. Atkinson if there was ever a surgeon near? "Yes, Sir," said she, as usual, "for we make dead men return to life by blowing wind into them after battles." "Pray make no jest of it," said he, "for Peter Bathurst has wounded me in the battle," which pleased me to see and that he did not regard the hurt till the battle ended; although he was scratched, but not much hurt by Mr. P. Bathurst's sword. . . . He was six years old at that time and very active, yet could he not go downstairs without assistance.

"The Duchess of Northumberland came with several ladies of fashion to the Duke at Windsor when unfortunately he was a little wanton, suffering some improper expressions to escape him, but upon being threatened with punishment was forced to beg pardon, a small sacrifice this, that not even the children of Royalty should be except from. Soon after he went to see St. George's Chapel, and upon being told that his great ancestor, King Charles I was buried in the choir, he said to the Princess, that the burying place of kings should not be among those of the people in common, but set apart from the rest; and observed that there was no monument.

"When news was brought of Namur surrendering to the Allies, which happened on August 4th, 1693, the Fort and Castle on the 22nd following, the Duke was

very joyous, and ordered his guns should be fixed six times round, and was for imitating the siege, had not the Princess whose tender care of him and fears prompted her to give orders that no gun powder or squibs of any kind should be let off neat the Duke.

'If he tottered whenever he walked in her presence, it threw her into a violent perspiration, thro' fear; yet did she joy in seeing him often come to her dinners after his own, when he would behave very well and not covet sweetmeats like other children. . . .

'He had a bloodshot eye which watered very much and occasioned the lid to swell, nor could he see clearly with it. People were fearful that he would always be subject to complaints in the eyes, like the Princess in the younger part of her life. Dr. Radcliffe applied a blister to his back, which he bore very patiently, and when he was asked if it did give him pain he replied "there was nothing like resolution to bear it." When the blister dried up his eyes grew worse from the humour than before; which when the doctor perceived he ordered a diet drink for him that had no ill taste, but he set himself against it, nor could he be persuaded to take it. Even Mrs. Atkinson who prevailed in most things now failed in her persuasive powers, so the Prince of Denmark was obliged to punish him before he could be brought to. But when he took it it did him no good, and his eye was so bad as to prevent his bearing the light; which grieved the Princess so much that she went herself to Bloomsbury to consult Dr. Richley, a very old man, famous for curing complaints of the eyes, who gave the Princess a small bottle of liquid, to be put on the eyelid with a feather or small camel's hair brush, which cured him in a short time, for which he was awarded with fifty guineas.'

After his reconciliation with Anne and while his heart was still softened by the death of his wife, William had conceded the use of St. James's Palace to his sister-in-

law, so that at last she and her husband were lodged in a building suitable to her station as heir to the Throne. This palace, in which she had been born and spent so much of her girlhood, had not been used as a royal residence since Mary of Modena had passed her sensational lying in there eight years before. The whole of the palace was not given up to Anne, for certain of the apartments or lodgings, as they were then called, had been allotted to various people. Amongst others was the celebrated Dr. Richard Bentley, who had been appointed the Keeper of the Royal Library in 1693. This had been allowed to get into a disgraceful condition, and Bentley worked hard to rearrange and catalogue the books. He declared that the library was 'not fit to be seen,' and he kept its chief treasure, the Alexandrine MS. of the Greek Bible in his own rooms in the palace, so that it might be seen without people visiting the library in its pitiful condition. His lodgings, De Quincey tells us, adjoined those of the Princess Anne and overlooked the Park, while Lord Marlborough occupied the apartments on the other side of his rooms. An incident which in a small way illustrates the rapacious character of Marlborough is described by Bentley in a letter to Evelyn. Bentley wished to annex some rooms overhead for the safe-keeping of certain rare books and Marlborough undertook to plead his cause, but the result of this obliging diplomacy was that Marlborough got the 'closets' for himself.

Among Bentley's friends, who used to meet in his lodgings once or twice a week, were Sir Christopher Wren, John Evelyn, Locke, and Isaac Newton, and it was probably here that Prince George became the firm friend and admirer of Newton.

It is said that during this period of her life Anne read many books on history with a view to fitting herself for her future position if ever the Crown should devolve upon her, and it is probable that it was Dr. Bentley who advised her as to which books would help her, and that these books were amongst those then in the library of the palace, all now carefully preserved in the British Museum.

As Anne had at last become reconciled with the King and was recognised as his successor by all except the extreme Jacobites, it was thought that he should appoint her Regent during his absence from England at any time, but to her disappointment, on leaving for Holland in 1696, he entrusted the government to seven Lords Justices. Nor did Anne receive the customary honours due to her rank, for when she waited on the King at Kensington no more respect was shown to her than to any other lady. This called forth a complaint from Lady Marlborough, who wrote that,

'the thing caused some discourse in town, after which Lord Jersey waited upon her once or twice downstairs, but not oftener, and if anyone came to meet her, it was a page of the back stairs, or some person whose face was not known. And the Princess upon these occasions waited an hour and a half just upon the same footing as the rest of the company, and not the least excuse was made for it.'

By this time Anne had endured too many real distresses of mind and body to allow herself to be vexed by such petty affronts. Not so her hot-tempered Lady in Waiting, who would have been glad to have the Princess throw down the gauntlet before the whole Court. But nothing that Sarah could say would move Anne from her conciliatory attitude towards the King. This firm determination was of incalculable benefit to the Marlboroughs, for it kept open the road to a reconciliation between them and William. This better feeling was furthered by the exertions of Marlborough himself, but although he was shown a 'fair and very great reversion' of favour, William still would not permit him to enter the royal Presence. However it was the King's policy to forgive and to make use of those whose genius could be of service to him, and his clemency, combined with Anne's and Churchill's conciliatory behaviour, finally made a later return to favour possible. This proved to be of

inestimable value to posterity, indeed, it is not putting it too strongly to say that the future of Protestantism in Europe hung upon the moderation of the principal characters in this drama.

Shortly after this happy accord had been reached an incident occurred which shook it to its very foundations and threatened to raze to the ground the edifice which Anne and Marlborough had so carefully erected. A Jacobite plot to assassinate the King and obtain the mastery of England was divulged by Sir John Fenwick; and Marlborough, Godolphin and others were said to have been implicated in it. Both Marlborough and Godolphin solemnly declared in the House of Lords that they had no connection with Fenwick. The informer himself was attainted and executed. But this incident, instead of widening the breach, probably did much to restore the King's confidence in Marlborough. Some time passed, however, before the latter received any public assurance of the return of his sovereign's trust in his integrity, although William often openly regretted that he could not employ a nobleman who was great both in military affairs and as a cabinet minister, and 'one who never made a difficulty.'

At some time during this period of Anne's life her ever-busy friend, Sarah, began to find places for many of her impecunious relatives in her royal mistress's household. Her grandfather, Sir John Jennings, had rejoiced in a family of twenty-two children, and at his death his estate, consisting of an annual income of some four thousand pounds, was divided among his offspring in very small 'parcels.' One of Sarah's aunts married a city merchant named Hill, who appears to have provided a life of comparative comfort for his family until he turned 'projector,' and, like many a modern instance of this species, ruined his fortunes. It was greatly to their credit that they did not seek to establish any connection with their influential cousin, whose important position in the household of the heir to the Throne must have been well known to them. Indeed, Sarah did not know of the

existence of these cousins until some kind friends reproached her with her poor relations.

Rather than let it be thought that she neglected her family she found various situations for them. One brother she begged Godolphin to put into the Custom House. Another, Jack Hill, she placed as a page of honour to the Prince of Denmark. He later rose to more exalted heights, for through Marlborough's influence he attained the post of Groom of the Bedchamber to the Duke of Gloucester. Sarah ingenuously relates, that although 'my Lord always said that Jack Hill was *good for nothing*, yet to oblige me, he made him his *aide-de-champ*, and afterwards gave him a *regiment*.' Their indefatigable cousin placed the two girls of the Hill family in the royal service, one as laundress to the Duke of Gloucester, at a wage of £200 a year, and the other, Abigail Hill, whom she had originally taken as a nursemaid to her own children, she induced Anne to take into her household on the death of one of her Women of the Bedchamber.

This girl's character was the reverse of that of her tempestuous relation; quiet, patient and apparently unpretentious, she was a soothing and comforting addition to Anne's household, for, however much Anne loved Sarah and was amused by her agile tongue, she could find no peace in her friend's ever-increasing violence of temper. It was years before Sarah realised that her humble little cousin's nature was more sympathetic to her royal mistress than her own could ever be again. About the time of Abigail's appointment Marlborough's two elder daughters were appointed Ladies of the Bedchamber and on their marriage Anne generously presented each of them with the sum of £5,000. Henrietta Churchill married Lord Rialton, the son of Lord Godolphin, and her sister Anne became the wife of Lord Sunderland's eldest son, Lord Spencer. This last marriage was not at all to the liking of the Princess, who, as has been seen by her letters to Mary, heartily distrusted his parents. Their son was even more distasteful to her.

That summer, in June, the Duke of Gloucester again accompanied his parents to Windsor and on July 24th—his seventh birthday—he was installed a Knight of the Garter. Jenkin Lewis writes that

'he behaved himself extremely well during the ceremony, and walked in procession with the Knights, Companions, etc., from St. George's Chapel to the Castle. The King had ordered an elegant entertainment at his own expense: tables were spread in St. George's Hall for the Princess and company, and others in the King's Grand-chamber for the Knights, who dined in their robes. The Duke sat down awhile, and ate with his companions when he desired them to excuse him for leaving them; he then retired to rest for two or three hours and afterwards took the air. In the evening the same noble personages, with many of the nobility besides, were magnificently entertained by the Prince and Princess of Denmark. There was also a ball, and a new ode performed in honour of the Duke's birthday; with ringing of bells, illuminations, bonfires, and other expressions of joy.'

The next year Jenkin Lewis left the Princess's service, 'in order to go to Rouen, as it were to begin the world again with a French merchant; having at this time a stronger inclination for business than a Court life, which I could not however leave without some regret as I had the highest respect and regard for the noble personages whom I had the honour to serve, as well as friendship for some particular persons about the Princess's Court.' And so ends this unique little memoir.

These were halcyon days, and who so ready as Anne to make the most of them? She was stronger in health than she had been for many years, and all the old gaiety of spirit returned to her, with a new radiancy. She walked in Windsor Park with her husband and child, amused at the latter's antics and shrewd observations; or she hunted, no longer on horseback, but seated in an open chaise

drawn by a swift horse, careering madly through the Forest. Later on in the winter there were balls at St. James's Palace and levées, for now all the great world, even the Foreign Ambassadors, paid their respects to Anne.

Since the death of the Queen the King had shown great affection for the little Duke, and after another year had passed, he decided that his household should be reconstituted and his education entirely undertaken by men. William, to the surprise and pleasure of Anne, who was not used to being treated with such consideration by her brother-in-law, told her to make out a list of those she wished to have about her son. But he afterwards disregarded her selection, saying they should be of his own choice. At this time she was expecting another child (a miscarriage occurred in December, 1697), and her condition was urged as a reason why the King should let her have her own way, but this intercession produced a violent fit of passion in William, who asserted that 'She should not be Queen before her time, and I *will* make the list of what servants her son shall have.' However, when he returned from Holland and saw the excellent list she had prepared he agreed to most of her selections. The only real stumbling-block was as to who should occupy the important post of Governor to the little Duke. Anne was particularly anxious to have this undertaken by Lord Marlborough, and William equally determined that it should not be so. Considerations of a political nature and the influence exerted by Sunderland and Albemarle, however, finally persuaded him to give his consent. Having arrived at this decision he conferred the office on Marlborough graciously enough and placed the young Prince in his charge with a compliment unusual in one of his taciturn nature: 'Teach him,' he said, 'to be like yourself, and he will not want accomplishments.'

The very evening of his appointment Marlborough was restored to his place in the Privy Council and to the military rank which he had formerly held, and two years later he was also nominated one of the Lords Justices



THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER AND PETER BATHURST

who had been entrusted with the Government during the absence of the King. Marlborough's appointment as Governor to the Duke of Gloucester pleased the Tories and was considered by them to be a gesture in their direction. It was expected to offset the Whig triumph of Bishop Burnet's nomination as the little boy's Preceptor. The more violent of the Tories nevertheless took grave offence at the appointment of Burnet and were scarcely less dissatisfied with that of Marlborough, as they had wanted Lord Rochester, Anne's uncle, to be given this important post. Anne's objections to Rochester were well known, but she disliked Bishop Burnet even more intensely, for, according to Lord Dartmouth, she said that she 'considered such an appointment as the greatest hardship ever put upon her by the King, who well knew how she disliked Burnet and that she was sure the King made choice of him for that every reason.'

The child who was the centre of these dissensions was now launched upon a course of rigorous mental training, perhaps not beyond the power of his big head to assimilate, but far too advanced for his years and the weak, undeveloped condition of his body. There can be little doubt that the life of this precious boy—the pride not only of his father and mother, but of the whole nation, which counted on him as its future ruler and the saviour of the Protestant religion—was sacrificed on the altar of learning by the over-zeal of his teachers. Bishop Burnet was certainly the worst offender of all. He writes:

‘I took to my own province the reading and explaining the Scriptures to him, the instructing him in the rules of virtue and the giving him a view of history, geography, politics and government. I resolved also to look very exactly to all the masters that were appointed to teach him other things.’

This course of teaching began in the year 1698, when the Duke had reached the age of nine. Two years of vigorous training passed and the first summer of the new

century found the little family gathered together again at Windsor. Whilst they were there a tragedy occurred which has affected the whole course of English history.

The King was known to be in a very bad state of health, 'but while,' writes Burnet, 'we were under the apprehension of his death, we were surprised by an unlooked for and sudden death of our young Prince at home, which brought a great change on the face of affairs. I had been entrusted with his education now for two years; and he had made amazing progress. I had read often the Psalms, Proverbs and Gospels with him, and had explained things that fell in my way very copiously; and was often surprised with the questions he put to me, and the reflections that he made. He came to understand things relating to religion beyond imagination. I went through geography so often with him, that he knew all the maps very particularly. I explained to him the forms of Government, in every country, with the interests and trade of that country, and what was both bad and good in it. I acquainted him with all the great revolutions that had been in the world, and gave him a copious account of the Greek and Roman histories and of Plutarch's Lives; the last thing I explained to him was the Gothic constitution, and the beneficiary and feudal laws. I talked of these things at different times, near three hours a day, this was both easy and delighting to him. The King ordered five of his chief ministers to come once a quarter and examine the progress he made: they seemed amazed both at his knowledge and the good understanding that appeared in him; he had a wonderful memory and a very good judgment.'

'He had gone through much weakness and some years of ill-health. The Princess was with child of him during all the disorder we were in at the Revolution though she did not know it herself at the time she left the Court. This probably had given him a weak constitution, but we hoped the dangerous time was over.'

His birthday was the 24th of July, and he was then eleven years old; he complained a little the next day, but we imputed that to the fatigues of a birthday, so that he was too much neglected. The day after he grew much worse and it proved to be a malignant fever. He died the fourth day of his illness, to the great grief of all who were concerned in him. . . . The Princess attended on him during his sickness with great tenderness, but with a great composedness that amazed all who saw it; she bore his death with a resignation and a piety that was indeed very singular. His death gave great alarm to the whole nation.'

On the receipt of the news of this national disaster the members of the Privy Council and the Lords Justices assembled at the Cockpit, the seat of government since the destruction of Whitehall, and there in Anne's old Presence Chamber where she had so often played at ombre and basset, after consultations with the Earl Marshal the Duke of Norfolk, they directed that the interment should take place in a similar manner to that of Anne's baby brother, James, Duke of Cambridge, who had died many years ago, in 1667.

Accordingly, the following night at nine o'clock, when the old castle stood black and sombre against the evening sky, the small leaden coffin was brought down the private stairs and placed in the child's own coach, in which rode the Duke of Marlborough and the Deputy-Governor. Guarded by a party of the Earl of Oxford's Regiment of Horse and accompanied by other coaches containing Dr. Burnet, the Sub-preceptor, Almoner, other gentlemen and servants of the late Duke, and also the Somerset Herald and Portcullis-Pursuivant, the cortège wound slowly through the Park, 'lighted by flambeaux,' to Staines and thence to Westminster by way of Hounslow.

After lying in state for two days, while the sorrowing people of London filed past the little coffin, the child's body was conveyed to Henry the Seventh's Chapel,

where, after the usual burial service, the 'Garter Principal King of Arms proclaimed his Highness the Defunct's Style as followeth: Thus it has pleased Almighty God to take out of this Transitory Life to His Divine Mercy, the Most Illustrious Prince, William Duke of Gloucester, Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, only Son of the High and Mighty Princess Anne, by His Royal Highness Prince George of Denmark.' After which 'the White-Staff-Officers broke their White-Staves and threw them into the vault, and then the Chief-Mourner, the Duke of Norfolk, with his two Supporters, the Dukes of Ormonde and Northumberland (who wore their long cloaks and collars of the Order) and all the rest of the Nobility and others departed.'

Some touching lines were written on the death of the Duke of Gloucester by the poet, William Shippen, who while residing in Holland House must have become acquainted with some members of the household of the Duke of Gloucester, and so, perhaps, knew the child himself.

'So by the course of the revolving spheres,
Whene'er a new discovered star appears,
Astronomers with pleasure and amaze,
Upon the infant luminary gaze.
They find their heavens enlarged, and wait from thence
Some blest, some more than common influence;
But suddenly, alas, the fleeting light,
Retiring, leaves their hopes involved in endless night.'

There is a curtain drawn before the grief-stricken parents at Windsor which we cannot wish to thrust aside. The world knew that Anne had shown wonderful composure over the death of her only son, but it has never known to what depths of misery she afterwards succumbed.

At this crisis of her life Anne first realised the hardness of Sarah Churchill, who apparently took the death of the boy and his mother's sorrow so little to heart that she does not even mention his death in the account she gives of her mistress's life in her famous 'Conduct.' Anne's yearning for sympathy is poignantly shown in her letters

from this time forth to Sarah, all signed ‘your poor unfortunate Morley.’

In her sorrow, Anne ceased to care for basset, or anything else that would amuse her lively friend. She spent most of her time praying or reading religious tracts, all joyousness of spirit, much more natural to her than to Sarah, seemed to be quenched. Not only was her heart broken but her body too, for that year she had undergone another hope and another disappointment of motherhood. She also began to suffer from the curse of her mother’s family, gout. It must have been very dull for the much-admired Sarah, as she complained, ‘to be shut up for so many tedious hours as I have been with a person who had no conversation and yet who must be treated with respect.’ Nevertheless the touching devotion of her mistress still struck some tender chord, for she continues, ‘on account of her loving and trusting me so entirely as she did, I had a concern for her which was more than you will easily believe and I would have served her with the hazard of my life upon any occasion.’ Sarah Churchill’s nature was of the type which could brave all hazards—save boredom.

CHAPTER IX

THE LITTLE GENTLEMAN IN BLACK VELVET

THE war on the Continent had been concluded in 1697 by the Treaty of Ryswick, but the King knew that this peace would be hardly more than a truce unless the succession to the throne of Spain could be settled by arrangement. Now a chronic invalid from asthma and dropsy, William had hoped to be able to spend the last few years of his life tranquilly in his beloved Holland. This expectation was frustrated by a sudden outbreak of party faction in England, engendered by the feeling of security which had existed there since the conclusion of peace. The death of the Duke of Gloucester had brought new hope to the Jacobites, who vigorously started to prepare plans for the return of the exiled James. The Tories, for their part, were looking forward with eagerness to the time of Anne's succession, for they counted upon her well-known sympathy with the High Church and Tory parties; whilst the Whigs, who had been so much in favour, found themselves out of sympathy with both William and their own Ministry.

Although throughout his reign William's Ministers had been both Whigs and Tories, regardless of the majority possessed by either party in the House of Commons, the King had adroitly succeeded in playing off one party against another, and it was largely owing to this policy that the 'two-party system' became established in England.

The close of the session of 1700 had left William's own private affairs in a sorry plight. His grants of Crown property to his former mistress, Elizabeth Villiers, now Lady Orkney, and to his Dutch favourites, had been

brought to light and denounced; and both political parties compelled him, to his bitter humiliation, to send his Dutch Guards back to Holland, and to reduce the standing army—apart from those required in Ireland—to the totally inadequate number of 7,000 men, for both sides dreaded the use to which a large army might be put in time of peace.

Louis XIV kept 180,000 foot-soldiers, and the disparity, as Professor Trevelyan points out,

'in the military forces of France and England that existed during the ensuing negotiations over the Spanish Succession, certainly reduced the chances of a peaceful solution, for Louis had the impression that he could do what he liked in Europe so far as England was concerned.'

With things in this uncertain state it was fully recognised that on the death of William only the life of Anne stood between the country and a possible civil war, or the triumph of the Jacobite cause with Louis as its godfather. To obviate the possibility of a Catholic succession or a dynastic crisis, and to settle upon a Protestant heir—in case Anne had no more children—the Dowager Electress Sophia of Hanover, who was the grand-daughter of James I of England, was invited to become heir presumptive to the Throne upon the deaths of William and Anne without issue. This invitation the Electress accepted on behalf of herself, or her children after her. Subsequently, in 1701, the Tory House of Commons passed the Act of Settlement, which William pressed upon them. This Act settled the Crown of England upon the Electress and her descendants, but at the same time limited the powers which the Crown, its Ministers and officials might exercise after the Hanoverian Succession.

There was another consideration which may have influenced William in his desire to have the Act of Settlement passed during his lifetime, and that was his fear of the Jacobite pressure which might be forced upon Anne

after his death, for he looked upon all women as being contemptibly weak, and his sister-in-law as particularly so.

On November 1st, 1700, the King of Spain died, and Louis XIV espoused the succession of his grandson, Philip, to the vacant throne. As this would bring enormous additional power to the King of France, Europe could not be expected to tolerate such a solution and a new war became imminent. William's health was declining rapidly, and foreseeing that he would be unable to take part in it himself, he resolved to trust Lord Marlborough—whom he had long recognised as the greatest military genius of his age—with the highest position in the army. On June 1st Marlborough was declared Commander-in-Chief of His Majesty's forces in Holland, and on June 28th the King appointed him Ambassador-Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary at The Hague, to carry out the negotiations of the terms of the Grand Alliance.

The King and Marlborough embarked together from Margate on July 1st, and two days later arrived at The Hague, where as an especial mark of the States' respect the beautiful Mauritshuis was lent to Marlborough. Here he busied himself with receiving the visits of foreign Ministers and spent much time reviewing the troops. While they were still in Holland an incident occurred, which, because of its consequences to Europe and the world, is one of the most important events of the time.

In September, 1701, James II died at St. Germain. It is said that Louis XIV visited him shortly before his death. Seeing him lying with his eyes shut and his priests kneeling around him, Louis supposed his cousin to be dead and was about to withdraw from the room, when one of the servants murmured in the dying man's ear that the King of France had come to see him. James opened his eyes. Although unable to speak, he clasped and kissed the hand of his protector. Bursting into tears, Louis assured him that he would continue to protect his son and would proclaim him King on his father's death,

which he hoped was afar off. A few days later James died and his son James Francis Edward, the 'Pretender,' only twelve years old, was proclaimed King of the British Isles at St. Germains, with the parade of heralds and other ceremonies usual on such occasions.

The news of this proclamation set all England afire with indignation. Was it possible that a King of France should dare proclaim a King of England who had not been supported by his own subjects? William suddenly found himself deluged with addresses from every part of the kingdom, expressing loyalty and gratitude towards him and hostility to France. He cleverly took advantage of the nation's enthusiasm by summoning a new Parliament, which shared his views as to the necessity of a war against the French, and approved of the Treaty of Grand Alliance concluded by Marlborough and himself with the Dutch, the Emperor, and the Northern Kingdoms of Denmark and Sweden. The terms of this alliance were that the Spanish possessions were to be portioned among the allies, the Emperor was to receive the territories in Italy which belonged to Spain, while the Spanish Netherlands were to serve as a barrier between France and Holland. The Spanish West Indies and other colonies were to be divided between Holland and England.

William's speech at the opening of this Parliament—the last speech that he ever made—was an appeal against the arbitrary action of Louis XIV in placing his grandson on the throne of Spain, by which means France would become the real master of the Spanish monarchy. This overwhelming power would be a menace not only to England and Europe but to the whole of Christendom. Parliament responded by voting a levy of 40,000 men, a fleet to be equipped with 40,000 seamen and supplies to be raised adequate to the services for which they were needed. The members presented an address to the King begging him never to make peace with France until he and the nation had received reparation for the affront lately put upon them both at St. Germains, and they

attainted the boy whom Louis wished to thrust upon them. An Act was also passed which required all persons in public offices to take an oath abjuring the youthful Pretender.

Then, when he thought that he had arranged every move upon the chess-board, the King himself was checkmated by that inimitable player, Death.

William never lived to see the completion of his beautiful palace at Hampton Court. Leaving Wolsey's structure, he had torn down the part of the palace built later by Henry VIII, and Wren's genius combined Classic and Dutch styles into a masterpiece of domestic architecture, for this lovely building is one of the glories of the world. To William it was the materialisation of his most wonderful dream. Although Wren had not quite finished the interior, the King loved to dwell upon its architectural beauties, and he spent hours in the gardens that he himself had planned. It was in one of these rare intervals of peaceful enjoyment at Hampton Court that he met his fate.

On the morning of February 20th, the King, one of the finest horsemen in Europe, was riding his favourite horse, Sorrel, through the fields beyond the palace. The horse stumbled, it is said on a mole-hill, and threw his rider to the ground, breaking his collar bone. It was bandaged, and if William had been willing to rest until it was properly set the injury would probably not have proved fatal, but important business had to be transacted in London, and he insisted upon driving to town that day. The jolting of the coach over bad roads caused the bandages to slip, and William was in great pain when he arrived at Kensington that night. The danger was not at first recognised, but it soon became apparent that he was gradually sinking. On Sunday morning, March 8th, 1702, he died, holding Bentinck's hand to his heart, with the Archbishop of Canterbury, Bishop Burnet and others of his household, around him.

An English mole, the 'little gentleman in black velvet,' had done his work and was destined to become the toast



QUEEN ANNL

and encouragement of the Jacobites. But William, too, had done his work. Like the mole he had burrowed underground connecting the passages whereby the Protestant elements of Europe might join in opposition against the aggressions of a Catholic tyrant.

CHAPTER X

ANNE'S ACCESSION

THROUGHOUT the night that William lay dying at Kensington, Anne sat in her 'green closet' at St. James's Palace waiting for tidings, with her ladies about her. We can picture the scene as towards morning the candles, burnt low in their sconces, threw weird flickering gleams upon the familiar objects in the room—on the Restoration furniture, chairs and day-bed of scrolled walnut with damask coverings. Dressed in black, for she was still in mourning for her son and father, Anne, leaning heavily against the high-backed chair, must have been wearied out in body and mind by the long vigil.

It had been a dismal night, rendered more grim by callous messages sent by Lord and Lady Jersey, who were watching beside William's death-bed. Now Sarah had fallen asleep in her chair, her busy tongue stilled at last, and the silence in the room was broken only by an occasional log falling from the fire-dogs, or the swish of March winds through Wolsey's oaks in the park outside.

There was nothing to disturb the thoughts that came and went in Anne's tired brain: tender thoughts of George—for that one night alone in their great bed. If what seemed inevitable came to pass there would be no more humiliations for him. She would give him the highest places in the realm. He should have the gardens that he loved—at Hampton Court, Richmond, and Kensington. But poor William, what a melancholy thought that he must leave it all; she could not keep from weeping for him; although he had not used George and herself well he had at least been fond of Gloucester. Gloucester! She must not think of him, she would have need of all her strength in the hours to come. And yet how could she

refrain from doing so? Without him she would never see the 'sunshiny day' she had so often longed for. Yet England would flourish once more. If she should be called to this high purpose, Christ give her strength to do her duty to her people. Her people . . . George . . . Gloucester . . . England . . . A sunshiny day. . . .

What had happened? The servants were drawing back the curtains. Golden sunlight poured into the room, making the candle-lights, guttering and spluttering, look ghostly and distressed. Hurried steps could be heard in the Ante-chamber, and in rushed Bishop Burnet, who had driven fast from Kensington to throw himself at her feet announcing that the King was dead and murmuring courtier-like words that Anne's ears could hardly take in, so much more were they used to condemnation from this man. It may have been that then, for the first and only time in her life, she looked down with contempt upon a living soul and that her lips curled a little as she gave him her hand to kiss.

There was no time after this for thought. As soon as she had drunk her morning chocolate and was seated in the Presence Chamber, the great nobles and politicians came treading on each other's heels to do her homage.

One of the first of them was her old admirer, Lord Mulgrave, who in her eyes would always wear a halo of romance. Were her curls well arranged and her face not too worn by her night of waiting? Dazed by the general commotion, and as usual at a loss for the small observations expected of her, Anne blushed, hesitated, and fell back upon the weather, saying softly: 'It is a fine day.' 'The finest day that ever I saw, Madam,' he blithely answered.

By this time the tongues of thousands of Londoners had passed on the tidings of William's death and Anne's accession. It happened to be a Sunday, and soon the people, dressed in their best, were gathered together at street corners or at their doorways, saying that the wondrous brightness of the sun augured all manner of good things for the new reign.

There had been a strange blight upon the land in William's time. For many years an abnormal amount of rain and cold dark weather had affected the crops, making the price of bread and other food-stuffs high. It seemed as though the very soil of England, as though the very lives of the people had become chilled by the frigidity of the King. But now there would be golden years of plenty with good Queen Anne, their own beloved English Princess, upon the throne. They crowded around the palace, and their joyous shouts could be heard by Anne as she sat in the great Chamber receiving those who clamoured to enter her presence.

Amidst the throng of courtiers who pressed through the Ante-chamber she noticed her uncle, Lord Clarendon. Greatly doubting what he had come to say to her, for she well knew his Jacobite leanings, she sent a message to ask what he desired of her. His curt demand came back: 'Admittance to my niece.' No acceptance of her sovereignty could be expected from him unless he took the Oath of Fealty, and with a quickness of action and a spirit very different from the popular conception of Queen Anne, she promptly sent word to him that 'he should go first and qualify himself and then she would be very glad to see him.' But he left the room and never took the Oath of Allegiance nor attempted to see her again.

However favoured the Whigs had been by William, they were only too thankful to do obeisance to this English Protestant Queen. Among others, who had less reason than they had to love William's memory, came Lord Dartmouth, short and thick-set, whose father had been thrown into the Tower during the last reign.

At this time Anne was thirty-eight years old, her hair still of great beauty and arranged in curls flowing back from her forehead with two long locks falling upon her shoulders. Her face, as can be seen in her pictures, was very calm, with a sweet expression. According to Sarah, 'Queen Anne had a person and appearance very graceful, something of majesty in her look.'

Dressed in deepest mourning and seated upon the dais

with the crimson Canopy of State above her and Prince George standing beside her—his simple heart undoubtedly glowing with pride for his wife—Anne performed her initial act of sovereignty on this first morning of her reign. As soon as the Privy Councillors had assembled before her—the Peers' robes and uniforms of the officials thrown into a startling brilliancy by the sunshine that flooded the scene from the long windows overlooking St. James's Park—she read the speech previously prepared for her in a clear sweet voice. Although, in Lord Dartmouth's words, ‘she had a bashfulness that made it very uneasy to herself to say much in public, it was a real pleasure to hear her.’ He and the other Privy Councillors, accustomed to the dry asthmatical voice and foreign accent of William, listened in surprise and delight as these gracious and perfectly spoken words broke the silence of the great room :

‘I am extremely sensible of the general misfortune of these Kingdoms in the unspeakable loss of the King and of the weight and burden it brings in particular upon myself, which nothing could encourage me to undergo, but the great concern I have for the preservation of our religion and the laws and liberties of my country, all those being as dear to me, as they can be to any person whatsoever. You may depend upon it, that no pains or diligence shall ever be wanting on my part, to preserve and support them, to maintain the Succession in the Protestant line, and the Government in Church and State as it is by law established.

‘I think it proper upon this occasion of my first speaking to you to declare my own opinion of the importance of carrying on all the preparations we are making to oppose the great power of France; and I shall lose no time in giving our Allies all assurances that nothing shall be wanting, on my part, to pursue the true interest of England, together with theirs for the support of the common cause.

‘In order to these ends, I shall always be ready to ask

the advice of my Council, and of both Houses of Parliament, and desirous to countenance and employ all those who shall heartily concur and join with me in supporting and maintaining the present Establishment and Constitution against all enemies and opposers whatsoever.'

After this, on the Queen declaring her pleasure that the Lords and others of the late King's Privy Council should be Members of her Council, they took their oaths of allegiance.

No time was lost on this busy Sunday, for Parliament assembled that same morning and both Houses recognised Her Majesty's title. At five o'clock that afternoon their Members met in the courtyard of St. James's Palace, and Anne was proclaimed by the heralds: 'Queen of Great Britain, France and Ireland, amid the loud acclamations of the people, who were transported with joy at her advancement to the throne.'

A proclamation was ordered the same day that all magistrates and officials should continue in their various appointments until further orders. The Scottish Ministers then assembled in London were all summoned to attend the Queen, and took the Coronation Oath for Scotland. Letters were sent to the Privy Council in Edinburgh, bidding its members act as the Queen's Councillors, with orders to continue the appointments of officers, both civil and military, as was also done in the case of Ireland. Thus, most expeditiously, the wheels of State were set in motion again.

Notwithstanding her fatigue after so much agitation and a sleepless night, Anne attended the usual service at St. James's Chapel at six o'clock and listened to a long sermon preached by Bishop Burnet.

The next day was scarcely less tiring, for the Members of the House of Lords waited upon her at the palace in the morning, with addresses of condolence and congratulation, and the House of Commons with similar addresses attended in a body in the evening; in the interval

an endless procession passed before her, first the Archbishop of Canterbury and the bishops, then the Lord Mayor, Aldermen and Common Councillors of the City, and such representatives of the counties and municipal corporations as could hurriedly make their way through the muddy roads to London. A truly dreadful day for a shy woman, accustomed to a retired life, for Anne was expected to thank each of them with a gracious and suitable speech.

Two days later, dressed in purple as mourning for King William, the Queen drove in state to the House of Lords, attended by Prince George and Lady Marlborough. She entered the House with Lord Marlborough carrying the Sword of State before her, and having seated herself upon the throne the great officers of state ranged themselves around her.

The Members of the House of Commons were sent for and both Houses listened spellbound to the thrilling, melodious voice that had startled the Privy Councillors. There was no exaggeration or flattery in their admiration. Years after Queen Anne had passed away, Onslow, the Speaker of the House of Commons, described his impression when he heard the Queen speak from the throne, and says that she had all that Bishop Burnet and others had noticed of the sweetness of her voice and manner: 'I never saw an audience more affected: it was a sort of charm.'

At the end of the speech prepared for her she added the words which were to be the key-note of her reign: 'As I know my heart to be entirely English, I can very sincerely assure you that there is not one thing you can expect or desire of me which I shall not be ready to do for the happiness and prosperity of England.' All who heard her were deeply affected by these noble and touching words, obviously not prepared by a secretary but coming from the heart of a great patriot, a woman who would endure any personal sacrifice for her country's sake. And yet this part of her speech has been criticised by Bishop Burnet and others as in bad taste, for to them it appeared

that in speaking of being ‘entirely English’ she wished to draw a contrast between herself and the late King, to his disparagement.

She came to the House again, three days later, to thank the Commons for having resolved that she should receive the same revenue as William, but she declared that ‘while her subjects remained under the burden of such heavy taxes, she would straiten herself in her own expenses, rather than not contribute all she could to their ease and relief,’ and she concluded: ‘It is probable the revenue may fall short of what it has formerly produced. However, I will give directions that £100,000 be applied to the public service in this year, out of the revenue you have so unanimously given me.’ Hitherto regarded as the patient milch-cow of the royal family, the people of England could hardly believe such generosity possible, and the devotion and trust which the new Queen inspired in them created a very different relationship than had ever before existed between them and their sovereigns.

Besides the home affairs that had so swiftly been settled in the first few days of her reign, the Queen had sent a letter only eight hours after William’s death to the States-General at The Hague, assuring them that ‘she would maintain all the alliances that had been made, and likewise concur in all the necessary measures for the preservation of the liberties of Europe and reducing the power of France within bounds.’ She ordered this letter to be made public immediately so as to refute the rumours that had brought consternation to the Dutch and England’s other allies that the Queen would not support the Grand Alliance.

Although the natural inclination of any woman of Anne’s temperament would be towards peace, she seems to have fully understood the necessity for a vigorous policy against the aggression of France, and to have thrown her whole influence in that direction from the first. Naturally, as she had the advantage of a close friendship with Marlborough, she was entirely conversant with the issues at stake. Besides, the horror of

Popery, which had haunted her girlhood and early married life, was a living force within her—probably very much greater than any inherent principles possessed by Marlborough himself.

For this reason she did not feel in the least troubled by any scruples as to her right to the Throne, being at one with the majority of the people of England in her abhorrence of the very idea of a Catholic King. She did not even mention her half-brother to those about her until Sarah's curiosity drew from her a terse reply. 'I asked her one day whether she had a mind to give up her Crown. . . . But she told me she was not sure the Prince of Wales was her brother; and that it was not practicable for him to come here without ruin to the religion and country.'

When all the first necessary formalities had been completed, Anne was able to fulfil her dearest wish: to wave her wand like a fairy queen, and make the Prince, her dear George, Generalissimo of the Forces on land and Lord High Admiral of the Fleet. Probably nothing in Anne's life gave her so much satisfaction as this. Amidst the initial drudgery of sovereignty it was her first sweet taste of power. But it was something much more than that: not only could she show the world at last that her husband was the finest man in all the realm, but her affectionate heart was trying to recompense him for his fidelity and love, and all the slights he had endured so uncomplainingly for her sake since he first came to England. It mattered not in the least that he was totally incompetent to fill either post. However, so delighted was everybody irrespective of party at the accession of the Queen that no one seems to have attempted to thwart her in these grandiose appointments. But when she desired that her husband should be given equal rank to her own, this was found to be unconstitutional, and the sensible George himself quietly set the idea aside.

The big fellow was mightily pleased with his new positions and fine uniforms, but he was too shrewd to enter into politics so long as he could keep out of them. Unfortunately he had deteriorated physically since his mar-

riage. By nature a sailor and soldier, he had not led a man's life during his stay in England. That was the trouble. The best years of this fine animal's life had been spent in the cushioned softness of home. Apart from a few days' hunting and racing, there was nothing for him to do but play at basset or make small wooden models in a little workshop he had fitted up in a closet looking out upon an inner court of St. James's Palace, and eat and drink. Every day he had eaten too heavily of the excellent meals and drunk too deeply of the good wine provided for him.

Later on in her reign the rumour spread that Queen Anne also over-indulged in strong drink, as she certainly did in food, but there is absolutely no proof of the grosser impeachment. It is emphatically denied by the Duchess of Marlborough:

'I know that in some libels she has been reproached as one who indulged herself in drinking strong liquors, but I believe this is utterly groundless, and that she never went beyond such a quantity of strong wines as her physicians judged to be necessary for her.'

And Roger Coke, a contemporary whose brother was about the Court, wrote after her death that he had made every effort to ascertain the truth or falsity of the accusation that she

'had an admiration for spirituous liquors. . . . I have made the strictest enquiry I was capable of into this matter and all the grounds of the undeserved calumny appears to have arisen from her having vials of Penny Royal Water, etc. and light cooling things in her Closet, wilfully interpreted by some, and ignorantly taken by others, to be Strong Waters, which, in truth, she much abhorred.'

After having bestowed the highest rank upon her husband, the next impulse of Anne's generous heart was to single out the Churchills for advancement. Three days

after her accession she gave Lord Marlborough the long-coveted Garter and appointed him Captain General of the English forces at home and abroad, and shortly afterwards Master of the Ordnance. Sarah's position at Court must be the highest after her own, so Anne appointed her Groom of the Stole, and Mistress of the Robes, and entrusted her with the management of the Privy Purse; and remembering that her friend in their drives together through Windsor Park had often admired the Great Lodge, she offered her the Rangership of the Park, to which the Lodge was attached. Now, charming and thoughtful as this last act of friendship may seem, it could not have been conceived without a touch of malice, which it is a comfort to find Anne could sometimes betray, for the Rangership with all its advantages and emoluments had been bestowed by William upon his Dutch favourite, Bentinck, Lord Portland, whom Anne heartily disliked, as did most other English people.

The duration of this appointment was usually dependent upon the sovereign's pleasure, but Anne, blissfully reckless of any trouble in the future, and with the usual disregard for any inconsistencies of the first and third person, in writing to Sarah says of Lord Portland:

'Mentioning this worthy person puts me in mind to ask my dear Mrs. Freeman a question which I should have done sometime ago; and that is, if you would have the Lodge for your life, because the warrant must be made out accordingly, and everything that is of so much satisfaction as this poor place seems to be to you, I would give my dear Mrs. Freeman for all her days, which I pray God may be as many and as happy as this world can make you.'

The emoluments from the posts conferred on Sarah amounted to £7,500 a year, but Anne also begged her friend to accept an annuity of £2,000. This, however, the latter thought it more prudent to refuse—at that time. The Queen's kindness to the Marlborough family did not

stop there, for she nominated their two eldest daughters, Lady Rialton and Lady Spencer, to be Ladies of the Bedchamber.

Among the eight other ladies who received similar posts, Sarah persuaded Anne to include Lady Hyde, Lord Rochester's daughter-in-law, although she knew that 'the Queen did not like her.' There were so many other more important appointments for Anne to arrange that she would have little time to bother about the minor posts among her ladies, but she must have been decidedly surprised by this request, for she well knew the hatred that existed between Rochester and Sarah. On the latter's own showing she had been flattered into it by Lady Hyde, for she afterwards wrote:

"There was, in truth, a particular pleasure in serving my Lady Hyde in this instance on my own account; for in my life I never saw any mortal have such a passion for anything as she had to be in that post. While the thing was pending, she had so much concern upon her, that she never spoke to me upon the subject without blushing. And after it was granted, she made me more expressions of gratitude than ever I had from anybody on any occasion,"

and she quotes with gusto a fawning letter from Lady Hyde.

Indeed, Sarah now found herself besieged by everyone 'whose attention was turned to politics or the Court.' 'From this time,' she boasted, 'I began to be looked upon as a person of consequence without whose approbation, at least, neither places, nor pensions, nor honours were bestowed by the Crown.' Such a glorious, dazzling, head-turning position completely filled the ambitions of this lady whose love of power and busy brain for the first time found full expression in bestowing regal promises of preferment. There were, besides, the many bustling arrangements which her new posts entailed and all the excitement of choosing Coronation robes, while at the same time holding a miniature court of her own.

During the time her friend was thus busily engaged, Anne quietly selected the great officials of her household and her new Ministry, exercising her own discretion in doing so, although she consented to Marlborough's urgent request that Godolphin should be placed in the most responsible position of the Ministry as Lord Treasurer. No one else could have been so suitable for the post. He had been a staunch friend of Anne throughout the period of William's displeasure, and was a highly dependable Minister and a great expert in matters of finance. As for Marlborough, having his old friend in this position would ensure money and influence at home which he must have if the war were to be carried on with vigour.

The majority of the highest positions both in her household and in the State were bestowed by Anne upon her old friends. The Duke of Somerset, that great nobleman who, in defiance of William, had lent her Syon House, became her Master of the Horse. Lord Devonshire, her host at the time of her flight to Nottingham, she continued in the post of Lord Steward of the Household. Edward Villiers, Lord Jersey, the son of her old governess Lady Frances Villiers, with whom she had played in the orchards and gardens of Richmond, became Lord Chamberlain once more, and that most ardent of Tories and influential of country gentlemen in the House of Commons, Sir Edward Seymour, was appointed Comptroller of the Household.

Her uncle, Lord Rochester, she retained in his previous post—as far removed from St. James's as possible—as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and Sir Nathan Wright was re-appointed Lord Keeper. Her trusted friend, Sir Charles Hedges, became one Secretary of State, with the statesman most dear to the High Church Party, Lord Nottingham, as the other Secretary.

Once more Anne waved her magic wand with a flourish and John Sheffield, erstwhile Lord Mulgrave, her old admirer, found himself Duke of Buckingham and Lord Privy Seal. No wonder she felt proud of her

Household and Ministry. Except for the Duke of Somerset and Lord Devonshire, both mild Whigs, all were good supporters of the Church and the Tory party, although, as in the case of Marlborough and Godolphin, some were pink rather than red in their political colouring.

It had never been the custom to form a Ministry from one particular party, but Anne had, in Sarah's words,

'from her infancy imbibed the most unconquerable prejudices against the Whigs. She had been taught to look upon them all, not only as Republicans who hated the very shadow of regal authority, but as implacable enemies to the Church of England. This aversion to the whole party had been confirmed by the ill-usage she had met with from her sister and King William.'

What doubtless gave most satisfaction to the Queen was that she had managed to exclude the five great Whig lords of the so-called Junto from any position in her Ministry. Three of them, Lord Somers, Lord Orford and Lord Halifax, had been members of William's Privy Council, and Lord Wharton had held the post of Comptroller of the Household. Lord Spencer completed the Junto. Anne, believing that they were atheists and republicans, looked upon them as dangerous to the State and Crown. To their intense humiliation she omitted their names from the list of her new Privy Council, and actually took the Staff of Office from Lord Wharton, whom she most detested, and in his presence handed it to his personal enemy, Sir Edward Seymour.

The policy that was nearest to Anne's heart throughout her reign she broached on the first possible opportunity. In her Speech from the Throne on March 11th, she expressed a desire for a closer union with Scotland. This led to a Bill which passed the House of Commons two weeks later, to enable her to appoint Commissioners to treat with Scotland. But here at the very beginning she was disappointed and thwarted by one of her newly-made Ministers, for Sir Edward Seymour openly scoffed

at the Scottish nation, and was supported by certain members of the High Church party who wanted no truck with the Presbyterian kingdom.

To offset this disappointment and foretaste of future troubles, Anne had the joy of moving into Kensington Palace and observing George's delight in the gardens, which he at once commenced to enlarge and beautify. Her rather sudden occupation of the palace caused some scandal amongst William's Dutch friends, who were obliged to pack up and leave, complaining loudly of the indecent haste of the new arrivals. William's body had been embalmed and was lying in state in Westminster Hall, awaiting the day of his funeral on April 12th, when George was to act as chief mourner. How William would have detested this!

Not long after she became Queen, Anne revived the royal custom of 'Touching for the King's Evil.' This ancient belief—that the Sovereigns had been endowed with miraculous powers of curing scrofulous tumours by their touch—had been handed down from the days of Edward the Confessor, from whom his successors were supposed to have inherited the gift.

All her life Anne had heard of the miracles performed by her martyred grandfather, Charles I, and by her uncle and father. Charles II was even supposed to have retained the power in exile, for he had 'touched' in Holland, Flanders and France; altogether he is said to have performed the ceremony on over one hundred thousand people, and her father had continued the custom up to the very eve of the Revolution.

Brought up on these traditions and a devout Church-woman, Anne would naturally feel it her sacred duty to heal as many people as possible; and she no doubt derived much private satisfaction from the belief that she too could work miracles. At any rate she performed the ceremony many times during her reign. At first it was held in the large hall or the Chapel of St. James's Palace, but there were obvious drawbacks in admitting a crowd of the unwashed into the palace, and later we find her direct-

ing that the services should take place in the Banqueting House, ‘which,’ she wrote, ‘I like very well, that being a cool room, and the doing of it there keeps my own house sweet and free from crowds’; and declaring ‘that I will touch as many of my poor people as I can before the hot weather comes.’

When the date upon which these miracles were to take place had been decided upon, the Privy Council issued a Proclamation, which was read in all parish churches. During the service, which began with a special ritual inserted in the Prayer Book, the Queen sat in state surrounded by all her Court officials and chaplains. It was the duty of one of the chaplains to kneel by her side when the time for the actual healing arrived. He carried hundreds of white ribbons on his arm, which were hung with pieces of ‘pure angel gold.’ As the sufferers passed before the Queen, she touched, or stroked, each in turn, and then tied the charms about their necks or upon their arms.

After having started her reign so well, and after receiving all the foreign Ambassadors and Envoys, and undergoing the no less tedious experience of being painted by Kneller, Anne retired with her husband to Windsor, ostensibly for a rest, but in spite of gout, which was causing her considerable trouble, she spent much of her time in hunting.

Dressed in a dark cloak which entirely covered her ample form, with its hood pulled down upon her curls, Anne, a magnificent whip, would set forth from the Castle early in the morning seated in an open chaise with one fleet horse which she drove herself—and drove furiously. Her light two-wheeled vehicle dashed through the glades of the Forest, bumping and jolting, and at times causing her agony; but her spirit was as undaunted as that of the joyous girl she had been in her youth, when she danced country dances or hunted for days in this same old Forest. She would often be out until the afternoon was well-nigh spent, sometimes travelling forty miles in a day, as Dean Swift has vouched for.

At Queen Anne’s accession the re-appointment of

Marlborough as Ambassador-Extraordinary to The Hague had taken place as a matter of course. The diplomatic genius, already clearly revealed, and the charm and fine presence of this most remarkable man as well as his military position, made it impossible that anyone else should be thought of for this difficult post. Losing no time, he departed for The Hague to confer with the Dutch and England's other Allies and to arrange for the formal declaration of war against France and Spain. Before he left he was personally charged by the Queen with a mission which was the most embarrassing that she could have demanded of him. Not satisfied with her husband's exalted position in England, she now insisted that the Allies should confer upon him the Chief Command of all their forces, and actually went to the length of threatening to refuse to issue the Declaration of War until this should be arranged. It seems that the Prince had set his heart on this and Anne was determined to gratify his wish.

There can be no doubt that Anne lost her head for a time at the beginning of her reign. Not because she was puffed up or led away by her own ambitions—for Sarah declares that she was without personal ambition—but because she longed to gratify those she loved. The fairy wand was so new, so magical in its possibilities, and Anne so unused to power that she expected all her dreams to come true.

It seems that the King of Prussia, the Elector of Hanover, the Duke of Zell and the Archduke Charles of Austria were also competing for the supreme command of the forces of the Grand Alliance. Naturally neither the Dutch nor anyone else, except Anne, placed the slightest confidence in the military talents of Prince George. It is not possible to imagine that Marlborough could have had any illusions on the subject, so his diplomatic adroitness was probably never more clearly shown than in this vexatious predicament. However much he realised the comic aspect of the affair, he could only allow one eyelid to droop slightly in demanding this appointment of the Dutch; and it would still be imperative to convince Her

Majesty at home that he had spared no pains in endeavouring to overcome their objections. There was no way out of it but to leave this important matter in suspense; hoping that something would happen to make matters easier, now that he had successfully arranged everything else with the Allies.

At home he found his lady wife in a fine rage because Anne had chosen her Ministers and high officials regardless of Sarah, or what promises she might have presumed to make. The latter's sudden interest in politics can only be explained on the supposition that the Whigs had paid their court to her more assiduously than had the triumphant Tories, and won her over to their cause by flattery, aided by the influence of her son-in-law, Lord Spencer. Hitherto she seems to have taken very little interest in political matters, disliking both the Tories, as exemplified by Lord Rochester, and William's Whiggish friends. Marlborough too had been, and was consistently to remain, no lover of extreme politicians. He once wrote: 'I can see no difference between a mad Whig and a mad Tory.' He certainly did not wish that his wife's new friends, the members of the Whig Junto, should be back in power once more, much preferring Anne's choice of a Ministry, although it contained certain violent Tories and High Churchmen who might be counted upon to give trouble.

Expecting to be all-powerful and unaccustomed to opposition from her amiable mistress (or from anyone else for that matter, for had she not, while still a child, mastered her formidable old mother, and later found that her husband would give way to her in whatever she wished, if only she gave him no peace?), Sarah proceeded to pester Anne with her advocacy of the Whigs day in and day out. As she herself has stated:

'I resolved from the very beginning of the Queen's reign, to try whether I could not by degrees make impressions on her mind more favourable to the Whigs. I did therefore speak very fully and very frequently to

Her Majesty upon the subject of Whig and Tory. . . . I believe it will be a surprise to many to be told that the first important step which Her Majesty took after her accession to the Government, was against my wishes and inclinations: I mean, her throwing herself and her affairs almost entirely into the hands of the Tories.'

Supreme egoism, the mainspring of Sarah Churchill's character, had always induced a desire for dominion over others. When met with opposition this desire became an obsession. Over and over again in her life we see this characteristic, growing stronger as she grew older, overpowering the brilliance and energy of her mind in wider matters and causing her to concentrate on one objective. Her husband, by his unfailing love and flattery, was the one person who could sometimes turn her from one of these moods of almost maniacal intensity.

It is a remarkable proof of the firmness of Anne's character that, although she dreaded the scenes that took place when Mrs. Freeman indulged in a fit of the 'spleen,' she went her own way without the slightest regard for her friend's passionate championship of the Whigs. Fortunately during the first few months there was plenty to keep Sarah busy, for many of the arrangements for the Coronation were in her hands.

CHAPTER XI

THE CORONATION

IN the early hours of the morning of the 23rd of April, 1702, all London lay silent and asleep. Only the birds among the young leaves of the trees that in those days abounded everywhere, in parks and squares, in gardens and often even in the meanest courts, gave forth their paens of praise.

A faint glow appeared in the east. Then, suddenly, long shafts of light swept over the City striking answering flashes from the newly constructed and resplendent dome of St. Paul's. They swept on, seeking out and scattering soft wisps of mist that tried to hide behind the buildings; until they reached the Abbey, so ancient and mysterious, like some wrinkled old man in whom lie buried a thousand secrets. At last, even this hoary shrine of Divinity was lit up with a strange incandescent radiance of new birth. A new day had dawned for England. The Reign of Queen Anne, golden and glorious, the 'Augustan Age,' had commenced.

This was St. George's Day, for Anne had chosen the day dedicated to the patron saint of England for her Coronation.

Soon the bells rang forth from every church in London and Westminster, to bring the sleepers from their beds, the same bells that had noisily voiced their joy throughout Anne's wedding night. The country folk were already flocking into the town. Milkmaids and apprentices, tradesmen and their wives, and all the good and bad of London took full holiday for merry-making, for everyone who could contrive to do so came to see 'good Queen Anne go to her crowning.' While humble folk walked or

rode, the great world of the Court and officialdom came early by coach or chair to Westminster.

Inside St. James's Palace all was bustle and commotion. But unfortunately, on this supreme day of her life Anne was suffering from a particularly bad attack of gout—it must necessarily be a trial of physical endurance, of agitating, confusing ceremonies in which she would endeavour to play her part well, and yet—a radiantly splendid day.

Although her feet were so swollen that she could hardly stand, her ladies managed to dress her in her gown of brocaded cloth of gold, her robes of velvet and her many jewels. They placed the Collar of the Order of the Garter around her neck and on her beautifully arranged curls 'a rich circlet of gold and diamonds' upon which the crown should rest. Then, after her private devotions, she left the Palace at about eleven o'clock and was carried in her sedan chair through the park to Westminster Hall.

When she was seated under the State Canopy, the nobles and officials, who had been placed in order of precedence by the heralds, entered the Hall in solemn procession, and the Sword and Spurs were presented to her. The Dean and Prebendaries of Westminster having brought the Crown and Regalia, with the Bible, Chalice and Paten, these were also presented separately to the Queen and then handed over to the lords appointed to carry them.

After that the procession for the Abbey was formed, led by the 'Drums and Trumpets,' Chaplains, Aldermen, Judges, and those of the Privy Councillors who were not also Peers, 'all in their proper habits as usually at Coronations.' Next came the Children of Westminster and the Choir of Westminster. Then appeared in stately order the Peers and Peeresses, wearing their crimson velvet robes with their coronets in their hands; the Heralds, Bishops, Archbishops of York and Canterbury, and, as the Queen retained the title of Sovereign of France, two persons representing the Dukes of Aquitaine and Normandy (plain James Clark and Jonathan Adams in real life).

Walking alone before the Queen and her Officers of State was Prince George, his gigantic figure magnificent in a blue and silver uniform, as Generalissimo of the Forces.

The great lords bearing the Regalia directly preceded the Queen, who was carried in an open sedan chair, supported by the Bishops of Durham and Exeter, under a canopy borne by twelve Barons of the Cinque Ports. Her long velvet train widely edged with ermine was looped over the back of the chair and carried by the Duchess of Somerset, assisted by Lady Marlborough. The Lord Chamberlain and other officials walked beside the Regalia and Canopy. In the rear of this procession came the Captain of the Queen's Guard, Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard, Captain of the Board of Pensioners, and the first Lady of the Bedchamber and two of the Queen's women.

From the chill and greyness of Westminster Hall they emerged into the blinding sunshine of the April noon-day—an array so gorgeous and brilliant as to dazzle the very sun himself. They trod upon blue broadcloth, laid upon boards railed in on either side and strewn with sweet herbs and flowers. Through the New Palace Yard into King Street they passed between two lines of stalwart guards, protecting them against the boisterous enthusiasm of the spectators, massed together to see the Queen go by. All along the Broad Sanctuary hundreds of people crowded the windows, balconies and roofs of the houses, and 'rent the air with cries of joy when they beheld their Queen.'

Having entered the Abbey, and when all were seated, the long-drawn-out, splendid service performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury proceeded its due course, ending with a sermon of great length by the Archbishop of York on a text chosen by Anne herself—one of the few touches of unconscious humour on this momentous occasion—'Kings shall be thy nursing fathers and Queens thy nursing mothers.'

After they had listened to the sermon

'the Queen repeated and signed the Declaration of Test,' a contemporary historian relates, 'and took the Coronation Oath, and then, in King Edward's Chair placed in the middle of the Arena before the Altar, was anointed and presented with the Spurs, girt with the Sword, vested with her purple Robes, and having received the Ring, the Orb and Sceptre, was solemnly crowned about four of the clock, with loud acclamations, the Drums beating, Trumpets sounding and the Great Guns being discharged. Whereupon the Peers and Peeresses etc. put on their Coronets and the Bishops their Caps.

'Then the Holy Bible was presented to Her Majesty, and she vouchsafed to kiss the Archbishops; and being enthroned, first of all her loyal subjects His Royal Highness Prince George did homage before her, the Archbishops and Bishops and lastly the Temporal Lords, who seemingly kissed Her Majesty's Left Cheek and afterwards touched the Crown, while the Treasurer of the Household threw about the Coronation Medals.'

These medals were of different patterns, but the principal one bore an extremely ugly profile of the Queen on one side, and on the reverse a heart surrounded with boughs of oak and laurel under a crown, with the motto 'Entirely English.'

'Then Her Majesty made her second Oblation and received the Holy Communion, and after the final prayers entered into King Edward's Chapel and being invested in her robes of purple velvet and the whole proceeding being again put in order, Her Majesty returned to Westminster Hall wearing her Crown of State and the Peers and Peeresses and Kings of Arms their coronets.'

In this ancient Hall great tables had been spread so that the whole company might dine in all their glittering array of robes and uniforms and jewels. The Queen sat at the high table at the upper end of the hall with Prince George

on her left. Steaming joints were served by the Lord High Steward and other officers; then, just before the second course, Sir Charles Dymoke, Her Majesty's Champion, in complete armour and on horseback, clattered into the hall and between the Lord High Constable and Earl Marshal, also on horseback, performed the challenge by throwing his gauntlet upon the stone floor, amidst the tense silence of the huge assembly. No answer coming to the challenge, he proclaimed 'Her Majesty's Style in Latin, French and English.'

'Dinner being ended and all things performed with great Splendour and Magnificence, about half an hour past Eight in the Evening Her Majesty returned to St. James's. The day concluded with Bonfires, Illuminations, Ringing of Bells and other Demonstrations of a general Satisfaction and Joy.'

After the Coronation fatigues Anne had not much time for rest or tranquillity. Not only was Sarah rebellious and constantly begging favours but the members of the Queen's family were causing much trouble.

Although Rochester had done much to antagonise his niece before she came to the Throne, he was furious that she had not given him the Lord Treasurership in place of Godolphin. He now threw aside his duties in Ireland to return home and do what he could to promote his own fortunes and those of his family; and finding he had no influence to better these, tried to make himself as unpleasant as he could in opposing the measures of Marlborough and Godolphin.

A Council Meeting was called for May 2nd to issue the Declaration of War against France and Spain. At this meeting Rochester spoke vehemently against the Declaration, arguing that it would be madness for England to take part as an active participant in the war on the Continent. Marlborough took the lead as the chief exponent of vigorous hostility, showing very clearly that the power of France could not be reduced unless England acted as one of the principals, and that she was as directly threat-

ened by the French King's aggressive designs as any other country in Europe.

Since the majority of the Council concurred in this view, the Declaration of War and the reasons for its necessity were framed by the Council. Anne, of course, was present, and she must have experienced a glow of satisfaction that she had not appointed her uncle Lord Treasurer. In the debate that followed, he and Nottingham and some of the more extreme Tories urged that the English campaign should be conducted principally by the fleet in attacking and plundering the French and Spanish fleets, coasts and possessions—especially in the West Indies, where they stated that much treasure could be taken.

On the other hand, Marlborough, Godolphin and the rest of the Council urged that though they might harass the French and Spanish coasts and make many profitable captures, this would never bring the war to a conclusion, and that the Dutch and their Allies would be powerless by themselves to bring Louis to his knees.

Their views appeared so much more reasonable that they were finally agreed upon and Sir Edward Seymour was commanded by the Queen to communicate with the House of Commons and demand its advice. In an address to the Throne the House approved of the Declaration and promised to support Her Majesty in carrying on the war to the utmost of its power.

After agreement had been reached with The Hague, on May 4th the Declaration of War was solemnly proclaimed before the gate of St. James's Palace, and in the City of London. Similar declarations were issued on the same day by the Emperor and by the States of Holland.

It was no light task that England was taking upon her shoulders. Her Allies had proved themselves decidedly dilatory during the previous war in William's reign, and it was fully realised that they would look to England as their main prop and source of supply, both of man-power and finance. The power and territory of Louis XIV were enormous at this time, for the whole of the Spanish in-

heritage of his grandson, Philip V, could now be counted upon to aid him. The latter's possessions consisted not only of Spain but also of the Kingdom of Naples and Milan, and of the Spanish Netherlands, where there were many strong fortresses which, for fighting purposes, would come under French control as soon as the war began.

On his return to The Hague Marlborough again pressed the matter which Anne had so earnestly and insistently urged upon him before he left England, in regard to the nomination of Prince George to the Chief Command of the Allied Armies. The Allies, however, being quite as determined that this should not be agreed to, put an end to the matter by offering the command to Marlborough himself with a salary of £10,000 a year. The disappointment of her husband was very hard for Anne to bear, and for once in his life this kindly man showed bitterness and a suspicion of Marlborough's integrity. But there was no word of censure from Anne, whose good sense had come to her aid by this time, and she treated Sarah as affectionately as usual.

That July a General Election took place which showed that an important change had come over the country during the new reign. It was a triumph for the Queen and the Ministry she had chosen, for the Tories were returned with a large majority.

On August 9th Anne prorogued Parliament for two months. These first six months of her reign had been extremely exhausting. Her gout was bad and during the summer Prince George had suffered from a severe attack of asthma. She had passed many bad nights supporting him in bed when he could hardly breathe. Their physicians prescribed the waters of Bath for both of them. The two stout, middle-aged invalids accordingly started on a journey which became transformed into a triumphal progress of the most fatiguing description, only made tolerable by Anne's powers of endurance and zest for enjoyment aided by George's good nature.

This was Anne's first experience of the demonstrations

of the country folk since she had become Queen and their exuberant rejoicing delighted her, making her feel that at last George was receiving the popularity which she had always desired for him.

They set out from Windsor early in the morning attended by their ladies and gentlemen. In every village through which they passed—the charming villages of those days with their timber and plaster cottages and thatched roofs—the gaily dressed rural population crowded the waysides, and lustily cheered them as they went by. All the villages vied in endeavours to exceed their neighbours in expressions of joy and affection.

When, wearied by the excitement of this long tiring journey in a jolting coach over bad roads through heat and dust, the two travellers arrived at the outskirts of Oxford, they were received by the authorities of the University with academic pomposity. Long addresses in prose and verse had been prepared for the reception of the illustrious guests. Those in honour of the Queen were delivered in English—the ‘vulgar tongue’—but those to the Prince, out of compliment to his learning, were in Latin. Other addresses followed as they descended with difficulty before their lodgings in Christ Church, and others as they entered the State Room. But there were many more to come before they were allowed to enjoy the bountiful supper provided for them; and even as they retired to their bed-chamber later in the evening, they were assailed by a salvo of Latin and English. In spite of her habitual fortitude, Anne could have had little rational consciousness left by this time, except the fear that George might too plainly portray his incapacity to listen—or to stand for that matter—and the agony of fiery twinges in her own toes.

Next day the Prince was completely laid low. But the indomitable Queen attended a Convocation, witnessed the ceremony of admitting twelve noblemen and gentlemen of the royal household to the degree of Doctor of Law, and in the theatre listened to more poems composed in her honour and a fine concert. After a magnificent

banquet and having received the customary gifts of a Bible and Prayer Book and a pair of gloves, 'a contented' Sovereign and her husband left Oxford. Travelling through Abingdon, that exquisite old market town then much the same as it is to-day, they crossed the wind-swept, bare hills to Northleach, finally arriving at Cirencester, where they supped and spent the night at the Abbey.

Next morning they drove down the Fossway and through the lovely beech woods and stone villages that skirt the southern foothills of the Cotswolds, to Badminton. After dining with the Duke of Beaufort, they journeyed on that same evening to Bath. There a merry welcome had been prepared for them, very different from the pomposity which had worn out the royal pair at Oxford.

On the top of Lansdowne Hill, with the setting sun dazzling their eyes and casting a radiant enchantment everywhere, the romance of the ages gathered about their coach. For here they were met by 'two hundred young virgins dressed as Amazons and equipped with bows and arrows,' and others attired as queens holding gilt sceptres and globes in their hands. Grotesque figures performed amusing antics around them, and shepherds and shepherdesses playing reed pipes danced beside their coach. Attended by all these incongruous figures and a regiment of men dressed in a uniform 'resembling' that of the Grenadier Guards, whom they found awaiting them further on, they arrived at Bath. At the entrance to the town they were received by the Mayor and Corporation, who escorted them to the Abbey Close where the house of a physician had been fitted up for their use. The Queen's entourage had been allotted lodgings near by, but when Anne discovered that the usual occupants had been given notice to leave so as to make room for her suite, she at once ordered that these notices should be countermanded, for she said that her attendants must shift for themselves as best they could, like other visitors. The price of beds had risen to a guinea a night, for all the people of the countryside had crowded into Bath to welcome their

Queen; but that summer's night few needed beds, for the streets were thronged for hours by a multitude carrying torches, and all the houses were illuminated.

During their stay at Bath, Anne and George visited Bristol, and that rich old sea-faring town was hung with carpets and tapestries which had formerly adorned Spanish galleons or Levantine palaces. Flags and pennants waved from every ship in the harbour and the air shivered with their guns.

The six weeks spent at Bath were not by any means a restful time given up to the 'cure' alone, for Anne's Ministers followed her thither and state duties went on much as usual. While she was here, the joyful news came from Flanders of the surrender of Venloo, and that Marlborough had marched on Liège, which had been abandoned by Maréchal Boufflers before his arrival.

To counterbalance this heartening success, an express arrived from the Duke of Ormonde, who with the help of the allied troops was conducting the naval war against Spain, which brought great distress to the Queen. The expedition had sailed with the intention of taking Cadiz, but the idea of a direct assault was unfortunately given up, and a land attack by English and Dutch troops was made upon the towns of Rota and Santa Maria upon which Cadiz depended for provisions. Having landed at Rota on the morning of August 19th and taken that town, the troops marched all day over the burning sands to Santa Maria, nearly perishing with thirst. On their arrival at nightfall they found the place forsaken, and the cellars full of 'delicious wine.' An orgy took place in which the officers assisted their men not only in drinking the wine but in plundering the rich town, and taking loot on board the fleet to the value of over a million pounds. They even plundered the churches and altars of their plate and ornaments, 'spoiled what they could not carry off, and it is reported, ravished the nuns in their cloisters.'

England was still a rough-and-tumble place in Queen Anne's reign, in which much thoughtless cruelty abounded. But humanitarian ideas were developing and the

country as a whole was nearly as shocked as the Queen herself by this barbarous sack of the innocent town of Santa Maria. It had hitherto been hoped that Spain might be brought to the side of the Allies on the question of the occupancy of its throne, but after this affair the Spaniards became completely estranged. Anne as well as her Ministers could not fail to recognise that the war would be a longer and costlier affair than they had originally anticipated.

Parliament met on October 21st, soon after the Queen's return to London. In her speeches she expressed her horror of 'the abuse and disorders committed in Spain' and announced that she had given orders for the most strict examination of the matter. She also begged for assistance 'in carrying out this just and necessary war in which we are engaged.' Having declared her appreciation of 'the expressions of joy and satisfaction in all the counties through which I have lately had occasion to pass,' she told them in her beautiful voice:

'I am firmly persuaded that the love and good affection of my subjects is the surest pledge of their duty and obedience, and the truest and surcest support of the Throne. And as I am resolved to defend and maintain the Church as by law established, and to protect you all in the full enjoyment of all your rights and liberties, so I rely upon your care of me. My interests and yours are inseparable and my endeavours shall never be wanting to make you all safe and happy.'

Before the Queen left the House that morning, Robert Harley, the Speaker of the House of Commons, was presented to her. This was a momentous occasion. For the first time Anne met the man who was to have so great an influence upon her reign in the future. Though she had never met Harley before, she must often have heard Abigail Hill, his cousin, speak of this man with the clever, purposeful face and fathomless eyes, who knew more about the condition of England than anyone else in the realm.

On October 2nd Lady Marlborough received a letter from Anne proving the long-suffering Queen's continued devotion to her friend. This letter also shows that Anne felt no animosity against Marlborough for his acceptance of the command of the allied forces which she had coveted for her own husband. Very delicately and hesitatingly, she offers him the supreme honour—a Dukedom; being very uneasy that she has

'so little power to show you how sensible I am of all Lord Marlborough's kindness, especially when he deserves all that a rich Crown could give. But since there is nothing else at this time, I hope you will give me leave, as soon as he comes back, to make him a Duke. I know my dear Mrs. Freeman does not care for anything of that kind, nor am I satisfied with it, because it does not express the value I have for Mr. Freeman, nor ever can, how passionately I am yours my dear Mrs. Freeman.'

By the same messenger who brought this letter to the Ranger's Lodge at Windsor, Sarah received another from Godolphin preparing her for the offer to be made to her husband and begging her to fall in with the Queen's wishes in 'what she was convinced was necessary to the satisfaction of the public.' In fact, this letter carried a gentle hint to send a courteous reply.

It is difficult to believe that any woman with Sarah Churchill's lust for power would not really wish to be a Duchess. Her answer to the Queen's letter is not extant, so whether she only pretended out of mere petulance to dislike the idea, or whether she thought their wealth insufficient for the support of a Dukedom and was hoping for a further increase in their income, it is impossible to judge; but she evidently wrote an ungracious response to the Queen, mainly filled with fresh eulogies of the Whigs.

Two days later Anne sent her a letter in which she ignored the matter of the Dukedom altogether, and although she still wrote in a very affectionate manner, she plainly intimated that she had had enough of Sarah's

interference in politics, and that she was not over-anxious to have her back in London. She says:

'I am very glad to find by my dear Mrs. Freeman's that I was blessed with yesterday that she liked my speech, but I cannot help being extremely concerned you are so partial to the Whigs, because I would not have you and your poor unfortunate faithful Morley differ in opinion in the least thing. What I said when I writ last upon this subject does not proceed from any insinuations of the other party, but I know the principles of the Church of England, and I know those of the Whigs and it is that, and no other reason which makes me think as I do of the last. And upon my word, my dear Mrs. Freeman, you are mightily mistaken in your notion of a true Whig: for the character you give of them does not in the least belong to them but to the Church. But I will say no more on this subject, only beg you for my poor sake, that you would not show more contidence to those you seem to have so much inclination for than to the Church party.'

'Since you have stayed so long at Windsor I wish now for your own sake that you would stay till after my Lord Mayor's day, for if you are in town, you can't avoid going to the show, and being in the country is a just excuse; and, I think one would be glad of any to avoid so troublesome a business,' (poor Anne!) 'I am at this time in great haste, and therefore can say no more to my dear, dear Mrs. Freeman, but that I am most passionately hers.'

On October 29th, Lord Mayor's day, the Queen and Prince George had been invited to dine at the Guildhall. They repaired thither in great state and were entertained at a magnificent banquet—perhaps Anne did not find it so troublesome a business after all.

The next morning a messenger arrived at the palace from Lord Ormonde, bringing news of a decisive victory of the English and Dutch fleets over the French and Spaniards in Vigo Bay, on October 12th. This battle cost

the latter thirty-five vessels, all being either destroyed or captured, for several of their rich galleons laden with treasure fell into the hands of the Allies. The transport of delight with which this victory was received at Court and by the people of London in magnitude even outshone the victory itself. Still, victories and popular rejoicings are valuable psychological assets for rulers and governments—especially early in a new reign—so Anne appointed the 12th of November as a day of Thanksgiving, naming as the three commanders for whose success thanks to God should be returned, Marlborough, Ormonde and Rooke.

On that day the Queen drove in state to St. Paul's. She was dressed in her purple velvet robes, wearing the Great Collar and 'George' about her neck, and the Garter set with diamonds on her left arm. She was drawn in her state coach by eight horses, Lady Marlborough and her daughter, Lady Spencer, sitting opposite.

The Duke of Marlborough had not yet returned from Flanders but he sent his wife a letter that clearly reveals that the proposed Dukedom was most acceptable to him, and also that an endeavour was on foot for the augmenting of his income:

‘I have a heart full of gratitude; therefore pray say all you can to the Queen for her extraordinary goodness to me. . . . I do agree with you that we ought not to wish for a greater title till we have a better estate. . . . Since that may be done this winter—I agree with you it should be done before the title.’

He returned to England on November 28th, and on December 10th the Queen sent a message to the House of Commons announcing her intention of granting him

‘the title of a Duke and a pension of £5,000 per annum upon the revenue of the post office for the support of this honour during Her Majesty’s natural life.’ . . .

This request raised a storm in the House of Commons, where it was argued that although there was no wish to

detract from the Duke's eminent services he had already been sufficiently rewarded, and the profitable revenues enjoyed by his family were expatiated upon. The newly created Duke hastened to retrieve the error of the demand for a pension and persuaded the Queen to send a second message: that 'the Duke declined to avail himself of her Majesty's gracious intention.' But it was too late to prevent the Commons from seizing upon such an opportunity of expressing its views upon royal grants. An address was sent to Anne,

'that it was with unspeakable grief that they found themselves unable to comply with any request emanating from her, owing to their apprehension of making a precedent for future alienations of the revenue of the Crown, which had been so much reduced by the exorbitant grants of his late Majesty.'

This refusal made Anne still more desirous of compensating her favourites in some way for their discomfiture and loss, and the same day that this message was received from the Commons she offered Sarah £2,000 a year from her own purse. The offer was refused at the time, but later, when she found that she had definitely lost her mistress's favour, the Duchess demanded and received the arreats of this income amounting to £18,000.

The rebuff by the House of Commons did not deter Anne from the design which she had long contemplated of making some permanent provision for Prince George in the event of her predeceasing him, and she sent a message to Parliament requesting that they should make a settlement upon him. On November 21st it was moved that the Prince should receive an annual grant of £100,000. Before this Bill had actually come before the House George was taken very ill with asthma, so ill that it was generally believed that he might die that winter, and there seemed little need for such a provision. But Anne pathetically insisted that it should be continued with—while she nursed her husband day and night. The Bill finally passed the House, but with a majority of only one vote, and that

it passed at all was only owing to the strenuous exertions of the Duke of Marlborough, and certain of Anne's other friends. The reason this Bill encountered so much opposition in the House of Lords was not on account of any antipathy to the Prince himself, but because a clause had been added to it enabling him to retain his offices after Anne's death. This was contrary to the Act of Settlement, which prohibited any foreigner from holding office after the Hanoverian succession.

Out of the fulness of her heart Anne wrote a grateful letter to Sarah :

'I am sure the Prince's Bill passing after so much trouble, is wholly owing to the pains you and Mr. Freeman have taken, and I ought to say a great deal to both of you in return, but neither words nor actions can ever express the true sense Mr. Morley and I have of your sincere kindness on this and all other occasions.'

One of the most bitter opponents of the Act had been Lord Sunderland, Marlborough's son-in-law, formerly Lord Spencer, who had lately taken his seat in the Upper House on the death of his father. He not only spoke against the grant but signed a protest counter to it. It may have been that his opposition to the Bill was one of the causes of the Queen's extreme antipathy to him; although, like many others, she had never liked the young man or his untrustworthy father, who had played so big a part in the downfall of her own father.

Since the very beginning of the session of this new Tory House of Commons violent quarrels had been going on between the two parties, and between the two Houses—for the Whigs still predominated in the House of Lords, mainly owing to the number of Low Church Bishops appointed by William. The most furious disagreements were, as usual, over religion.

The Test Act, which had been passed in Charles II's reign and had swept James from his post as Lord High Admiral and many other Catholics and Dissenters from public service because they could not pass the 'test'

required of all officials had not been enforced for many years. Under the Test Act all public servants had been compelled to partake of Communion according to the rites of the Church of England once on appointment, but thereafter, if at all, at certain intervals only, whilst continuing to attend whatever other services they desired. In other words, they had complied with the letter of the law by occasional acts of conformity.

William himself, all his Dutch favourites and many of the Whig Lords had been 'Occasional Conformists,' as had been many other holders of public posts, military, naval, and judicial. In fact, from the Queen's household down to the clerks and messengers in the State offices, thousands of them were still evading the law in this way.

Instead of sensibly killing this monstrous anomaly by repealing the Act, the triumphant High Church Tories of the new House of Commons now proposed to create a monster of their own and decided to pass an Act called the 'Occasional Conformity Act.' If passed, this Act would impose heavy fines on any person who obtained office by an act of conformity and afterwards visited a Dissenting Conventicle. If any one did this a second time he would incur a double penalty and be incapacitated from re-election to office for three years.

Carried away at first by her belief that this Bill had been introduced entirely for the protection of the Church and State, Anne, like all other members of the High Church and extreme Tory party, was jubilant when it passed the Commons—although it was only carried after the most acrimonious debates. When later on in the session it came before the House of Lords, she insisted upon George voting for the Bill, not seeing the humour, pathos or practical drawbacks of his doing so; for he who held the highest office in the navy as Lord High Admiral, was himself an occasional conformist, having received the Sacrament according to the rites of the Church of England simply to qualify for office, and afterwards continuing his attendance at the Lutheran Chapel which he maintained.

He seems to have voted with a very rueful face, and it

is said that just before the division, as he passed Lord Wharton, the most strenuous opponent of the Bill, he gave utterance to this pathetic whisper: 'My heart is vid you.' He must have had a considerably lightened heart later on when he discovered that the Whig Peers had attached an amendment to the Bill which was of such a nature that the members of the House of Commons were sure to reject it when it was returned.

The Occasional Conformity Bill not only caused a turmoil in Parliament and at Court, but naturally, the Whigs and Dissenters throughout the country raised a great outcry against it, saying they would be deprived of their liberty and estates if the Bill should be carried; and Daniel Defoe went so far as to write a pamphlet suggesting that they could consider themselves fortunate if they were not all massacred or banished.

Amongst many other matters that caused the Queen and her advisers constant anxiety was the fear that a possible Jacobite rising in Scotland might prove fatal to the vigorous prosecution of the war unless the two kingdoms should be united under one legislature. Anne had been empowered by a Scottish Act of Parliament, as well as by the English Act passed soon after her accession, to name a Commission for the discussion of a projected union. The members of this Commission comprised the chief officers of State of both countries and their first meetings were held during the autumn of 1702 in the Council Chamber at the Cockpit. Although the Queen herself opened the meeting and laid upon it the most earnest charges to come to some agreement, nothing was accomplished except some useful debate. By Christmas the whole scheme seemed to be shelved, if not proved to be absolutely unpractical.

During this first year, as well as throughout her reign, Anne sedulously attended to all the duties of the Crown, very seldom missing a day without giving up many hours of the morning and evening—often the entire evening—to audiences or Cabinet Councils. She not only examined all documents herself but she also devoted herself to the

investigation of all death sentences or petitions for reprieve. Such little notes as this, addressed to the Secretary of State, Sir Charles Hedges, reveal how conscientiously she considered each case:

'The enclosed petitions were given me as I came from St. James's; one is, I believe, from the man you gave me an account of yesterday; the other having a wife and six children makes me think it a case of compassion. However, I desire you should inform yourself about it as soon as you possibly can, and if you see it so, take care his life may be spared, I am, Your Affectionate Friend, Anne R.'

Again she writes that she is

'very glad the Lords have respited Way; for, though the law does not allow that benefit more than once, it would be a barbarous thing to hang a woman when she is with child.'

There was another case about which she was doubtful:

'I have been so pressed again this morning by the woman that gave me the enclosed petition to respite the execution of Jefferies, that I cannot help writing this, to desire you to order a reprieve till Friday, that there may be time to enquire into what this woman says.'

In the following note she pleads for a deserter:

'I have been so often found fault with for interposing in the case of deserters that I am almost afraid to do it, but the enclosed paper seems to me so moving, that I can't help sending it to you, and desiring you would take care that execution may be stopped till you can enquire fully into the matter.'

Both the Queen and Prince George showed much compassion for the naval deserters, many of whom had been

pressed into the service. When on a visit to the Isle of Wight that year, Prince George, seeing some of these unfortunate men being led out to death, had insisted upon pardoning them all.

Greenwich Hospital, for which funds had been subscribed during William's reign, was one of Anne's especial interests, and she asked to see the plans that Wren had prepared for this beautiful building. The '*English Post*' made this announcement on December 16, 1702:

‘Her Majesty and His Royal Highness Prince George commanded that the model of Greenwich Hospital should be brought to St. James’s, and were pleased to view the same, and highly approved of the intention and government of this noble foundation, designed for the maintenance of disabled seamen, and Her Majesty has recommended the passing some proper Bill this session for the further support thereof, and if the Bill passes it will soon be in a state to admit seamen disabled in her service.’

The year 1702 was drawing to a close. The first ten months since the Queen's accession, crowded with agitating events and feats of endurance, had taught her many things. Disillusioned by her former friends, she had found that the High Churchmen and extreme Tories could oppose her most cherished projects, even the union with Scotland. Their stand against an active participation in the war on land had also pained her: and she was beginning to understand that even the Occasional Conformity Bill was not the righteous champion of the Church she had at first supposed it to be. There could no longer be any doubt in her mind that violent Tories were almost as dangerous to the State as violent Whigs—and equally as capable of place-seeking. With consternation she confided to Marlborough, ‘the parties are such bug-bears.’

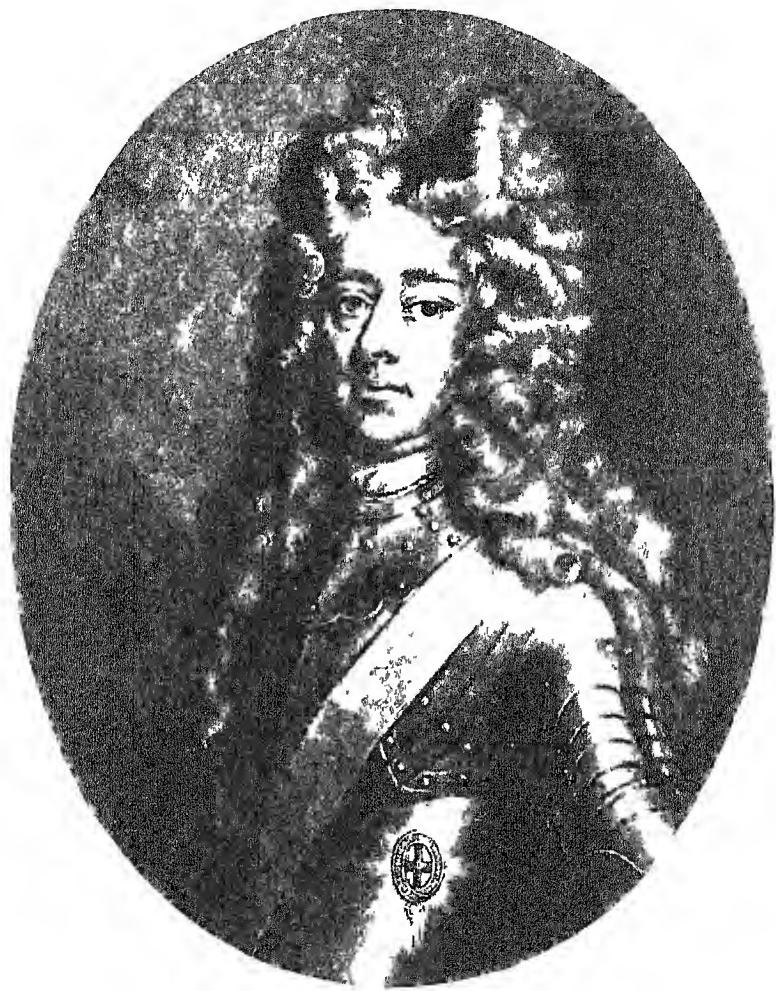
From having known little about statecraft or politics before she came to the Throne, she had already evolved a policy of her own, and her persistent struggles from this time forward to draw into her government only moderate

men, is the reason above all others why Englishmen should be grateful to her.

It was, perhaps, the most difficult epoch in history for a ruler of this country. A queer new world was unfolding itself, an era of struggle and change. English life was upon the anvil, being beaten into a more modern form.

After the Mediævalism of the reigns of Anne's uncle and father had passed away, all had been unnaturally flat under William. This had been a period of peace and preparation, to be sure, but at what price? There had been no soul in England, poetry was almost dead, while outstanding writers and painters had been few and far between. Wren alone, the son of a different age, had worked on, building a bridge of beauty from the old world to the new.

But, during Anne's reign, England was filled with enthusiasm and energy, was pulsing with the vitality of fresh life, was bounding ahead, proceeding whither? No one knew, but the writers and men of science could hear the melodies of Divine inspiration making strange and glorious music.



JOHN, DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH

CHAPTER XII

STORMS AND VICTORIES

1703-1704

WITH the approach of winter, hostilities in Flanders had temporarily ceased. It was not so on the home front, however, for there was unremitting warfare between Lords and Commons, Whigs and Tories, Churchmen and Dissenters. And now even amongst the Tories themselves a bitter feud was raging—the extremists against those of more moderate views. The sounds of angry voices at Westminster seemed to sweep across the park to St. James's Palace where Anne sat in her closet, writing letters, reading endless despatches and interviewing her Ministers.

Instead of going back to his post in Dublin, her uncle, Lord Rochester, defiantly remained in London and continued his policy of encouraging the more violent Tories in their attempts to limit the war in the Low Countries to a defensive one, and to wage a campaign against the Dissenters at home. At last Anne, on the advice of Marlborough and Godolphin, issued an order commanding Rochester to return immediately to Ireland. This he haughtily refused to do, ‘though she would give the country to him and his son.’ When she repeated the command, he resigned in great wrath. As his resignation had been hoped for, it was at once accepted, but Anne and her counsellors had not foreseen that he would now be free to stay at home and make more mischief.

To Anne’s dismay many of her Ministers rallied to his support. Even her hitherto devoted admirer, the man she had lately created Duke of Buckingham, as well as the friend of her childhood, Lord Jersey, joined with Notting-

ham in opposing measures for the safety of the realm which she and her chief advisers deemed necessary. These Tory Ministers were undoubtedly jealous of the power of Marlborough and Godolphin. They disliked them as men of moderation, who encouraged the Queen in her policy, a policy very different from their own—that of filling the various offices of Church and State from the best material regardless of political prejudice. But the chief charge against Marlborough and Godolphin was in regard to their conduct of the war. Their complaint was echoed by those of the Tory party who like themselves were landowners and as such had to provide by means of the Land Tax most of the revenue necessary for carrying it on.

It was little consolation to them to know that many of their Whig adversaries, together with the wealthy merchants, bankers and other 'monied' interests, were not only escaping scot free from having to pay for the war, but that they were actually growing richer on it; in fact much of the money raised by the Land Tax was being paid out to Whig contractors for supplies and equipment for the army.

Why should these upstarts, these money-grubbers, become rich and build themselves handsome new houses all over the country, while they themselves, the old aristocracy, were being stifled by the taxes levied on their big estates, and were obliged to live on in their dismal, draughty, inconvenient, rat-haunted houses, built by some ancestor in the time of the Henrys? If they could but get their own way the war would be more quickly over and better waged than now, for were there not the great ships of France and Spain, bringing the riches of the East, waiting to be plundered, and the enemies' colonies to be taken? What was the use of pouring their money into the Continent to help a parcel of ungrateful Dutchmen and Austrians?

Thus did the imaginations of the country gentlemen and nobles—very ignorant of other countries and high policy—run away with them. On the other hand, the

Whigs, who were growing richer as every year of the war went by and were afraid of Tory ascendancy when it ceased, were equally determined that it should continue indefinitely.

This winter was a test of endurance for Anne, but fortunately she possessed sufficient pluck to continue on her own course regardless of the desertion of her old friends; and in spite of every difficulty she retained her usual hopefulness of outlook.

Suddenly, a terrible calamity befell the Duchess, and Anne's heart warmed once again with sympathy and love for her friend. All their disagreements were forgotten, despite the fact that Sarah appears to have openly rebelled against her mistress only a short time before this, and according to her own showing had given Anne little peace.

The Duke had hurried away from London to make final arrangements for his next campaign expecting to sail at once for The Hague, when word came that his son, John Churchill, now Marquis of Blandford, had been stricken with small-pox at King's College, Cambridge. He was the only surviving son, as his brother had died many years before while Marlborough was imprisoned in the Tower and Anne was a refugee at Syon House. Blandford, only seventeen years old, was good-looking, with his father's amiability and the intelligence of both parents, and was the darling of their hearts.

The Duchess immediately hastened to his bedside; and Anne, terribly distressed for her friend's sake and for that of the boy who had so often played with the Duke of Gloucester at Windsor and Camden House, at once despatched her own physicians in one of the royal carriages to Cambridge, with a note to Sarah, saying how truly afflicted she was 'at the melancholy account that had come this morning of poor Lord Blandford. I pray God he may do well and support you. And give me leave once more to beg you for Christ's sake to have a care of your dear precious self.' But the doctors could not save him and the boy died on February 20th.

Broken-hearted, Marlborough was obliged to leave for the Continent and Sarah shut herself up at Sandridge, refusing to see anyone, even Anne, despite the latter's plea that:

'It would have been a great satisfaction to your poor unfortunate faithful Morley, if you would have given me leave to come to St. Albans, for the unfortunate ought to come to the unfortunate. But since you will not have me, I must content myself as well as I can, till I have the happiness of seeing you here. . . . God Almighty bless and comfort my dear Mrs. Freeman.' . . .

The Duchess's grief, however, was not so overwhelming that she could no longer take an interest in politics. She became furious when the news reached her that the Queen and her Ministers had decided to create four new Peers, all of them Tories. This time she did not attack her mistress directly, but vented her feelings upon her old friend Godolphin, who, as she knew, found it difficult to refuse her anything. She threatened to retire from public life unless her Whig protégé, John Hervey, was made a peer. Her own description of this transaction in a private letter to a friend is rather different from the more cautious account given in her 'Conduct':

'When the Queen came to the resolution of making the four peers, I happened to be in the country, in great affliction upon the death of my only son. However, having heard of it accidentally, I writ to my Lord Godolphin, that if Lord Hervey were not made a peer with them, I neither could nor would show my face any more. This accordingly was done purely at my desire and on my account.'

It can well be imagined that both the Queen and Godolphin found themselves in an extremely difficult position. They feared that if they thwarted Sarah's wishes at a time when she was supposed to be nearly out of her mind with sorrow and expecting another child she

might do something desperate. So for these reasons and these reasons only Anne decided to comply with her request. This surrender, openly boasted of by Sarah, corroborated the public belief that the Duchess ruled the Queen—a belief that was fostered and made much of by Lord Rochester and other jealous High Tories.

Worst of all, for Anne's peace of mind, the success of this manœuvre encouraged Sarah, who began once more with renewed vigour to pester her mistress to form a completely Whig ministry. Although Anne felt cruelly offended by the desertion of so many of her Tory Ministers, she believed that the Whigs held views that were as dangerous to the Monarchy as they were to the Church. Having again expressed this opinion to Sarah she appealed to her to desist from further importunities in these words: 'I beg you would never let differences of opinion hinder us from living together as we used to do,' and assured her in that case 'nothing shall ever alter your poor unfortunate faithful Morley, who will live and die with all tenderness yours.'

Finding the Queen inflexible, Sarah urged her husband to assist her in her efforts on behalf of the Whigs. The distracted man had his hands already full with the arduous campaign in Flanders and the quarrels and jealousies of his Generals, as well as the many delinquencies of the Allies. But he was spared nothing of the political factions at home, for there were constant letters from Godolphin, full of the trials of office. All the same, judging from his letters to his wife, the Duke seems to have been quite determined that she should not dictate their political policy. To appease her, however, he wrote on June 10th in his usual conciliatory way:

'I did yesterday receive yours of the 3rd and do agree with you that the seven persons you mention in that letter do not do the Queen the service that they ought to do:' (meaning by these the Tory chiefs) 'but I can but be of the opinion, that if they were out of their places they would be more capable of doing her hurt'

. . . and who is there fit for their places? I do protest before God I know of none.'

Later on when the Duchess had evidently been negotiating with the Whigs on her husband's behalf, he says, with more heat than he usually displays:

'I see by this last letter, that you have mistaken my meaning in some of my letters: for though I have never complained of some you call your friends, yet it never entered my thoughts that they would be spoke to in order to have a better thought of me; for I know that they would be as unreasonable as the others in their expectations if I should seek their friendship; *for all parties are alike.*'

As he pathetically added, all these difficulties made his 'life a burthen.'

Peace-loving Anne might have echoed these words with a sigh, for, as though all the factions and vexations at home were not sufficient, the campaign on the Continent this spring had proved most disappointing; the only heartening events being the capitulation of Bonn on May 15th, and the conclusion of an alliance with Portugal. But Scotland, which was in a state of complete chaos, was her greatest source of anxiety. The different parties had become so violent in their quarrels regarding the succession to the Throne, and were so torn by religious factions, that the Scots Parliament refused to grant supplies for the furtherance of the war. The only consolation was that this utter confusion had persuaded the more liberal-minded men in both countries that a union of the two parliaments was absolutely imperative if civil war was to be avoided and that on the Continent continued.

To further this object and ensure the greater popularity of the Crown in the Northern Kingdom, Anne set herself the task of constantly writing letters or addresses to the Scottish Parliament; and she decided to revive the Order of the Thistle, as a reward for her loyal adherents in Scotland.

Marlborough returned to England in November to find that Godolphin had been persuaded by the incessant Tory criticism of the war into becoming an advocate of defensive tactics in the Netherlands. The Queen and Marlborough were now the only influential supporters of the view that it was essential to pursue a vigorous policy. Nevertheless, the political situation forced Marlborough into a definite decision and he intimated to the Queen that he would resign his command and live a retired life with his wife at St. Albans.

Nothing daunted by this sudden blow, the indomitable Anne wrote so insistent and affectionate a letter to Sarah—addressed to her but intended for her husband—that he was ashamed of his decision to resign:

“The thoughts that both my dear Mrs. Freeman and Mr. Freeman have of retiring give me no small uneasiness, and therefore I must say something on the subject. It is no wonder at all that people in your posts should be weary of the world, who are so continually troubled with the hurry and impertinencies of it, but give me leave to say you should a little consider your faithful friend and poor country, which must be ruined if ever you put your melancholy thoughts into execution. . . . I never will forsake your dear self, Mr. Freeman or Mr. Montgomery,’ (Godolphin) ‘but always be your constant and faithful friend, and we four must never part till Death mows us down with his impartial hand.’

This letter, homely and ill-expressed, yet with something sublime in its intensity of patriotism and courage, is one of the most fateful documents in history, and yet history has ignored it and given no credit to the author.

In her speech from the Throne at the opening of the autumn session Anne had besought both Houses to abandon their acrimonious contentions in words that came straight from her heart:

‘I want words to express to you my earnest desire of

feeling all my subjects in perfect peace and union among themselves: I have nothing so much at heart as their general welfare and happiness. Let me therefore desire you all, that you would carefully avoid all heats and divisions that may disappoint me of that satisfaction, and give encouragement to the enemies of our Church and State.'

This last sentence was in reference to the harm that reports of their dissensions in England had already done both abroad and in Scotland, and it was also a personal appeal from their sovereign to allow that hydra-headed monster, the Occasional Conformity Bill, to die a natural death.

Nothing, however, could keep the Tories away from their dangerous pet and this Bill was again passed triumphantly through the House of Commons, by a large majority. When it came before the Lords, Anne heartily agreed with her husband's decision to absent himself from the House on the day of the Division. The attack on the Bill was once more led by Dr. Burnet, the Bishop of Salisbury, and it was defeated by twelve votes.

While this tempestuous autumn session was yet in progress men's anger against each other was stilled for a space by a convulsion of nature so awful as to distract their minds from all other thoughts. On November 26th the greatest storm that ever swept this island raged throughout the night. The next day London was a devastated city, for every street was blocked with the wreckage of buildings and trees. It is said that nineteen people were killed by the fall of their houses or by objects that were hurled into the streets. The lead upon the roofs was rolled up like scrolls of parchment, and masonry was torn from Chelsea Hospital, from the Guard House and Banqueting Hall at Whitehall.

No part of London fared worse than did St. James's Palace, where the chimneys and part of the battlements were thrown to the ground. A narrative of the time tells us that,

'part of the Palace of St. James's was blown down, and a woman killed by the fall of the chimney. Her Majesty was alarmed and got up with His Highness the Prince and all the Maids of Honour.'

At midnight, when the building was shaken by the full fury of the gale, Anne, not knowing at what moment more damage might be done, stood at one of her windows watching Wolsey's oaks crash to earth in St. James's Park. More than a hundred are said to have fallen. The next day she learnt that the masts of her battleships and of many other English ships were also being beaten down by the merciless storm at the very time that the trees were falling before her eyes. For a week afterwards the North Sea was strewn with English shipping in every kind of distress. Fifteen warships and many smaller craft of the fleet were lost with about fifteen thousand seamen, and hundreds of merchant vessels were destroyed.

In many places the sea swept over the coast, rivers rose at an alarming rate, and in London the tide rushed up with such violence, as to flood the lower part of the city and almost choke London Bridge with wreckage. The Chapel of King's College, Cambridge, lost many of its pinnacles and some of its famous stained-glass windows were blown in. About eight hundred houses in all were razed to the ground and some four hundred windmills overturned and broken to pieces. At Wells the Bishop and his wife were killed as they lay in bed and many other people were crushed in their beds.

When London had recovered a little from the onslaught of this appalling tempest, the House of Commons presented an address to the Queen lamenting the terrible losses at sea and praying her to give orders for the building of such new capital ships as she thought necessary, promising to make good the expense at its next meeting. The House also begged her to make provision for the families of those who had been lost in the storm.

The Queen sent a reply assenting to the requests. She also issued a proclamation announcing that a general

fast would be observed on January 19th, for 'imploring the Almighty God that He would avoid sending such high winds in the future.' This day was observed by the nation with extreme solemnity and rigorous fasting. A contemporary historian, Oldmixon, with unconscious irony, declares that: 'it was kept with more signs of devotion and sincerity than ever I saw anything of the kind; the terror the tempest had left on people's minds contributing much to their affectionate discharge of that duty.' As Macaulay has pointed out, no other storm in this country, either before or since, has been made the occasion of a Parliamentary address or of a public fast.

While the gale was raging in the Channel the Archduke Charles of Austria, then on a visit to Holland, was unable to proceed to England, where all preparations for his reception had been made. As soon as the weather permitted, the young man, whom the Allies wished to place upon the throne of Spain, set sail for Portsmouth, where he was met by the Duke of Marlborough and the Duke of Somerset. On his journey to Windsor 'King Charles' stopped for the night at Petworth, the magnificent seat of the Duke of Somerset where Prince George awaited him.

It is surprising that Anne allowed her invalid husband to undertake such a drive through the country roads, always bad in winter, but rendered almost impassable by the recent storm and now transformed into veritable sloughs of despond. Poor George had encountered terrible fatigue and perils, his journey from London to Petworth having taken fourteen hours, during which time the Prince never left his coach but sat numbed and cold, very hungry and expecting each moment to be overturned into the morass. An accident would certainly have happened but that the country people came to his assistance and saved him from a roll in the mud by supporting the coach with their shoulders nearly the whole way from Godalming. That in which his attendants travelled was actually upset.

Similar difficulties were encountered on the journey to

Windsor, where Anne had taken up her residence to receive the Archduke. The coach containing the nominal king and his kind Danish host was successfully hauled through the mire, but several of the coaches of the noblemen in attendance broke down and their occupants were compelled to make their way to the Castle as best they could.

When, shaken almost to a jelly by the plunging and jolting of the coach, Prince George and his guest finally arrived at the great castle, they found everything prepared with the utmost magnificence. On alighting from his coach Charles was received by the Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard and escorted to the Grand Staircase by Lord Jersey, the Lord Chamberlain. At the top of the stairs, Queen Anne, arrayed in her best gown, with much jewellery on her bodice and her big pearls round her neck and wound through her hair, received the King with 'her air of Majesty.'

King Charles bowed low before her, and

'on the Queen raising him up, he saluted her and made his compliment to Her Majesty, acknowledging his great obligations for her generous protection and assistance. After which Her Majesty gave him her hand and he led her into her bedchamber. After a little stay there, His Royal Highness the Prince of Denmark conducted His Catholic Majesty to the apartment prepared for him, where having remained some time His Majesty returned to the Presence Chamber and saluted several ladies presented to him by the Queen, and soon after handed Her Majesty to supper which was very magnificent, with extremely fine music played all the while.'

They dined in public, people of all ranks crowding round to watch them. It was the custom for the Queen to be presented after dinner with a basin of water in which to dip her hands, the Duchess of Marlborough's duty being to hold this basin for her royal mistress. But Charles took it from her and himself held it for the

Queen and, as he returned it he drew a valuable ring from his finger and placed it upon the Duchess's hand. He is described as a pleasant-faced, graceful youth, supposed to be master of five languages, but he had been tutored to observe silence, as this was essential to his dignity. Fortunately for him, it was not beneath his dignity to kiss the ladies, as the word 'salute' indicates. He only stayed two days at Windsor and then set sail for Portugal.

This winter a scheme which had long been occupying Anne's mind for the relief of the poorer clergy came to fruition. She had been deeply touched by the desperate straits of many of the poorer clergy and their families, and she decided to alienate a considerable part of her revenue, thus creating a fund for their benefit. This is still in existence, and has always been known as Queen Anne's Bounty.

Nothing was said about this project until her next birthday, February 6th, 1704, when she sent the Secretary of State, Sir Charles Hedges, to the House of Commons with a message, offering her whole revenue out of the 'First Fruits' and the 'Tenths' for the benefit of the poorer clergy. These revenues had been used in her uncle Charles's reign for pensioning his mistresses and illegitimate children. Bishop Burnet had urged first Mary and then William to do what Anne now proposed, but without success.

The 'First Fruits and Tenths' consisted of an ancient tax levied by the Crown upon church livings. They comprised the first year's entire income of any ecclesiastical living after a new presentation, and of the tenth part of the income of any subsequent year. In hundreds of cases the whole annual income from the poorer livings amounted only to something between £10 and £30. It is estimated that not one living in forty was of the value of £100 a year, and out of that the wretched parson had to provide food and clothes for himself, his wife and children and keep up the repairs of the neglected parsonage. This generous birthday present from Queen Anne considerably lightened the hard lot of the poorer clergy.

After incessant dissensions the political crisis came to a head during the spring of 1704. Nottingham and his adherents did not go so far as Lord Rochester but they endeavoured by various means to impede the war, notably by opposing the Bill for recruiting the army from the unemployed, or rather unemployable vagrants who wandered through the countryside, and who, under the existing laws, were liable for deportation to the colonies.

About this time Anne realised, as Marlborough and Godolphin had already foreseen, that it would be impossible to keep the High Tories longer in office, and Nottingham himself, through his own capriciousness, gave them the chance that they were looking for. Before the close of the April session he told Godolphin that unless the administration was cleared of the remaining Whigs he would retire. As this seemed to make no impression upon the Treasurer he waited until Marlborough had returned to the Continent and then sought an audience with the Queen and demanded that she should 'choose between the two parties and abide by her choice. If she continued to abide by the Tories he must then insist that the Dukes of Somerset and Devonshire be removed from the Privy Council.' Rendered indignant by the high-handed manner in which he spoke and being anxious to clear the Ministry of the extremists, Anne consulted Godolphin, and in concurrence with his advice she determined to deal sharply with the malcontents.

She sent a message to Lord Jersey and to Sir Edward Seymour—whose extreme Tory views had been a continual source of trouble—dismissing them from office. Nottingham now saw that there was nothing for it but for him to resign from his position as Secretary of State.

Having accepted his resignation the Queen appointed Robert Harley, the Speaker, to succeed Nottingham. Harley had been a Whig, but he was now a moderate Tory and one of the most politic of men, managing to keep in with both Churchmen and Dissenters, so that everyone was pleased at his appointment except those Whigs who were disappointed that one of themselves

had not been selected. The opportunity of creating Harley Secretary of State gave Anne real pleasure, for he had always sought to smoothe matters over and keep the peace. Besides, was he not the cousin of Abigail Hill, sympathetic, kind Abigail, another peace-lover, to whom she was more deeply attached than ever?

When the Duchess was not about, Abigail would sit with her royal Mistress for hours, talking or playing on the harpsichord the music that Anne loved. As she had so often spoken of her cousin Robert Harley, Anne felt she could place confidence in him and was glad to have him come often to her closet to talk over and explain many things which she wished to understand. For Harley seemed to know about everything. He had an almost uncanny way of finding out what men were saying and doing, which Anne found very helpful—but it is doubtful if she or anyone else understood his strange methods of obtaining this knowledge.

The other appointments now vacant in the Ministry were given to moderate Tories, Sir Thomas Mansell being made Comptroller of the Household; while Henry St. John, that brilliant speaker and remarkably handsome young man—now only twenty-four years old—became Secretary at War. The only member of the new Ministry who did not rank as a Tory was the Earl of Kent, the Lord Chamberlain.

When Sarah found that her dear friends the Whigs had again been overlooked her vexation sent her into a great rage, although she still hesitated to wreak its full violence upon her mistress. Many touching ungrammatical little notes were written at this period by Anne in the hope of softening her friend's heart. They demonstrate love and loyalty and the desire that

'my not agreeing in everything you say will not be imputed to want of value, esteem or tender kindness for my dear Mrs. Freeman, it being impossible for anybody to be more sincerely another's than I am yours.'

Marlborough left England on April 19th, distracted by the tirades with which his wife overwhelmed him, at the time when he most needed peace in his private life to mature his preparations for a campaign so vast that the world will never cease to gasp at the audacity of the secret plans which he had been arranging with Prince Eugene that winter.

The decisive moment of Louis XIV's designs on Europe had arrived. For a year his scheme of a grand advance on Vienna had been in progress; and as his army had already passed through the Black Forest and joined the forces of the Elector of Bavaria on the banks of the Danube, Vienna must inevitably fall unless help came quickly. Neither the Dutch nor the English, however, would dream of consenting to their armies being employed so far from their base or in so hazardous an enterprise as the relief of Vienna.

Therefore, Marlborough pretended both in England and in Holland that his next campaign would be upon the Moselle. Only to Queen Anne and Godolphin does he appear to have made a partial disclosure of his real projects. Through the agency of Prince Eugene he induced the Emperor to write a confidential letter to the Queen, pointing out the magnitude of the danger and urging that assistance must be given. She also received a private note from the Austrian Minister confirming his master's letter.

The peril was explained to the Cabinet, and vague permission obtained that Marlborough should proceed to Holland and concert measures with the Dutch for relieving the pressure upon the Emperor and for reducing the Elector of Bavaria, which it was supposed would be effected by an expedition to the Moselle, in directly striking at France. Considerable difficulty being experienced in persuading the Dutch to agree even to such moderate proposals as these, Marlborough found it necessary to quiet their fears by agreeing to use only English troops.

During the next three months Anne found the strain of waiting for news almost unendurable. Only she and

Godolphin knew what it portended when consternation overwhelmed both countries at the news that Marlborough had not stopped at the Moselle but had stolen both the Dutch and English armies and was rushing them up the Rhine to Mainz. The people of Europe held their breath, and the French generals were in a flustered state of mind as to where and when he would strike, while Holland was seized with panic.

At home in England, to the dismay of all parties, it became known by the end of June that the red coats of their soldiers had been seen in far-away Bavaria. The violent Tories as well as those with Jacobite leanings declared that they would attaint the Commander-in-Chief when he returned. They protested that Marlborough had exceeded his instructions and led the army on a distant and dangerous expedition for the sake of his own ambition. Rochester and Nottingham attacked him in the Lords; and Sir Edward Seymour, the typical country gentleman in the typical country gentleman's language, declared in the House of Commons that 'he and his friends would pounce upon the adventurous commander at his return as hounds pounce upon a hare.' Threats were even thrown out that if Marlborough's rash expedition was unsuccessful, it would probably bring his head to the block.

The furious wrath of the politicians at home was described in Sarah's letters and in those of others who spared the Duke nothing; but that Anne only sent words of encouragement and faith is proved by a letter from Marlborough to his wife written on June 18th from the distant Bavarian town of Giengen:

'Since my last I have had the happiness of receiving yours of the 30th of the last month and the 1st and 2nd of this. 'Tis not only by yours, but by others, that I find there are several people who would be glad of my not having success in this undertaking. I am very confident, without flattering myself, that it is the only thing that was capable of saving us from ruin, so that

whatever the success may be, I shall have the inward satisfaction to know that I have done all that was in my power, and that none can be angry with me for the undertaking, but such as wish ill to their country and their religion, and with such I am not desirous of their friendship. . . . The Queen's letter allowing you to say something from her is very obliging. I shall endeavour to deserve it, for I serve her with all my heart, and I am confident she will always have the prayers and good wishes of this country.'

During this time of suspense when the name of Marlborough and the terrible word 'impeachment' were bracketed together in many men's minds, the situation in Scotland became so threatening that Godolphin warned Anne that she must agree to the passage of the Act of Security. Her royal assent was given on August 5th—but only with the most extreme hesitation and misgivings for the future. By this Act, which the Scottish Parliament had recently passed, the Act of Settlement and the Hanoverian Succession to the Scottish Throne were repudiated. On the death of Queen Anne Scotland was to choose her own sovereign regardless of the English Crown or government. The very name of this Act was a mockery to England for it foreshadowed a Jacobite triumph in the Northern Kingdom, a separate Crown and the probability of civil war in Scotland, or between the two countries.

Suspense as to the fate of the army had become intense when at last Anne received a letter from Marlborough sent under cover of an official despatch describing that daring exploit, the victory of the Battle of Schellenberg on July 2nd.

'I must humbly presume to inform your Majesty that the success of our first attack of the enemy has been equal to the justice of the cause your Majesty has so graciously and zealously espoused. Mr. Secretary Harley will have the honour to lay the relation of yesterday's action before you. To which I shall crave

leave to add, that our success is in a great measure owing to the particular blessing of God, and the unparalleled bravery of your troops. I shall endeavour to improve this happy beginning to your Majesty's glory, and the benefit of the Allies.'

Once again the long summer days of anxiety dragged by without any news from the army. The heat in London grew intense and Anne and George left for Windsor, while Sarah stayed at St. Albans.

Word came from France that Louis XIV was confident of success and no longer feared an attack by the allied armies in Alsace. Information reached Anne that on the night of August 1st Louis had given a great fête and banquet at Marly on the banks of the Seine for her young step-brother and his mother—whom Louis designated the 'King and Queen of England.' This is described as

'a sumptuous repast with new services of porcelain and glass, on tables of white marble without cloths! . . . At nightfall, drums, trumpets, cymbals and hautbois announced that the fireworks were about to begin and after supper the King and Queen of England returned to St. Germain's.'

There followed a few days more of uncertainty for Anne, then joy beyond her dreams. Colonel Parke, worn and dirty from his furious seven days' ride across Europe, arrived with the story of the mighty victory of Blenheim. He had been despatched on the evening of the battle, August 2nd, the day following the night of Louis' fête on the banks of the Seine. When Marlborough was assured that the result of the battle was favourable he had torn a blank leaf from a notebook and, still on horseback, had pencilled these few lines to his wife:

'I have not time to say more but to beg you will give my duty to the Queen and let her know her army has had a glorious victory. Monsieur Tallard and two other Generals are in my coach, and I am following the rest. The bearer, my aide-de-camp, Colonel Parke,

will give her an account of what has passed. I shall do it in a day or two by another more at large. Marlborough.'

Overwhelmed with relief and gratitude at this news Anne pressed upon Colonel Parke the usual gift to the bearer of tidings of victory, five hundred pounds. But he begged to be honoured by the gift of her picture instead, so she presented him with her miniature. Afterwards, he was painted by Kneller wearing the miniature with the despatch in his hand and the Battle of Blenheim in the background.

As soon as Colonel Parke had taken his leave, Anne hastily wrote to the wife of the victor:

'Since I sent my letter away with the messenger, I have had the happiness of receiving my dear Mr. Freeman's by Colonel Parke with the goodness of this glorious victory, which, next to God Almighty, is wholly owing to dear Mr. Freeman on whose safety I congratulate you with all my soul. May the same Providence that has hitherto preserved still watch over and send him well home to you. We can never thank God Almighty enough for these great blessings but must make it our endeavour to deserve them: and I hope He will continue His goodness to us in delivering us from the attempts of all our enemies.'

Her transports of joy and gratitude were shared by high and low at what was acknowledged to be the greatest victory since Agincourt. The British army was not only safe but England was exalted beyond their fondest dreams; France was humbled, and her power over Europe, they believed, crushed.

The Queen ordered that a solemn day of thanksgiving be observed on September 7th. As usual when she attended a Thanksgiving Service at St. Paul's Cathedral, the royal coach was preceded by a long line of state coaches carrying Members of both Houses of Parliament, and by her Majesty's Horse Guards and Beefeaters.

On this historic September day the Queen started forth with the Duchess of Marlborough proudly seated beside her in the great state coach drawn by eight horses. Leaving the quiet courtyard of St. James's Palace behind them, they passed through the arched gateway into the uproar of the street outside, where a multitude of spectators cheered themselves hoarse and threatened to break through the line of city Militia that guarded the roadways to the Cathedral.

Down Pall Mall, where houses had sprung up on both sides since the time of Charles II, proceeded the procession of coaches and Guards; past ancient Charing Cross and into the Strand, a relic of Mediæval London which had not been destroyed by the Great Fire. Here from the crumbling buildings swung myriads of trade signs on wrought-iron supports. Some were suspended over the roadway, others hung precariously above the heads of unsuspecting pedestrians from the various shops and taverns—the ‘Swan,’ ‘Fountain,’ ‘Cross Keys,’ ‘Bolt-in-Tun,’ the ‘Bear,’ the ‘Dolphin’ and the ‘Cock.’ Rich Eastern carpets and much-prized tapestries adorned the fronts of the houses. The Queen’s excited subjects leant from every window or were crowded together on the uneven footways.

In this fashion she was slowly driven through Fleet Street and up Ludgate Hill to the West Door of Wren’s masterpiece. Inside the Cathedral Foot Guards formed a lane to the Choir, and when at last the Queen was comfortably seated there, the impressive service commenced.

Addresses of congratulation poured in from all over the country and the people vied with each other in expressing their gratitude. Only the High Tories and the Jacobites were sulky and decried Marlborough’s victory as a useless waste of blood. As to Marlborough himself, Stanhope says that after the Battle of Blenheim there were more complaints in England against him than there were in France against Tallard. But if this can be believed they did not dare to voice loudly such unpopular opinions, for his name was now so illustrious throughout Europe as

well as in England that he was looked upon almost as a god.

The Queen opened Parliament when it assembled on October 24th and made her Speech from the Throne. In reply she received addresses from both Houses, the Commons adding to their congratulations these heartening words:

'We can never enough admire your Majesty's wisdom and courage in sending that reasonable and necessary assistance to the Empire, and we cannot too much commend the secrecy and bravery with which your orders were executed.'

All England, from the Queen and Prince George to the poorest citizen of London, eagerly awaited the arrival of the Duke of Marlborough, the greatest of living men. He left The Hague on December 11th in one of the royal yachts sent by Anne to bear him home, together with Marshal Tallard and other illustrious prisoners and the standards and various trophies of his victory. On the 14th they swept triumphantly up the Thames to Greenwich. Thence Marlborough was conveyed by a smaller boat to the Old Swan Pier, where he was met by Sarah, and together they proceeded up the river to Whitehall Stairs. There a chair awaited them to carry them to St. James's Palace, where they were received by the Queen and the Prince.

During this interview the disposal of the French prisoners was settled. They were to be kept on board the yachts for two nights while arrangements were made for their reception, and then were to be rowed ashore and sent in the Queen's own carriages to Nottingham and Lichfield, remaining there till the end of the war and allowed to hunt and extend their rides within a ten miles radius on parole not to escape.

So great was the excitement over the victory of Blenheim that the news which reached England that autumn of the taking of Gibraltar by the Fleet under Admiral Rooke seemed insignificant in comparison. The actual

taking of the Rock was a most inglorious affair, for the Spanish garrison fled, and the English casualties, amounting to about two hundred seamen wounded and sixty killed, were almost all due to their own carelessness after they had landed, by clambering into a powder magazine with lighted gun matches in their hands—and thereby blowing up the fort and themselves with it.

Nevertheless, by a strange turn of fate, the capture of this important gatepost to the Mediterranean became in the end the only concrete British asset in Europe of the fourteen years of warfare during Anne's reign. It was certainly the only palpable gain she could claim, except Minorca, for all the tragic waste of English life and treasure in the Peninsular War which was waged against the French Commander in Spain—the illegitimate Duke of Berwick, son of James II and Arabella Churchill, and who was therefore in the singular relationship of nephew to Marlborough and half-brother to Anne.

During this session of Parliament, the Occasional Conformity Bill again reared its ugly head but now that its character was more clearly discerned, there was greater opposition to it in the Lower House and it was carried by a majority of only fifty. Its Tory supporters overreached themselves, for they conceived the cunning idea of tacking to this Bill another relating to the Land Tax. The design of this was that, as the latter was a money Bill, the Whig Lords would find themselves in a difficult position for they must either pass the two Bills together, or, if they rejected them, the money required for the war would be stopped and peace would be enforced. Anne and Godolphin were very apprehensive of this contrivance and greatly relieved when the amendment failed by 117 votes to pass the House of Commons and was finally sent up to the House of Lords denuded of the too ingenious 'tack.'

During this session the Queen commenced what became a practice of attending all the important debates in the House of Lords, sitting on the throne, except when the weather was cold, and then on a bench by the fire.

Her avowed purpose was that of keeping more closely informed of their deliberations, but Bishop Burnet admits—and he was the reverse of a flatterer of Queen Anne—that ‘her presence was very serviceable in bringing the House into better order,’ and that she diverted certain storms by her personal endeavours. She was there when the debates took place on the Occasional Conformity Bill, as finally sent up by the House of Commons, and saw it vetoed by a majority of twenty Lords. Well might she hope that this fiend—which had at first appeared to her as the guardian angel of the Church until she found by bitter experience that the claws of intolerance and dissension were protruding from its evil body—had died a natural death.

In this session a most important Bill was sanctioned and became law which enacted that the Queen should again be empowered to name Commissioners to treat for a Union with Scotland. It included the Alien Act, ‘an Act for the effectual securing the Kingdom of England from the apparent danger that may arise from several Acts lately passed in the Parliament of Scotland.’

This Act was a measure of retaliation against the Scottish Act of Security and was intended to put pressure upon the Scots to conclude the Union, for it provided that unless this was agreed to, or the Hanoverian succession to the Crown of Scotland should be settled by Christmas Day, 1705, ‘every native of Scotland not a settled inhabitant of England and not serving in Her Majesty’s forces should be taken and held as an alien,’ that from that date forward no native Scottish cattle or sheep should be brought into England, or even coal or linen. When this Act was passed Lord Roxburgh wrote in consternation: ‘For my part I don’t know what to say, for unless our cattle and linen can be otherwise disposed of we are utterly ruined should these laws take effect.’

CHAPTER XIII

THE LORDS OF THE JUNTO

1705-1706

THE New Year started with an orgy of hero-worship, Anne taking the lead with enthusiasm. On January 3rd, regally attired in a grand dress and many jewels—a splendid sight for the populace who wildly cheered their ‘Good Queen Anne’—she sat at one of the windows of St. James’s Palace overlooking Pall Mall. There she could watch the companies of her red-coated soldiers and pike-men file past on their way to Westminster Hall, with ‘34 standards and 128 colours’ captured at the Battle of Blenheim, temporarily deposited hitherto in the Tower. Of all the tens of thousands of her rapturous subjects thronging the Strand and Pall Mall to see them pass no one rejoiced more heartily than did the Queen, as these emblems of victory were borne proudly by.

She was longing to heap rewards upon the Duke of Marlborough but this time she did not repeat her former mistake of demanding remuneration for him from Parliament. In her Speech from the Throne she only alluded to ‘the glorious victory,’ without even mentioning the Duke’s name. This had the desired effect, and the House of Commons presented an address praying her Majesty to consider some means of perpetuating the memory of the great services performed by the Duke of Marlborough.

Overjoyed that she could at last indulge her sentiments of gratitude, she sounded Churchill and his wife as to what form this appreciation should take; and in February sent a reply to the House that she wished to recommend a grant of the Crown interest in the Royal Honour and Manor of Woodstock and the hundred of Wootton. The

Commons agreeing at once, a Bill was unanimously passed settling this estate upon Marlborough and his heirs for ever, as a feudal tenure of the Crown—on the sole condition, in the language of the Act, ‘of rendering to Her Majesty and her successors on the 2nd day of August in every year for ever, at the Castle of Windsor, one standard on Colours with three Flowers-de-Luce painted there upon.’ These standards are still presented on the 2nd day of every August, the anniversary of the Battle of Blenheim according to the old calendar.

At last the magic wand could once more be joyfully waved, this time to produce a fairy castle. The Queen gave orders to the Comptroller of Works that she would construct at her own expense a splendid palace in the park at Woodstock, to be called the Castle of Blenheim, as a lasting memorial of her own and the nation’s gratitude to the Duke of Marlborough. Unfortunately the Comptroller of Works was Vanbrugh, and he seems to have appointed himself as architect. A model, looking, as models are apt to do, much more beautiful than the finished building, was placed in the gallery at Kensington Palace for the inspection of the Queen and Prince George, who delightedly agreed to Vanbrugh’s designs. To Anne it was the ‘stuff that dreams are made of.’ She could not guess that this dream would become a nightmare. Indeed, she fondly believed that such an historic, munificent gift would soften Sarah’s hard heart and restore the old enchantment of their friendship.

Wistfully desiring to bestow a more personal souvenir in remembrance of this great occasion, Anne gave Sarah a beautifully painted miniature of the Duke, surrounded by diamonds and covered with a thin diamond face. A royal gift indeed, for it was valued at eight thousand pounds.

Blenheim is the only massive erection of which Queen Anne can be accused, for happily she built nothing else. That is, nothing else but one lovely fragment, a dream in very truth, and yet one that has brought substantial shelter and delight to millions since her time—the

Orangery that she commissioned Sir Christopher Wren to build in the gardens of her palace at Kensington as a present for Prince George. No greater contrast can be imagined than this exquisite garden-room built for her simple, loyal husband, and Blenheim, that colossal mausoleum of her friendship for the Churchills.

The Orangery was finished towards the beginning of 1705. That spring whenever George was prevented from walking in the garden by his asthma or the high winds, and Anne could escape from her official duties, she would be carried from the side door of the palace and through the garden in her chair. There, sitting together in the Orangery, with golden shafts of light falling through the long doors upon them, they could rest in happy silence with their dogs about them, looking out upon the garden that George had made and loved.

But although the peace and solitude of that 'sunshiny' time together were as grateful to Anne as the beauty of the Orangery or its sylvan setting, she did not mean to keep all this loveliness entirely to themselves, and was busily planning supper parties that would afterwards take place on fine summer nights when the panelled walls of the Orangery would be illuminated by quantities of candles.

Here, on warm evenings at round walnut tables set with Eastern china and silver candlesticks, the stout hostess and her husband beamed upon their guests; upon the ladies, dressed in hooped gowns of silk brocade with sweeping trains, elaborate head-dresses, high-heeled shoes and fans; and upon the gentlemen, who, having cast aside their periwigs for such a grand occasion, sported their dress wigs called 'furbelows.' These extraordinary head-coverings rose high above the forehead and fell in long curls over the shoulders of cinnamon, dove or salmon-coloured coats of cloth or 'sagathy,' then worn with knee breeches of the same material, and completed by neck-cloths and embroidered waistcoats—too often stained with snuff and wine.

After these banquets the company, led by George and Anne, withdrew towards the round music-room at the end

of the Orangery, where high-backed chairs had been placed facing the harpsichords which accompanied the performers of some one of D'Urfey's pastorals, or those who sang his latest songs, sometimes tender and sometimes humorous. It was for one of these concerts that he wrote and set to music the well-known ballad, "Twas within a Mile of Edinburgh Town." Anne herself appears in some of his songs as 'Great Flora,' a double compliment intended for the Queen and for Prince George's garden.

There was little peace for Anne, however. Disturbing eddies from the whirlpool of politics reached her even at Kensington. The High Tories had encompassed their own ruin by their iniquitous manœuvre in attempting to tack a money Bill on to the Occasional Conformity Bill. Their policy was deplored by the more moderate Tories, while their unpopularity in the country, because of the 'tack' and the nation's belief that the extreme Tories were against the active prosecution of the war, became so great that it was apparent their party generally had lost favour with the people. Therefore the Queen deemed it necessary that certain changes should be made in the Ministry.

Everyone knew that the Duke of Buckingham had caballed with Rochester and Nottingham. Even Anne came to see that it was impossible to trust him any longer, so with a heavy heart she took the Privy Seal away from her old admirer and bestowed it upon a Whig, the Duke of Newcastle. At the same time Prince George, as Lord High Admiral, announced that Rooke was to be superseded as Commander-in-Chief of the fleet and that Sir Cloudesley Shovell, another Whig, should succeed him. Nevertheless the quarrels in Parliament still went on, becoming so violent that Anne decided that there was nothing for it but a dissolution.

Parliament having been dissolved on April 5th, Anne seized this chance for a holiday of the kind she loved best, and journeyed off to Newmarket with George. Here she not only keenly enjoyed the racing, but she played the royal fairy in grand style to the great delight of the inhabitants of that jolly old racing town. She ordered her

house there to be rebuilt; she gave one thousand pounds for repaving the streets; presented a gold plate for one of the races, and bought 'a running horse' for a thousand guineas and gave it to the Prince. Indeed in this year the two seem to have been mightily busy racing; for Prince George gave several gold plates to be run for that summer and autumn, the Queen arranged for a race meeting to be held at Datchet in September, and she attended Newmarket again in October. Not only did she run her own horses on numerous occasions during her reign, but she ran them in her own name—a most popular proceeding.

During their stay at Newmarket they also found time to visit Cambridge, where the Queen was received with as much enthusiasm as had been shown upon her visit to Oxford three years before. When her coach came within a mile of the town they were met by the Mayor, Aldermen and the Earl of Oxford, the latter making a long speech and presenting Her Majesty with a purse of gold.

In the town itself Anne found the undergraduates ranged along the streets in their caps and gowns. They welcomed her with joyful acclamations, not, however, in English but in Latin—so as to display both their loyalty and learning. According to a contemporary historian, 'the ways were all strewn with flowers, the bells rang and the conduits flowed with wine.' In the Regent Walk the royal guests were received by the Duke of Somerset as Chancellor of the University, at the head of the Doctors in their robes. After undergoing one speech from His Grace and another from the Public Orator, the Queen entered Regent House and witnessed the degree of Doctor of Divinity and Law conferred on some eminent men.

Repairing thence to Trinity College, she had to endure another oration, this time from the famous Master, Dr. Richard Bentley. Next she bestowed the honour of knighthood upon several persons, amongst them Mr. Isaac Newton; and graciously permitted about three hundred ladies to kiss her hand.

After this exhausting morning the Queen was enter-

tained at a well-earned banquet in the Hall of Trinity College. Seated upon a throne five feet high, she was in too exalted a position for conversation and could eat her dinner in blissful silence, while the rest of the company dined at four large tables of fifty covers each. This grand old hall must have looked very fine, with the afternoon sun filtering through its stained-glass windows and throwing gaily coloured light upon the Queen and her background of dark oak panelling. No wonder Anne enjoyed herself at Cambridge, for she and George had several old friends there. Dr. Bentley had been their neighbour during their early married life at St. James's Palace, where he was librarian. He had been appointed Master of Trinity by King William, and established a record, for he held the Mastership for forty-two years, to the despair of the Fellows of the College, as he became an extremely quarrelsome old man. Sir Isaac Newton was also a former acquaintance of Anne and a great friend of Prince George.

That afternoon the Queen and her suite visited St. John's and Queens' Colleges, and attended prayers in King's College Chapel. Then setting forth once more they returned to Newmarket the same night. It is amazing that Anne could have stood such a fatiguing day with long drives over bad roads.

The election that spring proved to be a mild triumph for the Whigs. As they now, with the help of the Government supporters known as Queen's servants, held the power in both Houses, Anne was brought face to face with the great Lords of the Whig Junto. The five men who composed this group were all particularly obnoxious to her, and the fact that they were the leaders of the Whigs was the principal reason that she held out against that party so tenaciously. It was not only that she believed them to be atheists, but their private characters were odious to her, and she dreaded the fate of the Church and Monarchy if ever they should come into power.

If she had known Lord Somers, she would have felt differently about him. He was a true patriot, and a great and cultured man. Although he is said to have been an

ardent admirer of the Duke of Marlborough, ‘he was,’ says Archdeacon Coxe, ‘disgusted with the dominating and capricious spirit of the Duchess, and although he approved of her zeal in the Whig cause, he lamented her imprudent and intemperate conduct towards her royal mistress of which he saw the fatal results.’ Somers was born in 1652, and was the son of a Whig lawyer. His first rise into prominence had been in the debates in the House of Commons at the beginning of the last reign when he had exercised all his legal ability in consolidating William’s position as opposed to that of Anne. Nevertheless, the Queen was not vindictive and it is probable that the principal reason for her prejudice against him was that he had the name of being a voluptuary and a socinian. She had doubtless heard a good deal of gossip about him from the Duchess of Marlborough, who wrote to a friend that there ‘was one thing that appeared to be a great blemish in his character, that he lived as publicly with another man’s wife as if she had been his own.’

This was nothing compared with the scandals about Lord Wharton. It was well known that the reputed author of ‘Lilli-Burlero’ was a debauchee, a sceptic and a liar, who in his youth had been one of the wild companions of Charles II. Rumour also connected his name with indecent outrages, carried so far as the profanation of a church. Anne had deliberately shown her antipathy to him at the beginning of her reign, as we have seen, by taking his Wand of Office as Comptroller of the Royal Household from him, and presenting it in his presence to his personal enemy, Sir Edward Seymour. That he was the most loyal and zealous of the Whig party only fixed him all the more indisputably in her eyes as the very quintessence and symbol of Whiggism.

The third member of the Whig Junto, Charles Montague, Lord Halifax, the Queen had no reason for disliking personally, for had he not written those ecstatic verses on her marriage? It was he, a better financier than a poet, who had organised the Bank of England and the National Debt in William’s time. Although he was a

man of culture, his vanity and arrogance made him generally disliked; and his restless intriguing disposition had led him to aspire to the private favour of the Queen through those about her person, especially the Duchess of Marlborough, although in reality he was jealous of the Duke and, it is said, secretly disliked him.

Edward Russell, Earl of Orford, the fourth member of the Whig Junto, had been Groom of the Chamber to the Duke of York, and therefore had been well known to Anne for many years. He was the famous Admiral Russell who had led the combined English and Dutch fleets to victory in the battle of La Hogue, a great sailor but a most disagreeable and untrustworthy man. Orford had annoyed Anne by censuring Prince George's management of the Admiralty.

The last and youngest of this ill-assorted quintet was Marlborough's son-in-law, Lord Spencer, who on the death of his father had become Lord Sunderland. Anne heartily disliked this young man not only on his own account but on his father's—the abettor and betrayer of her own father. The new Lord Sunderland was an avowed republican; a sullen, bad-tempered man, who prided himself upon his atrocious manners and contempt for all Princes and Courts.

It was impossible to include any of these men in the Ministry of 1705 because of the Queen's intense dislike for them all. The Duchess, however, never ceased to press for Sunderland's inclusion, though she could not at this time get Marlborough to support her in the endeavour.

That was a disturbed summer with constant trouble in Scotland, and bad news from the Continent, where the Duke of Marlborough had been experiencing many disappointments. He again spoke of retiring and giving it all up. Again we find Anne encouraging and admonishing. On June 12th she wrote from Windsor:

‘I am very sorry to find from your three last letters to My Lord Treasurer that you have met with so much

vexation and uneasiness; but I hope by this time it is all over. I believe the last resolution you have taken is best and if you should not succeed in what you are now going about I do not doubt but something or other will happen to make you very well satisfied with yourself before this campaign is at an end, and I fancy all reasonable people will be so too. Whatever misfortune may attend you, at least I shall, being very sure nothing will be wanting on your part.

'I do not doubt but you will have an account of all the disagreeable things that happen every day in Scotland and therefore will not mention any particulars, only complain of my misfortune to be obliged, by the circumstances of the times we live in, to do all the unjust, unreasonable things those strange people desire, which gives me more uneasiness than you can imagine. . . . I wish you may find the restless spirits of both parties quiet when you come back, but I mightily fear, everything in my opinion having a melancholy prospect. I pray God send you good success, make you easy in everything and continue you under His generous protection, as He has hitherto done, that your friends may have the satisfaction of seeing you in England again in health, which nobody I am sure will desire more sincerely than your humble servant. The Prince desires me to give his service to you, and assure you that he is extremely concerned that you have been in so much uneasiness.'

During the autumn session of this year the Tories' attitude towards the House of Hanover wounded Anne so deeply that it did more to turn her in the direction of their opponents than anything that could have been done by the Whigs themselves, or the Duchess of Marlborough on their behalf. Sarah says that she had constantly urged the Queen to invite the Electress of Hanover and her grandson, afterwards George I, to come over to England so that the Protestant heir to the Throne might live in his future country. But Anne seems to have had a morbid

horror of the proposal. Her dismay is easy to understand, for, having had all the pain of bearing numerous children and the sorrow of their deaths, she might well feel that she could not bring herself to see the person who would one day reign in their stead. Besides there were all sorts of inconveniences in having another Court, and that a foreign one, in London.

Nor had she forgotten that it was Prince George of Hanover who had come to England ostensibly to woo her and suddenly departed without the expected proposal, so she was not likely to have any very cordial feelings towards him. Many historians make much of the surmise that she wished her stepbrother might succeed her. But there is no evidence of this, and it is most unlikely that she seriously contemplated such an event, in spite of her dislike for the House of Hanover. One thing is certain: she would never have connived at the return of a Roman Catholic to the Throne of Great Britain.

Her chagrin was extreme when the Tory, Lord Haversham, gave notice that he would move an address requesting Her Majesty to invite the Elector of Hanover, the heir presumptive, to reside in this country. The idea of such a debate and a possible acceptance of the invitation threw Anne into an agony of fear, but she bravely determined to be present, and if possible by her presence to restrain the temper of the proceedings. Therefore, upon the day when the motion was to come up for debate, November 15th, she went to the House of Lords.

The Tory Peers were ruthless in the way they handled the subject, and had no regard for her feelings. Allusions were even made to the Duke of Gloucester, the only one of her children whom she had succeeded in keeping alive for a few years. 'Is there any man who doubts that if the Duke of Gloucester had been now alive the Queen had been more secure than she now is? We cannot think of that misfortune without the greatest grief, but yet we are not to neglect our own safety,' asserted Haversham, 'a successor, though not the child of the Prince, is the child of the sovereign and people.' And Buckingham, with the

sting of dismissal still upon him, made the insulting suggestion that ‘the Queen may survive her faculties, and be like a child in the hands of others.’ Rochester, Nottingham and other Tories supported the motion.

The poor Queen, overwhelmed with painful humiliation and despair, found to her amazement the least expected champions arise to protect her when the Whigs opposed the motion. Accordingly it was negatived with a considerable majority, and Bishop Burnet came forward with a solution for any danger which might result from having the heir to the Throne so far away. He proposed that on the Queen’s death the government of the country should be placed in the hands of Lords Justices, who were to govern until the new sovereign landed in England.

Wharton, of all people, made a speech in favour of the Regency motion in which he said many courtier-like, charming things—that he had heard the Queen recommend from the Throne union and agreement to all her subjects; that there was a divinity about her when she spoke, and so on. The Regency Bill was carried.

Her friends the Tories had failed her. They had wounded her in her most tender susceptibilities. She had no one to turn to but the Whigs who had saved the situation so gallantly. Marlborough and Godolphin had been urging for months that the only hope was to give the Whigs more power, and for the first time Anne felt that the latter were not so black as she had supposed. She wrote to the Duchess of Marlborough, pitifully hoping that they might be friends once more:

‘I believe dear Mrs. Freeman and I shall not disagree as we have formerly done, for I am sensible of the services those people have done me that you have a good opinion of and will countenance them, and am thoroughly convinced of the malice and insolence of them that you have always been speaking against.’

But she little knew Sarah—who wanted to have a finger in every pie—if she supposed that the latter would rest

content until an entirely Whig Ministry had been appointed.

The new Lord Keeper, Sir William Cowper, was received as kindly by the Queen and Prince as though they had approved of his appointment from the first. Cowper says in his diary :

‘At night I visited the Prince of Denmark at Kensington whose compliment to me was “that he was glad the Queen had made so good a choice of the Seal.” I assured him none was more devoted to his service, both because he was in the true interests of England and also for that I knew there was no surer way to render my poor services acceptable to her Majesty than in my being accepted by himself.’

All this was very fine, but in a short time we find Cowper consulting the Duchess of Marlborough as to how he might dispossess the Queen of the right which she so tenaciously exercised of disposing herself of the appointments of such Church livings and benefices as were in the gift of the Crown, according to the dictates of her own conscience. Apparently the Duchess was turned on to coerce the Queen into allowing Cowper to take this into his own hands, but Anne would not give up what she considered not only her prerogative but her duty, and she sent Sarah this dignified but pleasant refusal :

‘I cannot say so much to you as I would, but must answer *that part of your last letter* that concerns *My Lord Keeper and his livings*. I have a very good opinion of him and would depend upon his recommendations on any occasion sooner than most people’s. But as to this particular I think the Crown can never have too many livings at its disposal, and therefore though there may be some trouble in it, it is a power I can never think reasonable to part with, and I hope that those who come after me will be of the same mind. . . .’

Such letters as this must belie the popular idea that

Anne was a slave to her favourite or that she lacked brains or strength of character.

Since the passing of the Act of Security in Scotland, by which the Hanoverian Succession had been repudiated, moderate men of both countries were urgently pressing for a union of the two Crowns and Parliaments. But the dissensions in the Scottish Parliament between the Court party whose policy was to bring about the union of the two nations, the Jacobite party whose chief object was to cause all manner of discord likely to trouble the government in the hope of thereby benefiting their own cause, and the Whig party who favoured a Hanoverian Succession but opposed everything else put forward by the English Government, had occasioned such bitter debates that, as John Clerk of Penicuik afterwards wrote,

‘the above factions rubbed one another with great severity so that we were often in the form of a Polish Diet, with our swords in our hands, or at least our hands at our swords. In all this struggle therefore there was no great good done.’

By 1706, however, when all three parties had at length become exhausted by their eternal quarrels, and the new Whig Parliament in England had, as an act of grace, repealed the much-resented Alien Act—which, however, had played a considerable part in teaching the Scots the dangers to themselves of a continued separation—many of them appeared to be in a more reasonable frame of mind and more likely to further the desired Union. Thirty-one Commissioners appointed from each country assembled at the Cockpit on April 16th. Holding their conferences in different rooms, they all met together on special occasions in the big chamber where Anne used to hold her card parties.

To quote Sir John Clerk, who was one of the Scottish Commissioners:

‘In the great Room above mentioned was a long table sufficient to hold all the Commissioners for both kingdoms being about fifty feet in length. At the head

of the table under a Canopy was placed a large chare, ornamented with gold lace and crimsone velvet for the Queen, when she desired to come amongst us. On her left hand sat the Chancellor of Scotland, and on her right hand the Keeper of the Great Seal, the Lord Cowper, afterwards Chancellor of England.

“The Queen came amongst us three several times, once at our first or second meeting to acquaint us of her intention and ardent wishes for our success and had most of our Minutes read to her, and for the last time to approve of what we had done.”

During the period of the assembly of this Commission, John Clerk twice accompanied the Duke of Queensberry to Kensington to give an account of their progress to the Queen. She received them in her closet, for she was again suffering with a bad attack of gout. Young Clerk was aghast to find her in as sordid a state as any other middle-aged invalid of her time would have been in under the same circumstances; but he makes no comment on the really extraordinary fact that in spite of her sufferings she was still good-natured, serene and capable of taking an active part in the affairs of the realm.

It must be remembered that Anne was the most important woman in Europe and made her public appearances only in gorgeous robes and jewels, so naturally the good Scotsman was shocked by the discovery of what went on behind the scenes.

‘One day,’ he relates, ‘I had occasion to observe the Calamities which attend human nature even in the greatest dignities of Life. Her Majesty was labouring under a fit of the Gout, and in extreme pain and agony, and on this occasion everything about her was much in the same disorder as about the meanest of her subjects. Her face, which was red and spotty, was rendered something frightful by her negligent dress, and the foot affected was tied up with a pultis and some nasty bandages. I was much affected by this sight, and

the more when she had occasion to mention her people of Scotland, which she did frequently to the Duke.

'What are you, poor mean like Mortal, thought I, who talks in the style of a Sovereign? Nature seems to be inverted when a poor infirm Woman becomes one of the Rulers of the World, but as Tacitus observes, it is not the first time that women have governed in Britain, and indeed they have sometimes done this to better purpose than the men.'

'But,' the delightful account continues, 'to return to the Treaty of the Union, the Articles were at last agreed to, sign'd and sealed, by all the Commissioners, the 22nd July, 1706. They were afterwards presented to the Queen at her palace of St. James's, before a very numerous Assembly. The Lord Keeper of the Great Seal of England presented his copy to Her Majesty, afterwards making a handsome speech. That on the part of the Scots was presented by our Chancellor, Lord Seafield, whose speech excelled the other so far that it was spoken without Hesitation, whereas that of the Ld. Keeper was miserably mangled in the delivery, and at last he was forced to draw it out of his pocket and read it. However, as he was a very eloquent man and a great Lawyer, he was so conscious of his own merit that he never changed colloures at his accident, but first stopt a little, and then read his speech from a paper with great composure of mind, while all the Audience was in the utmost pain for him.'

'To these Speeches, and the Commissioners on both sides ranged on the Queen's right and left hand, Her Majesty made a very handsome Return, with a very graceful pronunciation and tone of voice. After this Transaction was brought to a conclusion the Commissioners on both sides left the Court, and I, with some of my countrymen, returned to Scotland. But before I left London I was advised to take my leave of the Queen, which I did at Kensington. I was introduced to her by the Earl of Loudon, one of our Secretaries of State. She received me in her closet in

the same homely way as before, for she had again fallen ill of the Gout. She spoke to me with great complacency, wished me a good journey, and in several warm expressions desired I might make it my business to recommend the Union to her people of Scotland.'

Although Anne's gout was still acute and home politics most wearing, the burden of her life was considerably lightened when Colonel Richards arrived bearing news of a great victory over the French at Ramillies on May 12th, and Marlborough's

'duty to the Queen and let her know the truth of my heart, that the greatest pleasure I have in this success is, that it may be a great service to her affairs, for I am sincerely sensible of all her goodness to me and mine.'

This victory brought about a complete change in the course of the war, putting new heart into the Allies, for France was now obliged to fall back through the Netherlands. Before the year was out, Louvain, Brussels, Antwerp, Ghent, Bruges, Ostende, Oudenarde and many smaller places were in the hands of the Allies. From May to October the streets and open places of London were gaily lit with illuminations and bonfires, so quickly was one messenger followed by another with the tidings of fresh victories or of the surrender of important towns.

The intelligence of the defeat of the French army at Ramillies was shortly followed by news that Philip had been forced to raise the siege of Barcelona, and that he was retreating into France.

Anne's indomitable spirit and joy at the success of the Allies brought her from her footstool and poultices on June 27th. She was dressed 'in a rich gowne and Petty Coat of Cloth of Gold brocade,' Prince George wearing 'a rich Cloth suit embroidered and trimmed with silver.' Their state coach was drawn by eight fine bay horses whose manes and tails were trimmed with knots of red,

white and blue ribbons. Again they drove to St. Paul's in great state amid the cheers of the people.

All through the years 1705 and 1706 the Whigs continued to press for the admission into the Ministry of the members of their great Junto, no one being so active on their behalf as their untiring champion the Duchess of Marlborough. It was probably owing to Lord Sunderland's relationship to this lady that his appointment as Secretary of State in place of Sir Charles Hedges became their first aim. Nevertheless, resisting firmly all solicitations, the Queen, with the support of Godolphin and Marlborough, stood her ground. Not only were Sunderland's manners and opinions disagreeable to her, but she did not believe that he was in any way suitable for the post. She also clung tenaciously to her view that if she allowed herself to be forced into the acceptance of this man, the thin edge of the wedge would be inserted and the Whigs would be able to drive her further. As she wrote to Godolphin:

‘If this is complied with you will then in a little time find they must be gratified in something else or they will not go on heartily in my business.’

Subsequent events showed only too well that she was perfectly right in her prophecy.

Throughout the whole controversy Anne had been bombarded by wild remonstrances and long insolent letters from the Duchess which wounded her to the heart, accustomed though she was to Sarah's vehement tongue. The following is a typical example:

‘I beg of God Almighty as sincerely as I shall do for his pardon at my last hour, that Mr. and Mrs. Morley may see their errors as to this notion (or nation) before it is too late, but considering how little impression anything makes that comes from your faithful Freeman, I have troubled you too much and I beg your pardon for it.’

In a later letter she says:

‘Your Majesty’s great indifference and contempt in taking no notice of my last letter did not so much surprise me as to hear my Lord Treasurer say you had complained much of it, which makes me presume to give you this trouble to repeat what I can be very positive was the whole aim of the letter, and I believe very near the words. . . .’

Perhaps the most insulting of all the letters written at this time is the following:

‘Upon recalling everything to my memory that may fill my heart with all passion and tenderness I had *once* for Mrs. Morley I do solemnly protest I think I can no ways return what I owe her so well as by being plain and honest. And as one mark of it, I desire *you* would reflect whether you have never heard that the greatest misfortunes that have ever happened to any of *your* family has not been occasioned by having ill advice and obstinacy in their tempers. . . .’ (The next lines have been erased.) ‘Though ’tis likely nobody has ever spoken thoroughly to you upon those just misfortunes, I fear there is reason to apprehend there is nothing of this in the case of Mrs. Morley, since she has never been able to answer any argument, or to say anything that has the least colour of reason in it, and yet you would not be advised by those who have given the greatest demonstrations imaginable of being in her interest. I can remember a time when *she* was willing to take advice, and loved those who spoke freely to her, and that is not five years ago, and is it possible that when you seriously reflect, that you can do the business upon your hands without it?’

However much these letters must have hurt and disgusted her, Anne either remained silent or wrote as kindly as she could, knowing full well that the Duke was experiencing a like bombardment from his wife. That this was the case is clearly shown by his replies to the letters

of the Duchess, as, for instance, the one written on August 9th in which he hopes to show her that it was against their interest to push Lord Sunderland's appointment, even if she had no respect for Anne's wishes.

'... you know that I have often disputes with you concerning the Queen, and by what I have always observed, when she thinks herself in the right, she needs no advice to help her to be very firm and positive. . . .'

Speaking of Sunderland he goes on:

'I have formerly said so much to you on this subject and to so little purpose that I ought not to have troubled you with all this, knowing very well that you rely on other people's judgment in this matter.'

However, he was allowed no peace until he was finally persuaded against his will to write a letter of remonstrance to the Queen. A letter from her dated August 30th, gives the reasons for her continued refusal kindly and firmly, but shows clearly how troubled she was—apprehensive of getting into the hands of an extreme Whig Ministry and also fearful of Marlborough's resignation, which was constantly used as a weapon by Sarah and the Whigs in their attempts to bend the Queen to their will:

'... All I desire is, my liberty in encouraging and employing all those that concur faithfully in my service, whether they are called Whigs or Tories, not to be tied to one more than to the other, for if I should be so unfortunate as to fall into the hands of either, I should not imagine myself though I have the name of Queen, to be in reality but their slave, which as it will be my personal ruin, so it will be the destroying all government; for instead of putting an end to faction, it will lay a lasting foundation for it. . . .

"You press the bringing Lord Sunderland into business that there may be one of that party in a place of trust to help carry on the business this winter, and you

think if this is not complied with, they will not be hearty in pursuing my service in the parliament. But is it not very hard that men of sense and honour will not promote the good of their country, because everything in the world is not done that they desire! When they may be assured Lord Sunderland shall come into employment as soon as it is possible. Why, for God's sake, must I, who have no interest, no end, no thought but for the good of my country be made so miserable as to be brought into the power of one set of men? And why may not I be trusted since I mean nothing but what is equally for the good of all my subjects?

In the meantime, the Whigs became more and more suspicious that Godolphin was not furthering their cause with the Queen, and this unfortunate man, realising that his position was an impossible one unless the Queen gave way once again, offered his resignation. Being most unwilling to lose his services, she tried to compromise by offering to nominate Sunderland a Privy Councillor with a pension and to confer on him an office superior in emolument to the Secretary of State, but one which would not allow him constant access to her person. Sunderland immediately rejected this offer, and Somers and Halifax announced that their party would go into opposition if their demand was not granted without further delay.

The Duke of Marlborough was kept informed of every stage of this controversy by angry letters from his Duchess, and mild but despondent ones from the unhappy Godolphin. Although the Duke sympathised with the Queen, his personal interests were too much involved for him to stay his hand for long. She must be persuaded to give way. A letter from him dated October 7th reveals his superb diplomatic skill and tact. Each sentence is carefully chosen to break down Anne's resistance:

'As I am persuaded that the safety of your government and the quiet of your life depend very much upon the resolution you shall take at this time I think myself

bound by gratitude, duty and conscience to let you know my mind freely, and that you may not suspect me of being partial, I take leave to assure you in the presence of God that I am not for your putting yourself in the hands of either party. But the behaviour of Lord Rochester and all the hotheads of that party is so extravagant, that there is no doubt to be made of their exposing you and the liberties of England to the rage of France rather than not be revenged as they call it. This being the case there is a necessity as well as justice in your following your inclination in supporting Lord Treasurer, or all must be in confusion. As the humour is at present, he cannot be supported but by the Whigs, for the others seek his destruction which in effect is yours. Now, pray consider, if he can by placing some few about you give such a confidence as shall make your business and himself safe, will not this be the sure way of making him so strong that he may hinder your being forced into a party? I beg you will believe I have no other motive to say what I do but my zeal for your person and friendship for a man whom I know to be honest and zealously faithful to you.'

To his wife, who had upbraided him and repeated the unjust things said of him, Marlborough writes sternly of her friends the Whigs, adding:

'... since the resolution is taken to vex and ruin the Lord Treasurer because the Queen has not complied with what was desired for Lord Sunderland, I shall from henceforth despise all mankind and think there is no such thing as virtue, for I know with what zeal the Lord Treasurer has pressed the Queen in this matter....'

The struggle went on, Anne being apparently without a single supporter. But at last the Whigs began to suspect that in spite of Harley's protestations of accord with themselves he was really strengthening the Queen's

resolution not to accept Sunderland. Fearing lest the Whigs might wreak their vengeance upon Harley, she at last consented to the retirement of Sir Charles Hedges, and Sunderland's appointment was announced to take effect from December 3rd.

Shortly afterwards when Anne was pressed to make other less important changes in favour of the Whigs, her one satisfaction was that she could remove from the Privy Council those of the Tory party who had tried so ceaselessly to humiliate her and impede the war. These included Rochester, Nottingham and Jersey. But now that Godolphin and Marlborough had definitely rallied to the Whig cause she found herself again, as she had so much dreaded, in the hands of a party, the only Tories of importance left in her Ministry being Harley and St. John.

The Queen, whose idea had been that a comfortably safe state equipage should be drawn by a quiet well-matched pair, had discovered to her dismay that—fine horsewoman as she was—she could not drive the Tory and Whig parties in double harness. One or other of them inevitably persisted in running away, after kicking its neighbour out of the traces. At the end of 1706 the Whig party had fiercely grasped the bit and would soon be ‘going hell for leather.’ However firmly she might continue to apply the brake, she knew only too well that in the end she must lose control and that the reins of government would slip from her hands.

CHAPTER XIV

THE GLORY OF HER REIGN

1707

PROBABLY no woman in history has possessed a stronger will or more passionate desire to impose it upon others than Sarah Churchill, Duchess of Marlborough. Even her husband, the greatest soldier of his age and most charming and adroit of diplomats, although he could manage her to a certain extent by excusing superlative tact and flattery, never dared oppose her for long; and such was her power over him that, in spite of her increasing temper and all the troubles that she brought upon him, she kept his heart to the end.

This makes it all the more remarkable that Anne, her devoted and admiring friend since childhood, should have possessed the strength of character to withstand the Duchess's political importunities and never became the slave of her favourite that she is generally supposed to have been. It is true that she put up with many tantrums and insulting letters, but it must be remembered that Anne was of a wonderfully forgiving nature, as was clearly shown by her attitude towards William and Mary. Also her unfailing tenderness for her friend caused her to excuse much.

There was another reason, an imperative reason, why she should not break with Sarah, for if she did so this would certainly lead to the resignation of the Duke and unthinkable foreign complications—amongst others the inevitable abandonment of the war, for no other living man could win victory and hold the Allies together as Marlborough had done. The resignation of the Duke would encourage France beyond belief. It might even



SARAH, DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH

imperil the Act of Union, while the Crown, Church and country would be placed in danger.

Notwithstanding the inclusion of a large number of Whigs in the Ministry, the Duchess still remained turbulent and unappeased. She well knew that it was not owing to her endeavours that the Queen had given way about these appointments, but that it was due to the need for a more ardent prosecution of the war, and to the delinquencies of the Tories. This was the fact that rankled in Sarah's mind, together with the knowledge, inexpressibly bitter to one of her dominant and arrogant nature, that it was well known by this time that she did not possess the power of making political careers, and that her importance was therefore growing appreciably less. She bitterly confessed in a letter to Anne: 'I must own I have not many suitors and I believe the secret begins to be discovered especially at Court.' Even Halifax, who had given so many charming supper parties in her honour, and Somers, who had stood hat in hand most obsequiously when she passed him in her coach, as well as the other members of the Whig Junto who had formerly counted so much on her favour, now paid little attention to her. She still had a multitude of interests and activities to occupy her time. There was that majestic pile rising at Blenheim, about which there were continual quarrels with Vanbrugh and the builders, her houses at Windsor and St. Albans, her daughters, grandchildren and voluminous correspondence, besides her Court duties—when she condescended to bother about them—all of which would have more than filled the time of any ordinary woman.

As Sarah had always resented outside interference and driven away all other would-be participants of her mistress's favour, Anne lived a curiously isolated life. Both her own and her husband's health made it difficult for them to hold frequent Courts, even if they had been inclined to do so, and when they did people found them extremely dull affairs. To spend the afternoon standing or sitting about the Queen while she struggled to ring

the conversational changes on the aspect of the weather was not an exhilarating pastime, and the great lords and ladies came as seldom to St. James's Palace as they decently could.

In her isolation Anne was naturally drawn more closely towards the only woman about her whom she felt she could trust—Abigail Hill. Not only was the latter a most devoted nurse and servant, but she was a clever woman, an amusing mimic, and an ardent supporter of the High Church party, holding the same views as Anne on many subjects. Moreover, she could play delightfully upon the harpsichord.

After a heavy dinner, which began at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, Prince George would sleep off the effects of his potations. Then the Queen, free from her public duties for a short space, would sit with Abigail while she played the haunting melodies of Purcell which Anne so dearly loved. During these happy hours a few others would be admitted to the favourite green closet in St. James's Palace and sit about the tea-table, listening to the music or talking. Mr. Masham, the Prince's Groom of the Chamber, was a frequent visitor; but the most interesting member of the circle from Anne's point of view was Robert Harley, who possessed a remarkable fund of information gleaned for him by Daniel Defoe and other mysterious agents from all over the country. This knowledge, though only acquired at third-hand, interested the Queen and kept her in touch with the state of the country and the trend of the minds of her people. Best of all, Robert Harley agreed entirely with her dislike of extreme party politics and worked for moderation in all things.

That the Duchess knew nothing about these pleasant gatherings indicates how little attention she and her daughters paid to their Court duties. Abigail, as well as her royal mistress, realised that Sarah would be furiously jealous of their intimacy, so they strove to hide all knowledge of such proceedings from her. In fact, Abigail wisely avoided thrusting herself into her cousin's notice

in any way; and when she and Mr. Masham resolved to marry it was at her earnest request that the marriage was kept secret.

There could be no doubt that sentimental Anne would take a tender interest in this romantic affair, and enter heartily into the arrangements for the wedding—at which she intended to be present—in Dr. Arbuthnot's rooms at the palace. Although she constantly urged that it would be wise to let the Duchess know of this marriage, Abigail so dreaded the terrible scenes that might ensue that nothing could persuade her to agree. This secrecy made it extremely awkward for Anne to provide for the couple in the manner she desired. As Sarah was the Keeper of the Privy Purse, the only way to get around this difficulty was to invent a vague story of her need of a considerable sum of money, avoiding all explanations as to its use.

This led to many absurd situations, for Sarah held the purse-strings very tightly and cavilled at each demand of the Queen for money for her private needs. There is much evidence that Anne was often without any spare cash. Lockhart gives an instance:

‘When the Queen happened to have occasion to call for a small sum of money, the Duchess of Marlborough, who kept her Privy Purse, would tell her, it was not fit to squander any money whilst so heavy a war lasted, at the same time a vast sum was being spent in the building of the Duke of Marlborough’s magnificent palace at Woodstock.

‘I remember that, just then,’ Lockhart continues, ‘Mrs. Dalrymple brought up from Scotland a very fine japanned cabinet, which, being her own work, she presented to the Queen, but it was more than six months before Her Majesty could be mistress of fifty guineas which she designed to give as a return for the compliment, that sum, indeed, being scarcely the value of it.’

She was even obliged to borrow small amounts of money from her ladies for her charities when the Duchess

refused to come to Court, as she often did for weeks at a time.

At this period it has been estimated that Marlborough and his wife were drawing annually from various sources £64,000 to £90,000 of public money, yet at the same time Sarah was quarrelling with Anne's old nurse, Mrs. Danvers, about the clothes which Anne had cast off. Mrs. Danvers as one of the Women of the Bed-chamber to the Queen thought that she had a right to these garments, whilst Sarah asserted

'that the Queen's Mistress of the Robes was a particular place, and that the Bed-chamber woman had no more right to her Majesty's clothes than the Grooms of the Bed-chamber to take them from a King's Master of the Robes, who never had anything but a part of his linen. However, I never failed to give the Queen's women three or four mantuas and petticoats every year, some little thing for her sempstress with a mantle or two to the women that looked after her clothes. There would not be more than two or three for *my own* service. The dressers railed at me everywhere, and said I took from them all their clothes for myself, though in this case, everybody that had commonsense must know they *all* belonged to me, and none of them to the Bed-chamber women after *she* came to be Queen; when she was only Princess, by the old rules of Court they were but to have half the clothes between them.'

In her indignation Sarah protested to Anne that Mrs. Danvers told 'false and impudent things of her (Sarah) and therefore ought to be dismissed from the royal employ.' But Anne kept her old servant—who had served her mother before her—and tried to stop the unseemly wranglings over cast-off clothing by giving Danvers five hundred pounds a year. The latter, however, ill repaid her mistress's generosity. One day when the bed-chamber woman was not well and thought she might be dying, she sent for the Duchess and begged her 'to protect her daughter and let her be in her place.'

The Duchess, however, told her that she could not make such a promise because she was on bad terms with the Queen.

It then transpired that Mrs. Danvers was jealous of Abigail Hill. She told the Duchess many stories of the influence that she exercised over the Queen and her enmity towards the Duchess. Thus the spark was lighted which was destined to end in repeated explosions on the part of Sarah. From this time onwards she attributed every action of Anne to the machinations of Abigail. One of many grievances was that Sarah believed Abigail did not like a certain Mrs. Vane whom she, Sarah, wanted to thrust upon her mistress as bed-chamber woman. The fact was that Anne did not want this woman, no doubt fearing that she might act as a spy on behalf of the Duchess. But Sarah insisted upon Marlborough and Godolphin using their utmost powers of persuasion to make the Queen take Mrs. Vane into her service. Nevertheless Anne firmly refused, saying that 'she did not want a bed-chamber woman, and when she did she would not have a married person for the future.'

This led Sarah to accuse Anne of making a favourite of Abigail. She also assailed her mistress with remonstrances for encouraging one whom she believed 'conversed only with Jacobites and disaffected Tories.' To this charge Anne replied in her usual amiable manner but with a touch of sarcasm which showed that even her patience would not stand everything. . . .

'I have so often been unfortunate in what I have said to you, that I think the less I say to your last letter the better, therefore I shall only in the first place beg your pardon once more for what I said the other day, which I find you take ill, and say something in answer to your explanation of the suspicions you seem to have concerning your cousin Hill, who is very far from being the occasion of feeding Mrs. Morley in her passion, as you are pleased to call it; she never meddling with anything. I believe others that have been in her station

in former times have been tattling and very impertinent, but she is not at all of that temper; and as for the company she keeps, it is with her as with most other people, I fancy, that their lot in the world makes them move with some out of civility rather than choice, and I really believe, for one that is so much in the way of company, she has less acquaintance than anyone upon earth.'

The Queen had more important things to think of than these petty disputes which were being constantly forced upon her attention. She was in great suspense as to whether the union of the two kingdoms, for which she had so earnestly longed and worked, would become an accomplished fact. The extreme Tories in England and the Jacobites in both countries were vehemently opposed to this measure. The Tory opposition was led by Rochester and Nottingham; and in Scotland the Duke of Hamilton, Anne's kinsman—with whom she was on most affectionate terms—was its chief assailant. It is ascribed by some historians to her influence that he finally withdrew his opposition. When he was in London the previous year, during the sitting of the Commission, she had asked him to come to her on numerous occasions and is believed to have then confided in him how much she desired the Union and the fears and difficulties that beset her.

A certain section of the public in Scotland was at that time so antagonistic to the union with England that a wild mob of people stationed themselves outside the Parliament House in Edinburgh during the debates on the measure, their delight being to hoot and hustle every supporter of the Union; while inside the House it was asserted that a band of traitors to their God and country were dragging Scotland and her ancient laws to destruction, that their Presbyterian religion was at stake and that the taxation would reduce every labouring man to starvation.

Meanwhile, in England, all the moderate Tories and

Whigs united in passionate efforts to obtain the ratification of the measure which they knew would be the only safeguard against civil war on Anne's death—possibly even before—and a probable breaking away of the Northern Kingdom. Marlborough and Godolphin had worked whole-heartedly for the Union, but for some reason, probably for no more worthy one than to thwart Anne, the Duchess set herself vehemently against it.

Finally, when the back of the political opposition had been broken and the Act was carried triumphantly through both the English Houses of Parliament, it received the royal assent on March 6th, 1707.

A letter from the Queen was read in the Scottish Parliament saying that she hoped the Treaty of Union, which had been concluded by the Commissioners of both countries, would be acceptable to them, for she would esteem it the greatest glory of her reign to see it perfected, being persuaded it must bring happiness to her people. She renewed her assurances that after the Union they should continue to have complete independence within the borders of Scotland, so far as concerned the regulation of their Church; and recommended them to calmness and unanimity. The Act was finally carried in the Scottish Parliament by one hundred and sixteen voices against fifty-two, but the mob outside was so dissatisfied that they attacked the houses of the Provost of Edinburgh and some of the Commissioners, and the Privy Council was obliged to call out the Foot-guards for their protection.

Young John Clerk, having journeyed with the Duke of Queensberry and the other Scottish Commissioners to London once more, describes the formal day appointed for the union of the two nations. This took place on the 1st of May.

'That day was solemnised by Her Majesty and those who had been Members of both Houses of Parliament with the greatest splendour. A very numerous procession accompanied the Queen to the Cathedral church of St. Paul's at least 3 or 400 coaches. The

Bishops and Peers sat in Galleries on her Majesty's right hand, and the late members of the House of Commons of England with such as had been chosen to represent the Commons of Scotland in the first British Parliament, were on her left hand. I think there were not above half a dozen of the Scots commoners then in London, and amongst those I had the happiness to be present at this solemn piece of Devotion.

'A sermon was preached by the Bishop of London, and prayers of Thanksgiving were very heartily put up for the success of the Union. At least nobody on this occasion appeared more sincerely devout and thankful than the Queen herself. A fine piece of Musick closed the solemnity, and we return'd back to the Court at St. James's palace in the same order we came to the Cathedral.

'On this occasion I observed a real joy and satisfaction in the Citizens of London, for they were terribly apprehensive of confusions from Scotland in case the Union had not taken place. That whole day was spent in feastings, ringing of Bells and illuminations, and I have reason to believe that at no time Scotsmen were more acceptable to the English than on that day.'

"The Union with Scotland is the happiness of my reign," said the Queen. It was indeed a personal triumph, and one which has never yet been adequately acknowledged by English historians. Probably no one but the Queen herself and the Duke of Queensberry knew how enormously her encouragement and influence had helped to carry through this great issue—so controversial that it appears to be almost owing to a miracle that the Union was ever agreed upon.

The Queen and Prince George spent part of this summer, as was their usual custom, at Hampton Court, now entirely completed according to the beautiful designs of Sir Christopher Wren. Unfortunately much of the interior decoration had not been finished until Anne's reign, and we must blame her for the few discordant

notes. For instance, in the Queen's Gallery the chimney-piece of grey marble surmounted by a bust of Venus in white marble between turtle doves and Cupids, is quite incongruous with the rest of the room. The result must have made poor Wren writhe in an agony of despair. But the worst and at the same time the most amusing of her atrocities, are in her own drawing-room, that splendid room looking over the Great Fountain Garden and the Home Park.

The walls of this room were especially painted for Queen Anne by her Italian Court painter, Verrio, and finished in 1705. They are painted in his most courtier-like manner, and unfortunately he was a better courtier than painter. Still, it may have given Anne pleasure to see herself adorning the ceiling in the character of Justice, complete with sword and scales, while Neptune and Britannia held a crown above her head. On the wall facing the seven fine windows she again appears, looking like a lumpy girl of sixteen apparellled in a negligée, receiving homage from the four quarters of the globe. On the north wall her dear George, gorgeous in armour as Lord High Admiral of England, points to Verrio's idea of the British Fleet, while on the wall facing him Cupid is seen being drawn over the waves by sea-horses with the fleet in the background. The bed in which Anne and George slept, a truly wonderful erection with gold and red velvet canopy and curtains, and some other pieces of their furniture, are now kept in the private dining-room which they used. Behind her bedroom is her dressing-room with—luxury of luxury in those days—a marble basin called a bath, but from its size and single tap looking more like a drinking-fountain in a park.

Even if she did not appreciate the full beauty of the architecture, the peace and charm of this wonderful palace must have been very dear to Anne. She and George would sit in the garden banqueting house beside the river, watching the gay water-world go by. In those days the Thames was filled with rowing-boats and others with brown slanting sails; while its picturesqueness was

increased by numbers of royal swans, whose proud white necks and bodies graced the river everywhere.

The royal pair were not to be left long in peace, for a tornado suddenly burst upon them when Sarah discovered the Masham marriage, and worse still that Anne had known of it. In the words of the Duchess :

'I went presently to the Queen and asked her why she had not been so kind as to tell me of my cousin's marriage, expostulating with her upon the point, and putting her in mind of what she used often to say to me out of Montaigne, "that it was no breach of promise of secrecy to tell such a friend anything, because it was no more than telling it to oneself," all the answer that I could obtain from Her Majesty was this, "I have a hundred times bid Masham tell it you, and she would not."

'The conduct both of the Queen and of Mrs. Masham convinced me that there was some mystery in the affair, and thereupon I set myself to enquire as particularly as I could into it. And in less than a week's time I discovered that my cousin was become an absolute favourite, that the Queen herself was present at her marriage in Dr. Arbuthnot's lodgings, at which time Her Majesty had called for a round sum out of the Privy purse; that Mrs. Masham came often to the Queen when the Prince was asleep, and was generally two hours every day in private with her; and I likewise then discovered beyond all dispute Mr. Harley's correspondence and interest at Court by means of this woman.'

Whereupon the Duchess began to vent her rage upon Anne and Mrs. Masham in copious letters and visits. She likewise started a hue and cry after Harley, seeking to persuade her husband, Godolphin and the chiefs of the Whig party to join in the chase. Knowing his lady, Marlborough at first answered her vehement accusations rather incredulously, cautioning silence and prudence. It required many letters to stir him up to the danger his

wife protested there was in this affair. But Godolphin followed her lead at once and soon was also writing alarming letters to Marlborough. Naturally the Whig Junto and Ministers were only too glad to join in hunting-out one of the last of the two important Tories left in the Government.

The story told by the Duchess was that Harley was 'endeavouring to create in the Whigs jealousies of Lord Godolphin and the Duke of Marlborough, and at the same time assuring the Tories that they might depend upon the Queen's inward affection to them, and that it was wholly owing to those two great Lords that the Tories were not still possessed of all the places and employment. His design was to ruin the Whigs, by disuniting them from the Ministry, and to pave the way for the Tories to rise again, whom he thought to unite in himself as their head, after he had made it possible for them to think of a reconciliation with the Duke of Marlborough and Lord Godolphin.'

This somewhat involved story had the effect of arousing suspicions in the minds of everyone of the Duchess's friends, so much so that when the Queen appointed two new bishops, Dr. Blackhall to the See of Exeter and Sir William Dawes to Chester, her action was immediately attributed to Harley's influence over her. Both these prelates were great and good men and most suitably chosen, but they were anathema to the Whigs, because, being High Churchmen, they would bring two extra Tory votes to the House of Lords. Even Dr. Burnet, a rabid Whig bishop, could say nothing unbiased against the appointments, for he writes: 'These divines were in themselves men of value and worth, but their notions (politics) were all on the other side.' A storm of protest followed. All the Whigs were in a turmoil. Letters relating to the supposed intrigues of Harley flew back and forth between the Duchess, her husband and Godolphin throughout that summer, and they all addressed numerous letters to the Queen trying to make her forgo her

promises to the bishops, which she persistently refused to do.

A letter from Anne, in answer to one from the Duke, explains her position very clearly, pointing out that there had been no collusion between her and Harley:

'I had the satisfaction of receiving yours of the 25th last Wednesday, for which I give you many thanks and for your kindness in telling me your mind so freely; and I beg you will continue to do so upon all occasions. But as to what you say that I must put my business into Mr. Harley's hands, or follow the Lord Treasurer's measures, I should be glad if you would explain yourself a little more on that. For I know no measures the Lord Treasurer has but what were laid down when you were here, and I do not know how I have broken any of them; for I cannot think my having nominated Sir William Dawes and Dr. Blackhall to be Bishops is any breach, they being worthy men; and all the clamour that is raised against them proceeds only from the malice of the Whigs, which you would see very plainly if you were here. I know this is otherwise represented to you, and I believe you have been told as I have, that these two persons were recommended to me by Mr. Harley, which is so far from true that he knew nothing of it, till it was the talk of the town; I do assure you that these men were my own choice. . . .'

On Sarah's instigation, Marlborough and Godolphin tried the method of coercion which they had used so often in the past whenever they had experienced difficulty in getting their own way with Anne. They both threatened to resign. But this time their threats were in vain, for they fell on unbelieving ears. Sarah appears to have accused her mistress of treating their resignations as a matter of slight importance, because we find Anne replying in these words:

'I am very sorry that you who have known me so long can give way to such a thought as that I do not

think the parting with my Lord Marlborough and my Lord Treasurer of much consequence because I did not mention anything of my Lord Marlborough's kind letter concerning me. The reason of that was, I really was in a great hurry when I writ to you, and not having time to write on the subject to both, I thought it was the most necessary to endeavour to let him see he had no reason to have suspicions of anyone having power with me, besides himself and my Lord Treasurer, and I hope they will believe me.

'Can dear Mrs. Freeman think that I can be so stupid as not to be sensible of the great services that my Lord Marlborough and my Lord Treasurer have done me, nor of the great misfortune it would be if they should quit my service? No, sure, you cannot believe me so void of sense or gratitude. I never did, nor never will give them any just reason to forsake me, and they have too much honour and too sincere a love of their country to leave me without cause. And I beg you will not add that to my other misfortunes by pushing them on to such an unjust and unjustifiable action.' . . .

Marlborough and Godolphin then tried expostulating with Harley, and in no uncertain words required him to give a complete answer as to whether he would continue to support the policy on which they had hitherto acted. They also charged him with influencing the Queen in the choice of the bishops. On September 16th he wrote to Marlborough in his own defence:

'For near two years I have seen the storm coming upon me, and now I find I am to be sacrificed to sly insinuations and groundless jealousy. . . . I have not interposed in, or contradicted directly or indirectly, by myself or any other, the putting in or putting out any person, or meddled with any measures which are taken, for I have avoided knowing them. And yet I am now first charged in general and when I desired that particulars might be told me, nothing is specified but the two nominated bishops. I must therefore say

the same to your Grace I did when it was mentioned to me yesterday, that I never knew those two persons, I never spoke of them, nor even thought of them, or directly or indirectly ever recommended them to the Queen, or to or by any other person. And my Lord, I must do myself this justice that I am above telling a solemn lie; that I scorn the baseness of it, and that if I had known or recommended those persons, I would not have been so mean as to deny it, but would have owned it and given my reasons for it.'

Whether Mr. Harley was quite so innocent as he pretended to be is a matter of dispute, but there is no proof that the accusations brought against him of influencing the Queen in the Church appointments is true, or that he had intrigued against the Duke or Godolphin. All the evidence points to a contrary conclusion. But there can be little doubt that he had encouraged the Queen in her distrust of the Whigs. Also that he heartily disliked the Duchess of Marlborough; with good reason too, for although he had consistently tried to please her, she had always treated him with disdain, declining even to speak to him. Harley was perhaps a double dealer and working for the sake of his own ambition, but the tactics which Sarah and her followers pursued were the very ones most calculated to estrange Anne from them, and were bound in the end to lead to their own downfall.

Anne had shown a hundred times that although she was loving and amiable she would not allow herself to be dictated to in any way that was contrary to her own views. She had, to her bitter regret, allowed circumstances to place her at last, after many a tough battle, in the hands of the Whigs—but that she did not intend to remain there for ever was clearly demonstrated later on.

As she forcefully wrote to Godolphin early in September:

'Whosoever of the Whigs thinks I am to be hectored or frightened into a compliance, though I am a woman, is mightily mistaken in me. I thank God I have a soul

above that, and am too much concerned for my reputation to do anything to forget it.'

In an undated letter she says:

'As long as I live, it shall be my endeavour to make my country and my friends easy; and though those that come after me may be more capable of so great a trust as it has pleased God to put into my poor hands, I am sure they can never discharge it more faithfully than her that is sincerely your humble servant.'

This woman was no weakling, no pawn in the hands of others as has so often been erroneously stated. Nor yet was she a fool, and we can thank Providence that she had the good sense to moderate the violent party rule which would have done inestimable harm to England at a time above all others when the future of the world depended so much upon the stability of this country.

As usual, Anne, together with her husband and their Court, including Godolphin and the Mashams, spent August at Windsor, where she again enjoyed hunting the stag in her high-wheeled chaise. She must have possessed extraordinary skill and been extremely lucky too, for not once does her fast horse seem to have stumbled or fallen, through all the rough glades of Windsor Forest. From Windsor the Court went to Newmarket in October, and there Anne revisited Cambridge and was again splendidly entertained.

On November 6th the united Parliament of Great Britain met for the first time. The Queen addressed the two Houses in a speech worthy of the great occasion:

'It is with all humble thankfulness to Almighty God, and with entire satisfaction to myself that I meet you here in this first Parliament of Great Britain, not doubting but you come with heart prepared as mine is, to make this Union so prosperous as may answer the well grounded hopes of all my good subjects, and the reasonable apprehensions of our enemies.

'To this end, nothing is so immediately material as to convince, as soon as possible both our friends and our enemies, that the unity of our interests has not only improved our ambitions but our resolutions also to prosecute this just and necessary war, until we obtain a safe and honourable peace for ourselves and for our Allies. . . ?'

The war had not gone well this year. Hostilities in Flanders had reached a condition of stalemate. In Spain there had been a serious reverse at Almanza. Moreover England had suffered a naval disaster in which several battleships were wrecked in a bad storm off the Scilly Isles, and the Admiral, Sir Cloudesley Shovell, lost his life.

Anne's personal troubles were acute this autumn. Her health was very bad; and she was bothered by a host of political difficulties, the one of all others which cut her to the heart being an attack on the Admiralty in which Prince George was named, and his great friend and next in command, Admiral Churchill, attacked by both Whigs and Tories. The attack was launched in the House of Lords one day when Anne was present '*incognito*.' Both the Queen and Prince George took such great offence that the matter was dropped—after a committee had been appointed to examine the complaints. Undoubtedly too much had been left to the decision of the Prince. He knew little of such matters, was often ill, and when he was well, spent the greater part of the afternoon stretched upon his bed. From the evidence taken on oath there can be no doubt that there had been some mismanagement in the affairs of the Navy both as to building new battleships, and failure to protect merchant-men. Yet these criticisms were owing in great measure to political jealousy. The critics could point to few disasters due to negligence on the part of the Admiralty, which was dealing with a vastly bigger problem—the protection of the merchant marine—than had been even dreamt of by their predecessors.



GEORGE, PRINCE OF DENMARK

The reign of Queen Anne saw an enormous expansion in the over-seas carrying trade of England. Now that France had lost her foreign markets, English cloth was shipped to strange exotic peoples—thousands of miles from the little green island where it had been woven in cottage homes—and great vessels returned laden with the wealth of the East. Lacquer and porcelain from China and the Indies, carpets from Levantine ports and velvets from Genoa added to the charm of the sunny, comfortable mansions then being built in most pleasant places throughout England. English homes were becoming veritable treasure-houses for rare and beautiful objects from other lands, and for the exquisite work of English fingers—marquetry, silver, flowered brocades and chintzes of entrancing designs.

CHAPTER XV

HER BACK TO THE WALL

1708

FOR some time Godolphin had been convinced that Harley was a villain who was out to injure him. He conveyed his suspicions to Marlborough, but the latter hesitated to give the Queen pain by asking for the dismissal of the Secretary upon whom she depended so much, although he was afraid that Harley might succeed in his supposed intention of supplanting Godolphin. They were aided by an incident which placed Harley in an extremely awkward position.

A clerk in his office named Gregg was found to have despatched copies of important state documents to the French. This he had managed to do by concealing the documents amongst Marshal Tallard's letters, which were sent to the Secretary's office from Nottingham to be read before they were forwarded to France. Gregg was charged with high treason, pleaded guilty at the Old Bailey and was sentenced to be hanged, but his execution was delayed for nearly three months in the hope of extorting from him a confession which would implicate Harley. Nothing, however, could be proved against the Minister except carelessness, and before his execution Gregg solemnly exculpated his chief from all participation in his treasonable act.

Nevertheless, Harley's position was considerably weakened by suspicions aroused by this unfortunate incident, and early in February Marlborough and Godolphin pressed for his dismissal, which Anne indignantly refused. A few weeks later, with the intention of forcing the Queen's hand, they actually resigned. By this time

Anne might have thought that Godolphin was as well out of the way, but Marlborough's resignation was a different matter; she could not let him go and she entreated him to bear in mind his duty to her and to the State and stay on. He and Godolphin, however, absented themselves from the next Council meeting, causing a great sensation, and when Harley attempted to open it he was interrupted by the Duke of Somerset, who remarked, 'I do not see how we can deliberate when the Commander-in-Chief and the Lord Treasurer are absent.' The meeting therefore broke up, and Anne left the room, almost in tears.

Trusting that Marlborough would withdraw his resignation, the Queen felt inclined to support Harley at all costs. But Harley himself saw that no good could be served by remaining in office and offered to resign. At this moment Prince George was very ill, and feeling that he could not have his last moments upon earth embittered by political upheavals, he joined with Harley in entreating Anne to give way, so that at length she yielded. Summoning Marlborough to the palace, in a few bitter words she informed him that the Minister who had become so obnoxious to him would no longer remain in her service.

Harley's personal friends, St. John, Sir Thomas Mansell and Sir Simon Harcourt, also resigned. Their places were filled by three Whigs. Harley's Secretaryship was given to Henry Boyle, an intimate friend of Godolphin's; Robert Walpole became Secretary at War, and Lord Cholmondeley succeeded Mansell—a completely Whig Ministry being thus formed. Although they had triumphed, Godolphin and Marlborough were left with an uneasy feeling that, having cut themselves off from the Tories, they would be henceforth entirely dependent upon the tender mercies of the Whigs.

The supreme power of the Whigs was most unpopular with many sections of the people, especially with the country gentlemen and English Jacobites, and the clamour against the seemingly indefinite length of the war increased in an alarming manner. In Scotland too, there was much disaffection among the great Highland

chieftains over the terms of the Union, their dissatisfaction nearly leading to open rebellion.

To add to Anne's extreme anxiety about her husband's health and the political situation, she was informed of a discovery made through spies on the Continent of an intended invasion of Scotland by the French fleet, together with 6,000 men under the command of her half-brother James, the Pretender, or the Chevalier St. George as he was generally called in France. With this force James hoped to draw to himself all the disaffected elements in Scotland. The young prince was now twenty years old. So certain was he of success that he had equipped himself with everything deemed necessary for his use in Scotland—services of gold plate, liveries, uniforms, and even standards with the Arms of England, Scotland and Ireland. Moreover, he had actually created a Master of the Scottish Mint and issued orders for a new coinage.

As soon as Marlborough received the news of this intended invasion, he took hasty measures for the protection of Scotland, while the Admiralty showed a vigour which completely belied the aspersions recently cast upon it, for they used the utmost despatch in fitting out two English squadrons of twenty-six vessels under Sir George Byng to co-operate with several Dutch ships against the French fleet. On March 4th, by order of the Queen, the new Secretary of State, Mr. Boyle, informed the House of Commons that the Pretender was at Dunkirk with a fleet and fifteen battalions of men ready to embark for Scotland. This announcement produced the utmost alarm in the House and throughout the country, but Anne had the satisfaction of seeing her subjects of every party rally to the Throne with all possible demonstrations of loyalty and affection.

In the meantime, before the French realised that their designs were known, the British and Dutch fleet appeared off Dunkirk, only to be driven back by tempestuous weather. To complicate the uncertainty of the French the young Prince developed measles, and the doctors refused

to allow him to embark. However, he insisted on being carried aboard, and they set sail for the Firth of Forth.

Anne was in a miserable state of suspense. If James was indeed her brother, she would naturally fear for his safety, but all the old doubts of his parentage were still there; and in any case she must necessarily be in a state of dread for what might transpire in Scotland. All that she held most dear was at stake, the Union, the Protestant religion and the war on the Continent.

But her suspense was soon ended, for word came that the French had been surprised by Byng's fleet and that they had given up their original plan, but it was a month or more before it became known that they had returned to Dunkirk with the loss of about 4,000 men from hardship and sickness.

As the result of this threatened invasion, Anne's speech in Parliament at the close of the Session struck a different note from any that she had delivered before; for, hitherto, although continually assuring the country of her determination to support the Protestant Succession, she had taken care never to refer to the 'Revolution' or her own position on the Throne. But now she told them:

'All that is dear to you is perfectly safe under my government and must be irrecoverably lost if ever the designs of a Papist Pretender, bred up in the principles of the most arbitrary government should take place.'

In the midst of all these turmoils Anne grew ever more anxious about Prince George's health, realising as she did how dangerous was his condition. She lost many nights' sleep in tending him, and her own eyes were giving her incessant pain. Nevertheless she still carried on with all the hard work connected with the Crown, attended the wearisome Council meetings, often lasting long into the night, and put up with the Duchess and her tantrums—the latter almost unbelievable at times. It was inevitable that Anne should cling more closely than ever to Mrs. Masham, who was so sympathetically and devotedly nursing her and her husband, but this aroused Sarah's temper

to a pitch that boded ill for everyone's peace, unless she could effect her avowed purpose—the dismissal of Mrs. Masham.

Their old friendship and the fear of estranging Marlborough still prevented Anne from openly breaking with Sarah, but she did not hesitate to show her indignation at the insolent behaviour of Lord Sunderland by threatening to dismiss him from the Ministry. For not only had he been personally disagreeable to herself, but he had actually entered into a political cabal most embarrassing to Marlborough, his father-in-law.

Meanwhile, as Anne had foreseen, the Whigs were becoming more and more determined to get other members of the Junto into the Ministry, making it a condition of their further support of Marlborough and Godolphin that they should exercise their influence to obtain the Queen's consent to Somers' inclusion—preferably as President of the Council, though failing that as a member of the Council without office. That Somers had been particularly active in the recent attacks on the Admiralty which had done so much to pain Prince George, added fuel to Anne's former antipathy against him and caused her to loathe the idea of his becoming one of her Ministers.

Finding Godolphin ready to give way to any extent in favour of the Whigs, Anne distressfully appealed to Marlborough, asserting that it would be

'utter destruction to me to bring Lord Somers into my service. And I hope you will not join in soliciting me in this thing, though My Lord Treasurer tells me you will, for it is what I never will consent to. You are very happy to be out of the disagreeable and vexatious things that I am more or less continually made uneasy with, which make me not wonder at your not coming back as you promised. I pray God bless and direct you in everything; and never let it be in anybody's power to do me ill offices with you . . .'

In answer to the Queen's entreaties, Marlborough

wrote a letter from Ghent on May 9th, telling her that certain elements in Holland were pressing him to conclude an indecisive peace owing to their apprehensions of the political position in England. In his letter he hints that this feeling of apprehension was due to her attitude towards Somers, as it had led the Dutch to believe that the Queen of England no longer whole-heartedly supported the Whigs and their war policy. He ends his letter by begging her

'for God's sake consider what may be the consequences of refusing . . . since it will be a demonstration to everybody that Lord Treasurer and I have no credit with Your Majesty, but that you are guided by the insinuations of Mr. Harley.'

This warning as to the attitude of the Dutch, which may have been adopted for purely diplomatic reasons, drew from the Queen a spirited reply which clearly exonerates her from the accusation that she desired to end the war at this juncture:

' . . . I have been so tired to-day with importunities that come from the Whigs, that I have not spirits left to open my afflicted heart so freely and so fully as I intended . . . I can now only tell you, that as to what you mention and the Lord Treasurer told me some time ago of your being pressed into conferences for the making steps towards a peace, I am entirely of your opinion, thinking it neither for my honour nor interest; and do assure you that whatever insinuation my enemies may make to the contrary I shall never at any time give my consent to a peace but upon safe and honourable terms. Excuse my answering nothing more of your letter at this time, and be so just to me as not to let any misrepresentations that may be made of me have any weight with you; for that would be a greater trouble to me than can be expressed. . . .'

In a letter to Marlborough Godolphin informs him that he has had

'two conversations with Mrs. Morley, of two hours apiece upon the subject of Mr. Freeman's letter, but she continues inflexible on that point. (Lord Somers.) At the same time she renounces and disclaims any, or the least commerce with Mr. Hatley, at first or second hand; and is positive that she never speaks with anybody but the Prince, upon any things of that kind.'

These long, disagreeable controversies which went on at Kensington Palace day after day with her Treasurer, his pallid, pock-marked face looking ghastly and grotesque against the dark panelling of the room, wearied the invalid Queen, but she still clung tenaciously to her decision.

In another letter to Marlborough, Godolphin speaks of a subsequent interview, in which 'the battle would have lasted until now if, after the clock had struck three, the Prince had not come in and looked as if he thought it was dinner time.' In many other communications to Marlborough or the Duchess, Godolphin complains of the Queen's 'unaccountable obstinacy.'

Now, it is very difficult to judge where firmness ends and obstinacy begins. Since her death, whenever Anne has not been accused of obstinacy, she has been convicted of weakness. It is difficult to reconcile the two accusations. It is also a matter for wonder that this greatly suffering woman could have possessed the moral courage and determination, in spite of the state of her own health and her private anxiety, to withstand so long the phalanxes arrayed against her. Nor should it be forgotten that she was battling single-handed, not against the policy of her Ministers or the wishes of the country, but against the inclusion in her Ministry of any more members of the formidable Whig Junto, who in her mind were not fit persons to assist in the government of the country, believing as she did that they held such violent political views that to have them in command must be a menace to State, Church and Crown.

During this time the Prince's condition became so



SIDNEY, EARL OF GODOLPHIN

serious that it was plain to everyone that he was a dying man. Many nights in his spasms of coughing he would probably have expired had it not been for the Queen, who raised him tenderly in her arms and supported him until help arrived. They had moved into the ground-floor rooms of Kensington Palace, so that George could more easily reach the garden and bask in the sunshine. It is clear from the Duchess of Marlborough's manuscripts that this re-arrangement of the royal apartments aroused her suspicion that a room in her own suite had been allotted to Mrs. Masham or to one of her attendants. Sarah must have been aware that if one of her rooms had been used for that purpose, it was solely in order that Anne might have an attendant close at hand in case the Prince should be suddenly seized with one of his attacks of asthma.

Now, although she seldom if ever stayed there, the Duchess became so incensed at the thought that any of the rooms which the Queen had 'furnished for herself' should be used by the detestable Masham, that she twice thundered off to Kensington, accusing Anne of favouritism and Mrs. Masham of 'rudeness and impertinence.' She even attempted to bring the housekeeper, Mr. Lowman, and the housemaids into the Queen's presence to prove her assertions. But Anne refused to see any of them, saying, 'I am sure Masham has none of your rooms and that to say the contrary is false and a lie.' 'Which,' the Duchess adds, 'was a way of speaking I never heard her make use of to anyone till she came under the practices of Abigail.'

At last Anne became so worn out with days of wrangling with her Ministers and Sarah, and sleepless nights nursing her husband that her own health could stand no more. Therefore she took her suffering husband away, away from all the people who seemed determined to kill them both, to Windsor—not to the great castle on the hill, where she would still be at the mercy of her tormentors, but to a little house bought by her many years before, which stood near one of the entrances to the

Park. This was the only place where they could be alone together and have comparative peace, and here she nursed the Prince through this last summer of his life. The Duchess, as usual unable to read anything but confirmation of her own suspicions about Mrs. Masham in every act of the Queen, declares that Anne only went to this house so that Abigail might more secretly bring Harley through the garden for their supposed conferences.

At the end of June the Earl of Stair arrived at the humble little house with a message from the Duke of Marlborough bearing news of his victorious battle at Oudenarde, together with the list of killed and wounded. Marlborough estimated that the Allies sustained about 3000 casualties and that the loss of the enemy was no less than 4000 killed and 2000 wounded. Joy of victory was not the first thought of the woman who sat watching beside her dying husband. To her came only the thought of the appalling sufferings of her soldiers and of their many stricken homes, and she exclaimed, 'Oh Lord, when will this dreadful bloodshed cease!' But she did not convey her sad thoughts to the victor who had risked his life, and fought and planned so nobly for England. She sat down and wrote to Marlborough a grateful letter of congratulation:

'Windsor, July 6th, 1708.'

'I want words to express the joy I have that you are well after your glorious success, for which next to Almighty God, my thanks are due to you. And indeed I can never say enough for all the great and faithful services you have ever done me. But be so just as to believe I am as truly sensible of them, as a grateful heart can be, and shall be ready to show it upon all occasions. I hope you cannot doubt of my esteem and friendship for you; nor think, because I differ from you in some things, it is for want of either. No, I do assure you, if you were here, I am sure you would not think me so much in the wrong in some things as I fear you

do now. I am afraid my letter should come too late to London and therefore dare say no more but that I pray God Almighty to continue His protection over you, and send you safe home again. And be assured I shall ever be sincerely,

Your humble servant

ANNE R.

She left her dying husband in order to make the long journey by coach to London to attend a Thanksgiving service, which was held at St. Paul's Cathedral the following day, August 19th. Before driving with her mistress in state through the City, Sarah performed her duty as Mistress of the Robes by preparing the Queen's clothes and jewels, but Anne, probably because her heart was very heavy and she was anxiously wondering how George was doing at Windsor, neglected to put on the jewels chosen for her. It seems that Sarah did not notice this till they were on their way to the Cathedral. When she discovered that the Queen was wearing no jewels she forgot the solemn nature of the occasion and that she should have been giving thanks for her husband's victory and personal safety, and bursting into a furious onslaught upon Anne, accused her of having left off her jewels to please Mrs. Masham and of losing all interest in the Duke. Even after they had entered the Cathedral she did not cease this tirade. Whenever Anne could get in a few words she whispered, 'It is not true, it is not true,' whereupon Sarah completely lost all sense of decorum and fiercely snapped back, 'Do not answer me.'

The circumstances of this scene could scarcely fail to destroy the last traces of affection which Anne had retained for her old friend, as the correspondence between them plainly reveals. It also shows that Sarah, thinking only of her jealousy of Mrs. Masham, deliberately made mischief between her husband and Anne, by sending her mistress a letter written by the Duke—a most confidential letter to his own wife—in which he had expressed his views more freely than he would have done in any letter

intended for the Queen's perusal. Her excuse for doing so is:

'I cannot help sending Your Majesty this letter to shew you how exactly Lord Marlborough agrees with me in opinion that he has now no interest with you, though when I said so in the Church on Thursday, you were pleased to say it was untrue!

'And yet, I think he will be surprised to hear that when I had taken so much pains to put your jewels in a way that I thought you would like, Mrs. Masham could make you refuse to wear them, in so unkind a manner, because that was a power she had not thought fit to exercise before. I will make no reflections upon it, only that I must needs observe that Your Majesty chose a very wrong day to mortify me, when you were just going to return thanks for a victory obtained by Lord Marlborough.'

This ridiculous letter shows Sarah's character in the worst possible light, for not only is it clearly prompted by an insolence calculated to wound her mistress's feelings but it reveals an utter disregard of Anne's anxiety at a time when her husband was lying mortally ill. There is not even so much as an enquiry about his health.

Anne's reply was cold and dignified:

'Sunday. After the *commands* you gave me on the Thanksgiving day of not answering you, I should not have troubled you with these lines, but to return the Duke of Marlborough's letter safe into your hands, and for the same reason do not say anything to that, nor to yours which enclosed it.'

By this time Sarah appears to have become a little frightened, judging from her attitude of affected humility in her next letter:

'I should not trouble Your Majesty with any answer to your last letter but to explain what you seem to mistake in what I said in church. I desired you not to

answer me there for fear of being overheard. And this you interpret as if I had desired you not to answer me at all which was far from my intention. For the whole of my writing to you so often was to get your answer to several things in which we differed, that if I was in the wrong you might convince me of it, and I should very readily have owned my mistakes. But since you have not been pleased to shew them to me, I flatter myself that I have said several things to you that are unanswerable. And I hope some time or other you will find leisure to reflect upon them and will convince Lord Marlborough that he is mistaken in thinking that he has no credit with you, by hearkening sometimes to his advice; and then I hope you will never more be troubled with disagreeable letters from me for I should be much better pleased to say and do everything you like. . . .

Throughout the spring and summer letters had been passing back and forth between Marlborough in Flanders, and Godolphin and Sarah in England. The two men were in a great state of trepidation as to the treatment the Whigs might accord them because of their failure to obtain the Queen's consent to the inclusion of Lord Somers in her Ministry. And Sarah had begun to suspect that neither Mrs. Masham's nor Harley's influence was sufficient to account for the Queen's obstinacy, so she swooped upon another victim whose ruin she attempted to bring about. This happened to be Marlborough's dearly loved brother the Admiral, George Churchill, who had lived in the Prince's household for many years in Denmark, and was still his great friend besides being his second in command at the Admiralty. Sarah appears to have become convinced that it was he who, indirectly through the Prince, was influencing the Queen against Somers. This conviction induced her to bombard her husband and Godolphin with letters in order to prove its truth. As usual Godolphin reacted almost at once to Sarah's ardour, but Marlborough was extremely hurt

that these imputations should be brought against his brother, although he could do nothing to curb his wife's vitriolic tongue. This attack upon one of their personal friends caused additional anxiety amongst the inmates of the little house at Windsor.

There was another tiresome affair which distracted Anne when she should have been free to nurse her husband. For years she had been pestered by attempts to bring the Electress of Hanover to England, and that old lady, now in the foolishness of second childhood, was most anxious to make the visit. Moreover, she frequently declared her desire for Anne's death, sighing, 'that she would die content if she could live to have inscribed on her tomb, Sophia, Queen of Great Britain.' She had intrigued for a pension and secretly caballed with whichever party in England would listen to her at the time.

This summer of 1708, the Whigs grew so angry at the Queen's persistent refusal of their demands in regard to Somers, that they again put forward the proposal that Sophia's grandson, George, the Electoral Prince of Hanover, should be invited to live in England. No doubt their object was to force the Queen's hand and make her give in about Somers. Lord Haversham, a Tory, came to the little house at Windsor to inform the Queen of this intrigue, and told her that Marlborough was to be the instrument employed to obtain her consent.

With Anne's morbid fear of the presence of anyone of the House of Hanover, and with all her other anxieties, this was the last straw. She wrote in great distress to Marlborough, then in Hanover, appealing for his help and telling him of the reply that she had given to Lord Haversham. The letter runs:

'I told him, if this matter should be brought into parliament, whoever proposed it, whether Whig or Tory, I should look upon neither of them as my friends, nor would ever make any invitation neither to the young man, nor his father, nor his grandmother.'

'What I have to say upon this subject at this time is

to beg you would find whether there is any design where you are, that the young man should make a visit in the winter, and contrive some way to put any such thought out of his head, that the difficulty may not be brought upon me of refusing him leave to come, if he should ask it, or forbidding him to come if he should attempt it; for one of these two things I must do, if either he or his father should have any desires to have him see this country, it being a thing I cannot bear, to have any successor here, though but for a week. And therefore I shall depend upon you to do everything on the other side of the water to prevent this mortification from coming upon her that is, and ever will be, most sincerely &c.'

After this very feminine and touching though quite unreasonable appeal, Marlborough could hardly come to an arrangement with the supporters of the invitation as the other Ministers expected him to do. But he did once again make use of his own particular threat, for he offered to resign. In answer to this the Queen wrote a spirited letter, for which alone, if she had never done anything else for her country, England might well honour her memory. It is undated but is endorsed by the Duchess as being received by the Duke on August 27th, 1708:

'I am sorry to find you in such a splenetic way as to talk of retiring, it being a thing I can never consent to, and what your country nor your truly faithful friends can never think right, whatever melancholy thoughts they may have all this time. Besides in my poor opinion, when after all the glorious successes God Almighty has blessed you with, He is pleased to make you the happy instrument of giving a lasting peace to Europe, you are bound in conscience both to God and man to lend your helping hand, and how can you do that if you retire from business? You may be as grateful to God Almighty in a public station as in a private one; but I do not wonder at your desiring quiet, after all the fatigues and vexations you go through daily,

for 'tis certainly the most valuable blessing in the world, and what everyone would chose, I believe, that has ever had anything to do in business, if there were nothing to be considered but oneself.

'Lord Treasurer talks of retiring too and told me, not many days ago, he would do all he could to serve me by advising with people and settling a scheme for the carrying on my business in the Parliament before he went to Newmarket; but that he would not come back from thence. I told him that must not be, that he could not answer it to God and himself, and I hope you will both consider better of it, and not do an action that will bring me and your country into confusion. Is there no consideration to be had for either? You may flatter yourself that people will approve of your quitting, but if you should persist in these cruel and unjust resolutions, believe me, where one will say you are in the right, hundreds will blame you.'

She continues, after expressing her mind very freely about the members of the Whig Junto,

'whom I can never be satisfied mean well to my service till they behave themselves better than they did in the last parliament, and have done ever since the rising of it: for from that minute they have been disputing my authority, and are certainly designing, when the new one meets, to tear what little prerogative the Crown has to pieces. . . . Now, how is it possible when one knows and sees all these things, as plainly as the sun at noonday ever to take these people into my bosom?

'For God's sake, do but make it your own case, and consider then what you would do, and why a handful of men must awe their fellow subjects. There is nobody more desirous than I to encourage those Whig friends that behave themselves well, but I do not care to have anything to do with those that have shewn themselves to be of so tyrannising a temper. And not to run on farther on these subjects to be short, I think things are

come to whether I shall submit to the five tyrannising Lords or they to me.'

It is strange that Marlborough in his long letters to the Queen at this time makes no reference to the illness of the Prince. Quite possibly he and everyone else thought it was not of sufficient importance. Whether it was this apparent callousness, or the Duke's increasingly dictatorial tone, or the Duchess's onslaughts, something at last caused a coldness between Anne and her great General, and of course this had the effect least desired of making her feel that her old friends the Tories and the High Churchmen were, after all, more to be trusted than Marlborough and Godolphin, and their detested allies the Whigs.

Throughout the sultry August weather George lay panting for breath in the small house at Windsor. There was only one chance for him. Bath had helped him before and to Bath they would go, however difficult the journey might be. It was indeed an agony for them both as they proceeded by slow stages, Anne supporting the great weight of her husband as he was thrown from side to side of the coach. They stopped the night of August 28th at Cirencester, at Oakley Park as it was then called, the seat of Mr. Allen Bathurst the young member for the borough and son of her cofferer Sir Benjamin Bathurst.

Prince George was so miraculously benefited by his stay at Bath that when he and Anne returned to Kensington a month later they even thought of going for their usual visit to Newmarket; but the Prince seems to have had a premonition of a return of his illness and he begged her not to go. That month was a harassing one for them both in spite of George's improved health, for the Whigs demanded that he should be displaced at the Admiralty in favour of Lord Pembroke, whose present dual post, the Presidency of the Council and Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland, they wished for Sopers and Wharton. Anne was agonised by the thought of the fresh humiliations that awaited her husband when Parliament should meet, in two

weeks' time, and the terrible debates that would then take place. Desiring at all costs to spare him such a painful experience, she had just given way and conceded the appointments, when the Prince's condition suddenly became very much worse.

The political jobbery connected with the Admiralty had undoubtedly accelerated the course of his malady, and six days later he appeared to be sinking. Anne nursed him for days and nights but to no avail. She must have known that this would be the end. Early on the morning of October 28th when the paroxysms of the dying man had ceased and he had lapsed into a state of coma from which he never regained consciousness, a letter was brought to Anne as she knelt by her husband's bedside. Opening it, half dazed as she was by sorrow, lack of sleep and hunger—for she had not left the Prince even to eat—she recognised the familiar hand of Sarah. It began :

“Though the last time I had the honour to wait upon your Majesty, your usage of me was such as was scarce impossible for me to imagine or anyone to believe . . .”

The letter fell from Anne's trembling fingers, and looking up she beheld the Duchess standing in front of her, for Sarah had brought her own letter and sent it in to the death-chamber before her. Anne merely ignored the woman and returned to her care of her husband.

Mrs. Masham, who was an eye-witness of this incident, afterwards described to Swift how the Duchess became so enraged because the Queen took no interest in her and she behaved so disgracefully while the Prince was actually dying, that Anne could bear it no longer and ordered her to ‘withdraw.’

A few minutes later her dearly loved husband died. In that moment of agony when Anne was beating her hands together in despair, when she was beside herself with grief, and least able to face a scene, Sarah, who had

only withdrawn to the back of the room, again thrust herself upon her mistress.

The details of the pathetic scene that followed, when the Queen, too worn out and sorrowing to resist, was torn away from her dead husband's body and separated from her devoted servants by the woman who had treated her so insolently, are told by the Duchess herself. So obsessed was she by her jealousy of Mrs. Masham that she could not see that her own words betrayed her hardness of heart when she wrote the following narrative:

'I will give you some account of what happened when he (the Prince) died. I came from Windsor Lodge in the night, upon hearing he was extremely ill, and wrote to the Queen and waited on her, as I have related in another paper, and I was in the room when he died, and led her into her closet at Kensington. When she left him, when she expressed some passion,' (grief) 'there were others of her servants by, which I thought would be uneasy to her, and that made it impossible for me to speak to her. Upon which I went to my Lady Burlington and desired her to give me an opportunity of speaking alone with the Queen, which she did very readily; and everybody went out with her.'

"Then I knelt down to the Queen and said all that I could imagine from a faithful servant, and one that she had professed so much kindness to; but she seemed not to mind me, but clapped her hands together with other marks of passion; and when I had expressed all I could think of to moderate her grief, I knelt by her without speaking for some time and then I asked her to go to St. James's, upon which she said she would stay there. I said that was impossible what could she do in such a dismal place? And I made use of all the arguments that are common upon that head, but all in vain; she persisted that she would stay at Kensington.

'Upon which I fancied that her chief difficulty in removing was for fear she could not have so much of Mrs. Masham's company as she desired if she moved

from thence, and without seeming to think so, I said nobody in the world ever continued in a place where a dead husband lay, and I did not see where she could be but in a room or two of that dismal body; that if she were at St. James's she need not see anybody that was uneasy to her, and that she might see any person that was any comfort to her as well there as anywhere else.

'I could see by her face she had satisfaction in that, and so I went on, saying she might go away privately in my coach with the curtains down and see nobody; and that, if she would give me leave I would tell Mr. Lowman to make the company go away that she might go to the coach easily. Upon which she consented to go, but said, "don't come into me till the hands of the watch comes to this place," I have forgot how many minutes it was; but I took the watch and she added, "send to Mrs. Masham to come to me before I go." This I thought very shocking, but at that time I was resolved not to say the least wry word to displease her, and therefore answered that I would, and went out of the room with the watch in my hand.

'I gave Mr. Lowman the necessary orders; but as I was sitting at the window watching the minutes go by, I thought it so disagreeable for me to send for Mrs. Masham to go into her before all that company, that I resolved to avoid that, and when the time was come, I went in and told her all the things were ready, but I had not sent to Mrs. Masham; that I thought it would make a disagreeable noise, and there were bishops and ladies of the bed-chamber without, that she did not care to see, and that she might send herself to her to come to St. James's at what time she pleased.

"To this she consented and I called for her hoods which I remember Mistress Hill (Abigail's sister) put on, and as she did it, the Queen whispered with her, I suppose some kind thing to her sister, who had not appeared before me at Kensington; but upon the alarm of the Queen's being to go with me to St. James's, she came into the gallery with one of her

ministers, the Scotch doctor, to see Her Majesty pass, who notwithstanding her great affection for the Prince, at the sight of that charming lady, as her arm was upon mine, which she had leaned upon, I found she had strength to bend down towards Mrs. Masham like a sail, and in passing by, went some steps more than was necessary to be nearer her; and when that cruel touch was over, of going by her with me, she turned about in a little passage room, and gave orders about her dogs and a strong box.

‘When we came to the coach she had a very extraordinary thought, as it appeared to me. She desired to me to send to My Lord Treasurer and to beg of him to take care to examine whether there was room in some vault, to bury the Prince at Westminster, and leave room for her too. I suppose it was where her family and Kings and Queens had been laid; but in case there was not room enough for the Prince and her too, she directed another place for him to be buried in.

‘When we came to St. James’s I carried her privately through my lodgings into her green closet, and gave her a cup of broth, and afterwards she ate a very good dinner, and at night I found her at a table again where she had been eating, and Mrs. Masham very close by her, who went out of the room as soon as I came in, but with an air of insolence and anger, and not in the humble manner she had sometimes affected of bed-chamber woman.

‘I attended the Queen upon this affliction with all the care that was possible to please her and never named Mrs. Masham to her, and she would make me sit down as she had done formerly and make some little show of kindness at night when I took my leave, but she would never speak to me freely of anything, and I found I could gain no ground; which was not much to be wondered at, for I never came to her but I found Mrs. Masham there, or had just come out from her, which at last tired me and I went to her seldom.

‘Before the Prince was buried she passed a good deal

of her time looking into precedents, that she might order how it should be performed, which I thought unusual and not very decent, but she naturally loved all forms and ceremonies and remembered more of them than I could ever do; but she had bitts of great tenderness for the Prince, and I remeimber she wrote me once a little note at which I could not help smiling, that I should send to My Lord Treasurer to take care that some door might be taken down at the removing of the Prince to Westminster, for fear the dear Prince's body should be shook as he was carried out of some room, although she had gone long jumbling journeys with him to the Bath, when he must feel it, and when he was gasping for breath, I did see the tears in her eyes two or three times after his death upon this subject, and I believe she fancied she loved him, and she was certainly more concerned for him than she was for the fate of Gloucester, but her nature was very hard, and she was not apt to cry.'

Poor stricken lady, it is no wonder she did not wish this heartless creature to see her weep—a woman for whom she had done so much, and from whom she had endured so much, who was capable of smiling at her concern for her dead husband's body; and of jeering because, exhausted by days and nights spent beside his deathbed, she ate the food she so much needed.

CHAPTER XVI

THE MASTERY OF THE WHIGS

1709

THE year 1709 opened with a frost so severe that the Thames above London Bridge was frozen, and the desolation of static force bound the land. Inside St. James's Palace the great state apartments stood stark and empty; even the Queen's private rooms were unoccupied, for she had shut herself up in a small closet which had been used by Prince George as a carpenter's shop. The windows of this room looked into a dark courtyard of the palace, 'where Mrs. Masham used to dry linen.' Here Anne sat throughout the long dreary days before the tiny fire, amidst the Prince's tools which lay undisturbed where he had placed them, absorbed in her grief. She could read and write but little, for the eye trouble from which she had always suffered had been aggravated by passionate weeping for her husband, and was causing her much pain. Her life seemed as cold and dead as the park outside.

We are told by Sarah that

'when the Prince was living the Queen used to sit in her own dressing-room or in one of her other closets which were pretty—one looking into the park and garden and the other into the inner court, furnished agreeably, with pictures and a couch. But the Prince's closets were far from being agreeable, one being full of his tools which he worked with. . . .'

Incapable of understanding the feelings which drew Anne to the room of her dead husband, Sarah came to the conclusion—in accordance with her deeply rooted

conviction—that Anne's sole object was to be alone with her rival, Mrs. Masham. The grief that longed to be left in quiet in the place which brought back most closely the presence of the man from whom Anne had been inseparable for so many years, was incomprehensible to the Duchess. This small dark room was the only refuge of the Queen of England; the only place where she could escape from the heartless, self-seeking people who surrounded her. No one was allowed to come to her there except Mrs. Masham and an old servant, Foyster, who had served her since her childhood; and she refused to leave its seclusion except when Godolphin or any one else whom she was obliged to receive came to see her.

So lost in her grief was she that for the first time since her coronation she did not open Parliament in person. Both Houses offered addresses of condolence, but they besought 'Her Majesty to moderate her grief and take care of her health, upon which the hopes of her people and the safety of Europe so much depended.'

Early in the New Year Anne, remembering the prayers which were always said throughout the country on the date of her accession 'for making her a happy mother of children,' ordered them to be henceforth omitted. Whereupon, the tactless Members of both Houses, though the Prince had been dead only three months, sent her an address begging 'that she would not indulge her just grief so much as to decline the thoughts of a second marriage.' She thanked them for the frequent marks they gave her of their duty and affection and said the provisions she had made for the Protestant Succession would always be a proof of how much she had at heart the future happiness of the kingdom, but '*the subject of that address was of such a nature, that she was persuaded they did not require a particular answer.*'

That winter while the sorrowing Queen sat by the fire in her husband's workroom, England was in the grip of the severest frost that it had ever experienced. But France lay locked in an even tighter grip. There, not only were the rivers frozen but ice formed in some places

along the sea-shore sufficiently strong to bear the weight of a wagon. The fruit trees throughout the country—the olive trees of Provence and the apple trees of Normandy—withered and died. The vines were killed. All hopes of a harvest that year were绝望 of and the entire country seemed menaced with famine.

The people of France were reduced to a state of extreme wretchedness and poverty, for they had been crushed by the heavy burden of taxation necessary to pay for the war. Numerous insurrections broke forth and a clamour for peace arose, not only from the people, but from one of the most powerful parties in the country headed by the Duke of Burgundy, the heir presumptive to the throne. Baffled in his great designs and menaced at home, Louis saw that overtures for peace were imperative, and started negotiations with the Allies.

When Marlborough, who had spent the winter on the Continent, returned home in March for a short time to consult with the Queen and her Ministry, he found everything changed. Anne was still absorbed in her grief and seemed to have lost all interest in the war or in State affairs.

During the period when the Queen had shut herself off from politics, the Whigs had grown excessively arrogant. They now insisted that Marlborough should force her to consent to the appointment of Lord Orford, another member of the Junto, to the post of Lord High Admiral of the Fleet in place of the dead Prince. Halifax demanded that he himself should be given the office of joint plenipotentiary at the Congress to be held for the negotiations for peace, and was so incensed by the secret opposition of Marlborough and Godolphin that he spoke with extreme animosity of the former to the latter, blaming the Duke and Duchess for his lack of advancement. His cause was supported by the other four members of the Junto, Sunderland showing open resentment against his father-in-law.

Anne did not know that at this time the Duchess was writing of the Whig chiefs with as great detestation as she

had ever done of the Tories. But she heard more important news through Mrs. Masham: that the people of England, also suffering from bad harvests, high taxes and the high prices of food, felt that the war had dragged on long enough and were accusing Marlborough of prolonging it in his own interest. Whether they were right in their idea of his attitude is one of the controversial subjects of history.

For many years past the Duke had been complaining in letters to his wife of the weariness of his campaigns and of his longing to be at home again, 'in quiet' with her, 'his dearest soul.' This is so fantastic an idea that it almost baffles belief, for however much he may have loved his wife he must have realised that quiet was the last thing he was likely to share with her. Besides, it is highly improbable that Marlborough really wanted to retire, for war was the medium in which this great creative artist expressed himself: it was the source of all his glory and his ever-increasing wealth; it was the god to whom he had dedicated his life.

But everyone at home, except the Whigs, was tired of the war, and the Allies certainly longed for peace. Negotiations were accordingly carried on throughout that spring. Amongst the other proposals that were put to Louis was one that his grandson, Philip, should be removed from the throne of Spain in the space of two months and that King Charles should succeed him. France was in so desperate a condition that Louis would have agreed to almost anything, but this demand he could not stomach. He therefore rejected the preliminary proposals early in June. 'If I continue the war,' he said, 'it is better to contend with my enemies than with my own family.'

Anne could understand her cousin's point of view, but she was powerless to make the Whigs accept more reasonable terms. She longed for peace and an end of the dreadful carnage. There had been seven weary years of war and yet it must still go on, although Marlborough said that each campaign would be the last.

So the weary spring and summer dragged on into the autumn, and then news arrived of another high-sounding victory. On September 11th a battle was won at Malplaquet, but only after the Allies had sustained terrible losses. It was indeed what the great Duke himself described as ‘a bloody battle,’ a ‘very murthering battle.’ This time there was no thanksgiving service at St. Paul’s nor did Anne even write a congratulatory letter to Marlborough. She grieved piteously for her own and her people’s loss.

Now, for the first time since the death of her husband, she began to bestir herself in public affairs once more. During her retirement the Whigs had made the most of the opportunity to force appointments upon her against her wishes, but she had awakened to the danger and again threw herself into the struggle. Only in the case of Orford had she given way, and then not on account of the pressure which the Whigs had brought to bear but to satisfy Marlborough.

Sarah had not left Anne entirely in peace during her widowhood. There had been frequent scenes in which she had loaded her with reproaches for favours bestowed upon Mrs. Masham and Harley, usually giving as her reasons some imaginary slight to herself. Amongst the quarrels described by the Duchess is one which illustrates their trivial nature. Sarah asserted that she had been promised some rooms which had recently been vacated at St. James’s Palace and which she thought would be convenient as an entrance to her own. It happened that these very rooms had been given to Mrs. Masham’s sister. In her embarrassment Anne denied any recollection of having promised them to Sarah. ‘But,’ replied Sarah, ‘supposing that I am mistaken, surely my request cannot be deemed unreasonable.’ Anne parried, ‘I have a great many servants of my own, and some of them I must remove.’ ‘Your Majesty then does not reckon Lord Marlborough or me among your servants?’ was Sarah’s reply. As Anne did not know how to answer this thrust she remained silent. Infuriated by this mute

opposition Sarah let herself go in earnest, adding vague threats of what she would do if her wishes were not complied with.

'Some of my friends having pressed me to wait oftener upon Your Majesty, I have been compelled, in vindication of my conduct, to relate the usage which I have received from Your Majesty, and for this reason I have been under the necessity of repeating and asserting the truth of what I said, before they could be induced to believe it, and I believe it would be thought still more strange, were I to repeat this conversation and inform them that after all Lord Marlborough's services, Your Majesty refused to give me a miserable hole, to make a clear entry to his lodgings, I beg therefore to know whether I am at liberty to repeat this to any of my friends.'

Hoping to end a distasteful interview, Anne hesitatingly replied in the affirmative, whereupon Sarah flounced out of the room firing back as a parting shot,—'I hope Your Majesty will reflect upon all that has passed.'

Shortly after this scene Sarah writes:

'Finding not only that I could make no impression on her in this respect, but that her change towards me in particular was every day more and more apparent, at length I went to her, and begged to know what my crime was that had wrought in her so great an alteration. This drew from the Queen a letter dated October 26th, 1709, wherein she charges me with inveteracy (as her word is) against poor Mrs. Masham, and with having nothing so much at heart as the ruin of my cousin....'

Then with unconscious humour Sarah goes on:

'Upon receipt of this letter, I immediately set myself to draw up a long narrative of a series of faithful services for about 26 years past; of the great sense the Queen formerly had of my services; of the great

favours I had been honoured with on account of them; of the use I had made of that favour, and of my losing it now by the artifice of my enemies and particularly of one, whom I had raised out of the dust. And knowing how great a respect Her Majesty had for the writings of certain eminent divines, I added to my narrative, the directions given by the author of the "Whole Duty of Man" with relation to friendship; the directions in the Common Prayer Book before the Communion with regard to reconciliation, together with the rules laid down by Bishop Taylor upon the same head; and I concluded with giving my word to Her Majesty, that if after reading these she would please only answer with two words that she was still of the same opinion as when she wrote that harsh letter which occasioned her all this trouble, I would nevermore give her the least trouble upon any subject but the business of my office, as long as I should have the honour to continue her servant; assuring her that however she might be changed towards me and how much so ever we might still differ in opinion, I should ever remember that she was my mistress and my Queen, and should always pay her the respect due from a faithful servant and dutiful subject.

'I sent from St. Albans this narrative, which she promised to read and answer. And ten days after writing to me upon another occasion, she said she had not leisure yet to read all my papers, but when she had she would send me some answer. But none ever came, nor had my papers any apparent effect on Her Majesty, except that after my coming to town, as she was passing by me in order to receive the Communion, she looked with much good nature and very graciously smiled upon me. But the smile and pleasant look I had reason afterwards to think were given to Bishop Taylor and the Common Prayer Book, and not to me.'

Perhaps Anne could not help but smile at the remembrance of this extraordinary narrative, even in the solemn

moments of Communion. But no sense of humour could have supported the endless scenes she was subjected to. During one of these wearisome affairs which took place at Windsor, Sarah's voice became so loud that the footmen at the bottom of the back stairs heard all she said. When Anne rose with dignity to leave the room, Sarah rushed to the door, placed her back against it and shouted 'that she should hear her out, for that was the least favour she could do her for having set the Crown on her head and kept it there.' After haranguing her mistress in this way for over an hour even Sarah's voice grew exhausted, although she had sufficient breath left to shout out that she did not care if she never saw Her Majesty again. At which Anne calmly and sincerely assured her, that she thought, 'Indeed, the seldomer the better.'

Mrs. Danvers, who was that day on duty as Lady-in-Waiting, afterwards told Lord Dartmouth: 'All the storm was raised merely because the Queen allowed a bottle of wine every day to a sick servant in her laundry without having previously asked leave of the Duchess.' This servant was Mrs. Abrabal, 'that had washed the Queen's Brussels lace-heads for twenty years.'

The Duchess's version of another encounter shows that as usual her suspicions were focussed upon Mrs. Masham and that that was her reason for disbelieving the story about Mrs. Abrabal.

'There is one thing more that I had occasion to speak of to the Queen, and that is in relation to Mrs. Abrabal, who by means of Mrs. Masham had an order from the Queen to have the allowance of her place raised (which there was no apparent reason for) without any mention being made to me, though she had been a servant of mine, and I had given her the place. The secret of the matter was that this woman had served Mrs. Masham when she lay-in, and could not attend the Queen herself to carry messages to Her Majesty. This was no reason with me to pass over so crude and irregular a thing, which I remember my Lord Godolphin was so shocked

at, that he delayed executing it, till he had represented to Her Majesty the unfitness of such a proceeding, and though the Queen could allege nothing for it, she positively commanded him to sign the order.'

These disputes never discouraged the Duchess from asking for whatever she wanted. She still continued to demand the right of appointing the servants to Anne's household. In one instance her demand was somewhat miscalculated, as is shown by Anne's reply, for the servant in question, whom Sarah thought to be dying, had already recovered. In a letter written from Windsor Anne administers a series of snubs not at all in accordance with posterity's idea of her slavish obedience to the Duchess of Marlborough:

'You need not have been in such haste for Rainsford is pretty well again, and I hope will live a great while. If she should die, I will then turn my thoughts to consider who I know that I could like in that place, being a post that next to my bedchamber women is the nearest to my person of any of my servants; and I believe nobody—nay even yourself if you would judge impartially—could think it unreasonable that I should take one in a place so near my person that was agreeable to me. I know this place is reckoned under your office, but there is no *office* whatsoever that has the entire disposal of anything under them, but I may put in anyone I please when I have a mind to it.

'And now you mention the Duke of Somerset again I can't help on this occasion saying that whenever he recommends anybody to me, he *never* says it is his right but he submits to my determination. He has done so upon occasions in which you have recommended people to *me* in posts under *him*. But I do not say this that you should think I hearken to everybody's recommendations, which indeed I do not, and will not. As for the person' (probably Mrs. Masham) 'you are so mightily afraid should put anyone into Rainsford's place, I daresay she will not go about recommending

anybody. . . . If this poor creature should die (which as I said before I hope she will not) I shall hearken to no one's recommendations but my own, which I am sure you ought not to think any wrong or injustice to *you*.'

When Marlborough returned that autumn he found the Queen estranged from his wife, and evidently more inclined towards the High Church party and the Tories. He, like Sarah, suspected Harley's influence in connection with this—although there was every reason why Anne should stand by the Church which she had never deserted; and there were many other reasons why she should be so disgusted with the Whigs that the Tories' behaviour seemed mild in comparison. Marlborough also believed that the Duke of Somerset had supplanted him in the Queen's confidence, and he found the Whigs even more cold to him than they had been before.

Perceiving all these currents set against him he seems to have been seized with panic and he committed an indiscretion, which under the circumstances was very likely to encourage the adverse criticism of him. He sought an interview with Anne and actually demanded that she should bestow on him a patent constituting him Captain-General of her forces for life, intimating that the war would probably last not only the duration of their lives, but for ever. Anne was dismayed alike by his demand and his statement. They seemed to confirm the charges that his enemies made against him: that he was grasping at permanent power, even at the Throne itself, and that he meant to prolong indefinitely this terrible, 'murthering' warfare.

Not knowing how to reply to such an outrageous request—which if conceded would have placed the armed forces of the nation entirely in his power, so that he might have become a second Cromwell had he wished it—she dismissed him from her presence, telling him that she must have time to consider it. In this extremity she asked Lord Cowper's aid and directed him to tell the Duke that the high office he sought had never been con-

ferred otherwise than for a period during the sovereign's pleasure. When he conveyed this message to the Duke, the Lord Chancellor tactfully added that in his opinion such a commission would be an innovation and liable to a malicious interpretation.

Soon after Marlborough's return to the Continent, Anne was again hurt and alarmed by a letter that she received from him, querulously reproaching her for her disregard of his services and complaining bitterly of her estrangement from the Duchess and the transference of her affections to Mrs. Masham. He ended by announcing his determination to retire *at the end of the war*. Anne could no longer restrain her indignation. She felt that this man, for whose sake she had so long suffered the dreadful temper of his wife, had not only failed her as a friend but had practically tried to force himself upon her as a military dictator for life, openly admitting at the same time that he had no wish to see the end of the war.

It is difficult to conceive how she could have acted otherwise than she did at this juncture in seeking the support of such old friends as Lord Dartmouth, the Duke of Somerset and the Duke of Shrewsbury. After having been in Italy for many years, the King of Hearts, as Shrewsbury was called, now returned to England with his wrinkled Italian wife who, it was whispered, had formerly been his mistress. For this reason Sarah treated her very haughtily, but Anne was kindly gracious to the unhappy woman, who was sadly out of her element in such a foggy, heretic-ridden country. Shrewsbury was touched and very grateful to the Queen for her kindness. It was to him that she now turned most often for advice and help in the difficulties that clustered about her.

The same overbearing attitude which came near to ruining the Marlboroughs, proved the downfall of the Whig party. This was hastened by an unexpected event from an unexpected quarter. On November 5th, a certain Dr. Sacheverell preached a sermon before the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London at St. Paul's which was destined to arouse English society from Anne down to the most

humble of her subjects. He was not a great man, nor was it in any way a great sermon, so it is interesting to trace the profound effects it had on the Queen, the Ministry and the war.

In his momentous sermon Dr. Sacheverell thundered against the principles of the Revolution and against the Ministers then in office, especially Godolphin, whom he designated under his well-known nickname of 'Volpone,' or 'Old Fox.' The slogan under which Sacheverell pushed forward his vigorous attack, was 'The Church in Danger,' and the victory he sought was a return of 'passive obedience' to the Crown. The Lord Mayor, an ardent Tory, was so pleased with the sermon that he invited the Doctor home to dinner and told him he hoped to see it in print. With this encouragement 40,000 copies were soon in circulation and the whole of England was in a state of excitement.

Nothing could appeal so poignantly to Anne as this public expression of all her beliefs and fears. Her feelings were shared by the Tories, High Churchmen, Jacobites and those generally disaffected with existing conditions, whether due to heavy taxation, the war, or their own personal grievances.

Naturally the Whigs were furious; but Godolphin—who after all had been a good servant to the State for the whole of his life—was the chief sufferer. The whole affair and the author of the sermon were of so little genuine importance that everything connected with it would probably have been forgotten in a few weeks, if the Whigs had not taken the matter seriously. Sunderland unwisely persuaded his fellow Ministers to institute an impeachment against Dr. Sacheverell.

The nation was still in an uproar over these dissensions when Marlborough returned from the Continent, and although he took little part in the agitation against the belligerent divine, he found himself in the midst of fresh complications with the Queen, who, urged forward by her Tory friends and encouraged by Sacheverell's sermon, was determined to obtain certain appointments dear to

her heart. The first of these was that of Lord Rivers to be Constable of the Tower; and the second, that of Colonel Hill, Mrs. Masham's brother—the 'ragged boy' whom his cousin, the Duchess of Marlborough, had thrust upon her husband—to the command of the Oxford Regiment which had become vacant by the death of Lord Essex. Incensed that these proposals should be insisted upon in spite of his repeated remonstrances, Marlborough left London on the very day that a Cabinet Council was to be held, without taking his usual courteous leave of the Queen.

At this Council meeting Anne behaved very differently from the way she had done at that other meeting a year before, which had led to the resignation of Harley. This time she took no notice of the Duke's absence, and the customary business was quietly transacted without him. Made more resentful than ever by this indifference to his presence, Marlborough wrote a letter to the Queen; and after drawing up a list of his grievances, all of which he declared had been brought about by Mrs. Masham, he added, 'I hope Your Majesty will either dismiss her or myself.'

Before sending this letter, which bore every indication of the Duchess's influence, he submitted it to the consideration of his fellow Ministers. It was warmly approved by Sunderland and his zealous adherents, but Godolphin became extremely alarmed at so decisive a measure. After two meetings they prudently advised that Lord Somers should convey a more moderate message to the Queen.

Anne gave Somers an audience in her closet, and after listening to his able presentation of the Duke's position and attitude she answered:

'I have a full and lasting sense of his long and great services and no one dares attempt to do him ill offices with me, because if they did their malice would recoil on themselves. This I will confirm when I see him, and then I doubt not I shall have the satisfaction of hearing him own that after mature reflection he has changed his

opinion, and will not continue to deem my proposal unreasonable.'

This answer so little relieved the situation that Sunderland actually suggested that the question of Mrs. Masham's dismissal should be brought before Parliament; but his more cautious associates, especially the Duke and Godolphin and even the usually indiscreet Duchess, realised that such a course of action would constitute an insult to the Queen that neither she nor the nation could ever forgive.

As Marlborough remained firm in his resolution to resign unless Mrs. Masham was dismissed, Anne eventually gave way about the military appointments. She accorded him an audience, at which she appeared very gracious, but inwardly she had been deeply offended by the attack made upon her faithful servant and friend, and by the proposal to bring the matter before Parliament.

This unpleasant incident confirmed Anne in her determination to rid herself as soon as circumstances should permit of the Whigs, whose domination she had always dreaded. Probably for the first time she realised that the Duke's services might after all not be so indispensable as she had supposed.

CHAPTER XVII

THE RETURN OF THE TORIES

1710

IN Westminster Hall, on February 22nd, the trial of Dr. Sacheverell commenced, and lasted for three weeks, during which time he was lodged in the Temple. As he drove each day to the Hall his coach was surrounded by vast, cheering crowds. The populace of London became so feverish and excited that, Dr. Burnet says, ‘all other business was at a standstill for this took up all men’s thoughts.’

Every day Anne attended the long-drawn-out trial. She had given no public indication of her feelings, and her intention was to be carried to the Hall incognito without guards in the hope of escaping notice, but she was recognised by the huge throngs assembled in the open spaces about St. James’s Palace. The people could not have had much doubt as to the direction their beloved Queen’s sympathies would take, but they wished to make certain of her attitude, for if Sacheverell was the hero of the moment, she was the heroine.

As she and the ladies attending her left the palace, masses of her loyal subjects pressed around her sedan chair crying, ‘God bless Your Majesty and the Church, we hope that Your Majesty is for Dr. Sacheverell!’

When she arrived at Westminster Hall she found a great crowd assembled. All the Members of both Houses of Parliament were there. The balconies and galleries were packed with all manner of folk, for everyone who could had gained admittance, and those who had failed to do so were compressed about the door of the Hall. Benches had been prepared on a stage for the

prisoner and his counscl, whilst opposite them were ranged the Law Officers who conducted the impeachment.

One of the ladies in attendance on the Queen was the Duchess of Marlborough. The Queen's absorption in the trial is revealed by a letter from the Duchess to Mr. Hutchison:

'Her Majesty, when she arrived in the Hall entered the curtained box which had been prepared for her near the throne; she was accompanied by all her ladies who were on duty. Those in waiting the first day, were her near relative, Lady Hyde, Lady Burlington and Lady Scarborough with the Duchess of Marlborough. The etiquette of the Court was for these ladies to stand, unless the Queen gave them an express invitation to be seated.

'After standing about two hours I said to the Vice-Chamberlain that when the Queen went to any place incognito, as she came to this trial and only looked behind a curtain it was always the custom for the ladies to sit down before her, but Her Majesty had forgotten to speak to me now, and that as the trial was likely to continue very long every day, I wished he would put the Queen in mind of it. "Why, Madam, should you not speak to the Queen yourself who are always in waiting?" This I knew was right, and therefore I went up to the Queen and stooping down to her as she was sitting to whisper to her said: "I believe Her Majesty has forgot to order us to sit as was customary in such cases!" The Queen looked as if she had indeed forgot and was sorry for it, she answered in a very kind manner: "By all means! Pray sit." Before I could get a step for a chair, the Queen called for Mr. Mordaunt, her Page of Honour, to give stools and desire her ladies to sit down.'

Even out of this difficult material the Duchess of Marlborough found means for taking offence and trying to make trouble. Some of the Queen's ladies preferred to stand, and she took this as an instance of their desire to

supplant her with the Queen. The next day, when they were all in the curtained box in Westminster Hall once more, and the Queen again absorbed in the trial, the Duchess tried to quarrel over it with the ladies who remained standing. However, she was well snubbed by the Duchess of Somerset. But this gave birth to a new obsession—that the Duchess of Somerset was endeavouring to supersede her.

During the early stages of the trial vast crowds would spend the entire night packed shoulder to shoulder around St. James's Palace calling upon the Queen 'not to desert the Church and Sacheverell.' These masses of people were perfectly orderly, but disturbances occurred in various parts of London and Horse Guards were called out to quell the riots. During one of these encounters the Queen's guards captured some of their own comrades of the Royal Guards, and some of the Queen's watermen who had been leading the mob,

'so,' says Cunningham, 'the very Court itself was not free from suspicion. When the Queen was informed of the species of prisoners made, Her Majesty declared that she herself would bear the cost of the damage done and as for those who were her servants they would have a fair trial, without favour on her part.'

When at last this sensational trial came to an end, Dr. Sacheverell was voted 'guilty of the high crimes and his misdemeanours charged on him by the impeachment of the House of Commons.' The judgment pronounced against him was that he should not be allowed to preach for three years, and that his now famous sermon should be 'burnt before the Royal Exchange in London between the hours of one and two o'clock on the 27th March by the hands of the Common Hangman, in the presence of the Lord Mayor of London and the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex.'

This lenient sentence was looked upon as an acquittal rather than a condemnation. That night many of the streets in London and Westminster were illuminated with

bonfires and everyone who passed was compelled to drink the Doctor's health, so there was a fine night of carousing.

Addresses began to pour in from all over the country, many of them petitioning the Queen to dissolve Parliament and giving assurances that in a new election they would choose none but such as would be faithful to the Crown and zealous for the Church. There can be no doubt that the popular feeling expressed throughout the country against the Whigs after this trial encouraged Anne in her belief that a change of Ministry would be possible. The first sign of her decision was that she resolutely refused to see Sarah, and when the Duchess did succeed in forcing herself upon her mistress at Kensington, on Good Friday, amidst torrents of expostulations and floods of tears, Anne told her she could put what she had to say in writing. She kept on repeating 'You desired no answer and you shall have none,' to remind Sarah of the words she herself had used on that fateful occasion in St. Paul's Cathedral. Finally, after Sarah had rapped out what she admits to be 'the most disrespectful thing I ever said to the Queen in my life,' Anne left the room, and this was the last conversation that took place between them, for they never met again.

A week later Anne sent for the Marquis of Kent, the Lord Chamberlain, and promising to bestow a dukedom upon him ordered him to give up his Wand of Office. On the same afternoon, without consulting any of her Ministers, she offered the vacant office to the Duke of Shrewsbury. She showed great wisdom in this choice. Of all the noblemen of England Shrewsbury was the most renowned for general popularity and for his power of reconciling the discordant elements in the State. King William had said that he was the only Minister who pleased both Whig and Tory. By virtue of his appointment as Lord Chamberlain he became the foundation upon which Anne could build a new Ministry. Only a disinterested man would have accepted a post which at this juncture was one of the greatest difficulty, but Shrewsbury was so grateful to Anne for the kindness

that she had shown to him and his wife that he agreed to take it.

Godolphin was racing at Newmarket at the time and only heard of Shrewsbury's appointment through letters from the Queen. Knowing that this was merely a step towards further and more extensive alterations in the Ministry, he protested against the change, but submissively added, 'for my part I must humbly beg leave to assure Your Majesty I will never give the least obstruction to your measures or to any Ministers you shall please to employ.' Somers and Sunderland meekly continued to hold office and even Marlborough did not dare to threaten to resign.

As Marlborough seemed to be taking things quietly, Anne hoped that he would make no difficulties, and she was greatly annoyed to find in a roll of officers recommended for promotion, which had been drawn up by him and was submitted to her by Mr. Robert Walpole, that the list of proposed new brigadiers stopped short at a single name before that of Colonel Hill, Abigail's brother, and the colonels ceased three names before that of Mr. Masham. This looked like a designed affront—at least Anne so considered it. She at once earnestly impressed upon Walpole her wish that these two officers should also be promoted, and she instructed him to convey her message to the Commander-in-Chief. In order that there could be no doubt about Colonel Hill's promotion, she sent for Walpole again and ordered that all the colonels of his seniority should be nominated brigadiers.

The matter was referred by Walpole to the Duke with a recommendation that he should comply with the Queen's wish as to the promotion of Masham. He consented to this, and when the Queen was informed of his concession she sent him her thanks in the most grateful terms. To her disappointment, however, the promotion of Colonel Hill was not proceeded with, so she ordered that her wishes should be explicitly presented to the Duke. But he still resolutely refused to promote Colonel Hill, for he feared more than anything else on earth the

tongue of the Duchess and the torrent of vituperation with which he would be overwhelmed if he were to give way. He had expected that the Whigs and Godolphin would back him up, but the former failed to do so, while Godolphin, afraid that the Duke's action might lead to another crisis in the Ministry, wrote assuring him that his continued refusal would be insulting to the Queen, unjust to Colonel Hill and would place the administration in a serious dilemma. Finally, Marlborough reluctantly yielded. The Queen herself wrote a letter in which she assured him that no personal affront was intended and offered to delay the announcement of the promotion till the end of the campaign. Marlborough, not to be outdone in generosity, sent at once for Colonel Hill and immediately announced his promotion, much to the satisfaction of the Queen.

Of all the Whig Ministers who had been forced upon her none was more distasteful to Anne than Lord Sunderland, for his insolent nature constantly prompted him to say in her presence things which he knew would annoy and wound her. For instance, she was heard to complain that 'he always chose to reflect on all princes before her, in the most injurious manner, as a proper entertainment for *her*.' Anne, however, was not the only person who distrusted Sunderland, for even his colleagues in the Ministry had become disgusted with his overbearing behaviour. Rumours were already rife that the Queen was pressing for his dismissal and it was whispered that Shrewsbury, Newcastle and Harley were supporting her. These rumours reached the ears of Marlborough, who immediately dispatched an indignant letter to Godolphin urging him to remonstrate with the Queen.

When Godolphin came to the palace in a state of considerable trepidation, the only reply that he received from Anne, in answer to the arguments which he had so often used before, was:

"The Duke of Marlborough is too reasonable to suffer a thing of this kind to do so much prejudice to

himself and to the whole world, by taking it to heart, and surely nobody knows better than the Duke and yourself the repeated provocations which I have received from Lord Sunderland.'

His dismissal, when it was announced, threw the whole Court and Ministry into a state of suspense and alarm, for not only did it affect the career of Sunderland himself, but no one knew where the next blow might fall.

Before this Anne had personally taken upon herself the onus of breaking the news to Lord Somers, in the hope of inducing him to modify his hostile attitude. Having announced her intention, she added:

'I am well aware that your Lordship will be very much concerned at this resolution, and therefore I have thought proper as a mark of my confidence to notify it to you yourself. I do assure you, however, at the same time, that I am entirely for moderation and do not intend to make any further alteration. But this is a resolution which I have long taken and nothing shall divert me from it.'

Awed by her determined manner, Somers faintly represented the fatal consequences which must ensue, and at the same time warned her of the dangers of a dissolution of Parliament, which he feared would be the inevitable result. The Queen appeared to be in agreement with him, but after a lengthy conversation he finally withdrew, without, as he himself declared, any hope of saving Lord Sunderland. The next day Anne sent Boyle to fetch the Seals of Office from Sunderland and presented them to Lord Dartmouth. Godolphin dispatched a letter to Marlborough announcing the dismissal of his son-in-law, and enclosing a memorial signed by all the principal members of the administration except Shrewsbury and Somerset, exhorting him 'to forgo his resentment and to retain the command of the armies for the welfare of England and Europe.'

Meanwhile Sarah was in a state of insolent activity.

Being herself denied access to the Queen, she persuaded Sir David Hamilton, one of Anne's physicians, to intimate to her 'that in case of continued obduracy, she would publish to the world all the Queen's former letters of friendship and fondness to her.' Naturally, Anne could not fail to be greatly pained and even frightened by such a threat as this. That her private correspondence, much of which had been written in great haste and which dealt with such intimate matters as the shortcomings of her father and sister, should become public was quite unthinkable, and at all costs must be prevented. So she hurriedly charged Sir David Hamilton and the Duke of Shrewsbury to intercede with Sarah. Their intervention met with some success, for it at least drew from her the declaration that she would hesitate to publish the letters; though, changing her ground, she threatened that she would be forced to do so if any charges of sale of offices or peculation should be brought against her. This was the last thing Anne would ever have dreamed of doing.

Nevertheless, charges of such a nature had been hinted in ambiguous terms by Swift in an article in *The Examiner*. In this article he implied that both the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough had been guilty of misappropriating public funds. Swift even went so far as to allege that the Duke had acquired as much as £50,000 during the tenure of his office of Commander-in-Chief, and he accused the Duchess of having purloined no less than £22,000 a year while occupying her position of Mistress of the Robes and Keeper of the Privy Purse.

In answer to this accusation the Duchess wrote a vigorous vindication, which she sent with a copy of the scurrilous attack to Sir David Hamilton, and asked him to submit it to the Queen. Anne read it over and announced her trust in the integrity of the Duchess with the pertinent remark: 'Everyone knows that cheating is not the Duchess of Marlborough's crime.'

The Londoners were furious when they learnt that the Duchess had threatened to publish her private letters from the Queen. If we can believe the assertion from a not

too impeccable source, word went round amongst the people

'that if the Duchess of Marlborough published aught to vex or wound Her Royal Benefactress, they would tear her to pieces if they caught her in the streets.'

The dismissal of Sunderland produced a tremendous sensation throughout the country, where it was taken as an indication that the war would not go on indefinitely and was regarded as a great victory for the Tories. Addresses poured into St. James's Palace from the counties and towns promising the Queen support against all 'republicans, traitorous factions and schismatical opponents.' Believing that the day of the Whigs was over, the great Tory families now clustered about Anne as they had never done before, even at the beginning of her reign. The Duke of Beaufort waited upon her, saying, 'Your Majesty is now Queen indeed.' Even Rochester made his peace.

The city of London, however, took the opposite view. Funds fell, public credit was affected, and a deputation from the Bank of England headed by Sir Gilbert Heathcote, a zealous Whig, demanded an audience of the Queen to remonstrate on the dismissal of Sunderland, which had alarmed the 'moneyed' interests. These were largely in the hands of the Whigs, who had every reason for wishing that the war, so lucrative for them, should continue. The Queen received the deputation very affably and replied in a dignified but vague way,

'I have for some time resolved to remove the Earl of Sunderland for particular reasons of state. I have no present intention to make any farther changes, but should I alter any of my ministers, it shall be no prejudice either to the Bank or the common cause.'

Abroad, the fall of Sunderland created an even greater sensation than in England, although Anne had directed that word should be sent to the Allies declaring that the

change would in no way diminish the credit of the Duke of Marlborough, but would on the contrary enable him to support the Allies and continue the war with greater vigour. In spite of this, she received from the Emperor Joseph a long letter of remonstrance, which she suspected had been inspired by Godolphin or Marlborough.

Fearful lest Parliament should be dissolved, Godolphin became more insistent in his endeavour to dissuade the Queen from making any further changes in the Ministry, assuring her that such action on her part might bring ruin on England. One day during a meeting of the Cabinet at which the Queen was present, his anger was aroused by Shrewsbury, whom he began to attack in a querulous manner. The Queen tried to interfere, whereupon Godolphin turned upon her and included her in his attack. A few days later he again took it upon himself to remonstrate with her, accusing her of listening to secret counsels and of lacking confidence in her legitimate Ministers. Before leaving he asked her to decide whether she wished him to remain in office. She murmured something which he understood to mean that he should continue.

Matters having reached a deadlock, Anne and her Ministers decided that this would be a suitable moment to allow Godolphin to retire. But she could not bring herself to tell him that his services would no longer be required. He had been attached to the fortunes of her family since his boyhood. His affection for her father was incontestable. So also were the honesty and devotion with which he had served the Crown since her own accession. But he had persistently thwarted her and her husband. Although he was not himself a Whig he had forced her into the tyrannical power of the Whig Junto, and now, in his peevish old age, it was impossible to keep him on, especially with a new Ministry coming into being. She could have had no very tender feelings towards him after all the troubles he had brought upon her and his consistent support of Sarah against herself, but she was loath to dismiss him with her own lips. She decided to

write to him and this she did that August evening, sitting in her oak-panelled closet at Kensington Palace.

'The uneasiness that you have shown for some time has given me much trouble, though I have borne it, and had your behaviour continued the same as it was for a few years after my coming to the Crown, I could have no dispute with myself what to do. But the many unkind returns I have received since, especially what you said to me personally before the Lords (in council) makes it impossible for me to continue you any longer in my service, but I will give you a pension of four thousand pounds a year, and I desire that instead of bringing the Staff to me you will break it, which I believe will be easier for us both.'

Although the Whig Junto had never trusted or wholeheartedly supported Godolphin, they were extremely alarmed at this untoward event, fearing that it might be the prelude not only to further dismissals but even to an appeal to the country and a General Election. As for Marlborough, he was deeply concerned at the fall of his old friend and filled with foreboding for the future.

One cannot avoid the suspicion that at this time a treasonable conspiracy was on foot amongst the members of the Whig Junto, in which both Sarah and Godolphin were included. There are many mysterious passages in the letters which during the month of August passed between Sunderland, Sarah and Marlborough. This correspondence leaves little doubt that the Whig chiefs and the Duchess contemplated making an appeal to the Elector of Hanover, and perhaps intended to compel Anne to abdicate. A letter from Sunderland to Marlborough, written on August 24th, indicated this very clearly. After congratulations on a minor victory and an attempt to arouse his anger because his advice was no longer taken by the Queen, Sunderland went on to say:

'I am sure if you, Lord Godolphin and the Whigs do act cordially and vigorously together, without

suspicion of one another, which I am sure there is no reason for, it is impossible but everything must come right again, especially since the Elector of Hanover is so right as he is, as appears both from what you know as well as from letters I have seen thence myself. For that affair of Hanover is and must be our sheet anchor, and if it is rightly managed you will be effectually revenged of all your enemies; and that by securing your country the only sure way, and you will be, if possible, a greater man than you have ever been yet and your friends Lord Godolphin and the Whigs must carry your point.

"This is the unanimous opinion of Lord Somers, Lord Halifax, Lord Orford and the Duke of Devonshire and of all their friends; and there is nothing in which they can assist you, in this or anything else that is for the common interest, and for supporting you yourself, that they won't do with the utmost zeal either in or out of parliament; and this they have given me commission to assure you of, and I will guarantee for their performance. I will answer for the like behaviour of Lord Wharton when he returns from Ireland, and I don't much doubt the Duke of Newcastle, though a place of £3,000 a year is a temptation to his inclination. I should not have omitted the Lord Chancellor who though he is now in the country is in every respect as you can wish him."

Further confirmation of this base design is supplied by Lord Hertford, who told David Hume:

"Towards the end of Queen Anne's reign, when the Whig ministers were turned out of all their places at home, and the Duke of Marlborough still continued in the command of the army abroad, the discarded ministers met and wrote a letter which was signed by Lord Somers, Lord Townsend, Lord Sunderland and Sir Robert Walpole "desiring the Duke of Marlborough to bring over the troops he could depend upon, and that they would seize the Queen's person and proclaim

the Elector of Hanover Regent." The Duke of Marlborough replied that: "it was madness to think of such a thing".

Horace Walpole too has confirmed the truth of this treacherous scheme, which he said he had heard his father, Sir Robert Walpole, repeat 'often and often.'

The following letters from Marlborough to his wife tell their own tale. In one of them dated August 30th, 1710, he writes:

'I have opened my letter to thank you for yours of the 27th and 11th by Ostende, and by them see they are endeavouring to put in practice what I was informed concerning us. I have followed my friends' advice by writing this afternoon to 50' (the Elector of Hanover).

But two weeks later, on September 13th, he warns her:

'... you must not flatter yourself that 50 is capable of acting a vigorous part. I believe he will shew that he esteems 39 (Marlborough) but at the same time he will be desirous of meddling as little as possible with the affairs of 108 (England) for which I cannot blame him, for not caring to have to do with so villainous a people. I am still of opinion the only thing you can do is to be quiet, by which you will give them no handle to use you ill before my return.'

On September 18th he writes again:

'What you wish to have 50 do is reasonable, but his cautious nature will never allow him to take any such steps.'

These letters appear to indicate that such a plot was being hatched, and that the Elector put a stop to this fine machination.

The office of Treasurer was not at once filled, but Anne appointed Lord Poulett to be the First Lord. To Harley she gave the Seals of Chancellor of the Exchequer, and from this time onwards he was virtually Prime Minister.

It soon became known that Harley was attempting to arrange a Ministry composed of the moderate elements of both parties—a form of government which had always appeared ideal in the eyes of the Queen. He addressed himself particularly to the Duke of Shrewsbury, Lord Mohun and Walpole, evincing anxiety to keep St. John and Harcourt in subordinate places. Finding, however, that the Whigs absolutely refused to take office, he gave up his plan for a moderate administration as impracticable.

At this juncture the Queen withdrew her confidence from Somers and treated him with coldness. If he had been implicated in such a plot as Sunderland sketched in his letter to Marlborough and Anne knew of it, it was natural that she should do so, but it may have been simply because it was now obvious that a Tory Ministry and an appeal to the country were inevitable. At any rate Somers and the other Whigs realised that their time had come, and they all resigned.

Dreading the thought of finding herself in the hands of any one party, Anne was very distressed that the negotiations with the more moderate Whigs had broken down, for now she was obliged to overlook all her old grievances against her Tory friends. She appointed her uncle, Lord Rochester, in place of Somers, made the Duke of Buckingham Lord Steward, and filled the other vacant offices with their adherents.

There was one man whom Anne was very loath to part with, Lord Cowper. When he came to her on the morning of September 22nd he brought with him the Great Seal with the intention of placing it in her hands, but she refused to accept his resignation and when he put the bag containing it on the table before her she made him take it up again five times, and finally carry it away, hoping that he might change his mind the next day. As, however, he again tendered his resignation the Queen was obliged to accept it.

The powerful Whig administration was over, after a life of barely two and a half years. Had the Junto not grasped at exclusive power, preventing the retention of

the more moderate elements the Queen desired, the war undoubtedly would have come to an end in 1709 when France was in such desperate straits, on no less advantageous terms than those England and the Allies were able to obtain four years later; that 'murthering' battle of Malplaquet would never have been fought and many lives and much wasteful expenditure would have been saved; the Queen would have been spared those humiliating years during which she described her situation as that of a 'crowned slave'; while as for Marlborough—his position and reputation would not have suffered as they did during the last years of Queen Anne's reign.

On September 26th a royal Proclamation was issued for the dissolution of Parliament and Anne and the nation anxiously awaited the decision of the polls. Although the Whigs professed great hopes of the return of their party, they cannot have had much doubt as to the result. The country was eager for a change and the people's enthusiasm for the Tories had been immensely stimulated that summer by the triumphal progress of Dr. Sacheverell, who had set out in May to go to a living presented to him in North Wales. Throughout his whole journey he was escorted by cheering crowds from village to village. Every possible honour was shown him by country-people and townspeople alike. At Oxford he was met by the Vice-Chancellor and Heads of the University and magnificently entertained, while the town of Shrewsbury attempted to outdo all other places by sending a body of five thousand horsemen to meet him.

This popular advertisement greatly helped the Tory cause, and the election struggles became so bitter and violent in character that such rancour plainly could not have been aroused by cold matters of policy. Among English electors an emotional cause is required to raise them to a pitch of enthusiasm.

Undoubtedly an enormous number of votes were transferred to the Tories because of the popular belief that the Whigs were concerned in a conspiracy against Church and State, and that they were tyrannically forcing

the pious Queen to join with them in measures she abhorred. The overwhelming Tory success at the Election was largely due to the popularity of the Queen. Yet she was disquieted by their victory, as were Harley and all those who were averse to extreme measures, for they feared the reaction of the country would encourage intolerance.

That autumn the Tory squires from all over the country left their hounds and streamed up to London intent on a very different sport. It was to be Tally-ho! and good hunting after all Whigs and Dissenters, and the hated war was to be stopped.

The old complaints were still on their lips. Why should they pay heavy taxes to put money into the pockets of the Whig bankers, merchants and army contractors? In order to win more barrier towns for the Dutch? They despised all Dutchmen, and they knew full well that Louis would never agree to attack Spain and his own grandson. So why go on with the war? Louis and his Frenchmen were gentlemen, they had been the friends of their Cavalier fathers when they fled from Cromwell and his pack of Dissenters. Then as now Church and Crown were in peril. Though the country gentlemen loved their entirely English Queen, many of them had a romantic spot in their hearts for her young brother—it was a pity the lad was a Papist.

In fact, the Queen was now as dangerously in the hands of the extreme Tories, as she had been before in those of the extreme Whigs. Swift wrote in his Journal on October 10th:

‘I saw her pass to chapel with all her Tories about her, and not one Whig. There was her uncle Rochester, Buckingham, Shrewsbury, Berkeley of Stratton, Lord Keeper Harcourt and Mr. Harley.’

The new Parliament was summoned on November 25th. Two days later Anne opened the session with her usual Speech from the Throne. After assuring them of her confidence in the duty and affection of her subjects, she

charged them to carry on the war with vigour and to grant the necessary supplies. She proceeded:

‘The eyes both of friends and enemies are upon you; the way to give spirit to the one and to defeat the restless malice of the other is to proceed in such a manner as becomes a British parliament.’

The Tory Ministry was now complete, and the subject which was most agitating to Anne was the question of what was to be done in regard to Sarah. That Fury must never be allowed to return to Court. Still it was unprecedented for the Groom of the Stole not to attend her mistress. For two years this had led to the most embarrassing situations. The Duchess not only possessed the Key of Office but she held the strings of the Privy Purse. Nevertheless, no one was sufficiently brave to tackle her, and it was agreed that her removal must wait until her husband’s return in the hope that he would be able to persuade her to give up her appointments.

Anne left Windsor earlier than usual that year and spent September at Hampton Court. In October she came to St. James’s Palace. Among the many ambassadors of all colours and from all lands who flocked there to do her homage was a magnificent and stately Moor, a most picturesque figure, the representative of the Sultan of Morocco. He bore with him the congratulations of His Majesty upon the Queen’s victories and conquests, and an offer of an alliance, one of the terms of which was that the Queen of England should send her ‘invincible shipping’ to reduce the fortress of Ceuta and other towns of Barbary and place them under the suzerainty of the Sultan. In return for this slight assistance he offered to free such English subjects as had been taken prisoner ‘without fee or ransome.’ This proposed ‘treaty,’ the Sultan averred, would increase the ‘grandeur, power and authority of both Empires.’ The ambassador concluded his address with an expression of his hope ‘that my person and message will be acceptable to a court that shines with the brightest fulgence of all glories that can enlighten

any kingdom or country that is not under the immediate influence of our Great Prophet.' He thereupon, we are told, presented the Queen with two lions, some tigers' skins, gold dust and jewels.

Another day found Anne sitting under her Canopy of State in the Presence Chamber, graciously receiving the homage of four Sachems, bedecked with their full panoply of feathers and wampum. They had undertaken a long and tedious voyage from far-away North America to kneel at the feet of their 'Great Queen,' and they prayed her to send an army to reduce Canada. These mighty warriors had their expenses paid by the Queen and they were lionised and feted by the fashionable London world; otherwise their mission was a failure.

But the visitor who gave Anne most pleasure was Handel. So charmed was she by his exquisite music that she offered him a post at Court. This he refused and returned to Germany until English fame and gold lured him back again two years later.

Anne seems to have been in better health that winter than she had been for some time. On Christmas day she cast off her mourning for her husband, for it was now over two years since his death. That morning she stayed very late in St. James's Chapel, receiving the Sacrament, and the same afternoon she held a great Court.

On the afternoon of December 28th Anne awaited the return of the Duke of Marlborough, who was due to arrive in London that day. Probably she sat in her green closet, which Sarah had always liked so much, where she could look out over St. James's Park as the light was failing. Gone were the giant oaks of her childhood's memories, she had seen them come crashing down on the night of the great storm in 1703. Gone were her loved ones, her father; her precious Gloucester; her beloved George, whose absence caused a perpetual ache in her heart; and Sarah, whom she had doted on and spoilt.

Now Anne sat waiting for Sarah's husband, whom she had counted as a dear friend for many years—first in this old palace when he was a gay young officer of her

father's household; then in exile in Brussels and Edinburgh and during the dark days of William's reign; and finally as the victorious general who had made her name and his own immortal and England's place supreme among nations. This man, who had often taken her view, and even tactfully supported her in spite of his wife's anger, had at last become estranged from her.

His loyalty was first to his wife, 'his dearest soul,' and whatever her violence to him or others he would support her if she were struck at. Now the blow was inevitable. The Queen was obliged to tell him that the Duchess must resign her position at Court. No wonder she was agitated and awaited his entry with painful trepidation. Anne, to whose lips words never came readily, was dreading the most difficult interview of her life. Not only was their friendship in the balance, but the fate of her armies, the fate of Europe.

The afternoon wore on. He was late in coming. The candles were lit by her pages and at last he was announced. He looked very tired after his long journey. They talked only of trivialities, the weather, the bad state of the roads he had passed over, and then he begged leave to withdraw, pleading fatigue. Nothing had been said about Sarah.

CHAPTER XVIII

STRIVING FOR PEACE

1711-1712

WITH the opening of the New Year, the Queen's Ministers became even more insistent that she should immediately inform the Duke that his wife must give up her Key of Office, but still Anne could not bring herself to speak. However, in the hope of sparing him humiliation, during her next audience with him she decided to broach a subject which had been troubling her. 'I am desirous you should continue to serve me,' she told him, 'and I will answer for the conduct of all my Ministers to you, but I must request you would not suffer any vote of thanks to be moved in Parliament this year, because my Ministers will certainly oppose it.'

The Ministers refrained from discussing the question of the Duchess's resignation during the official visits which they paid to the Duke on his return to England, but St. John in a private interview blurted out the humiliating advice that the Duke's 'true interest consisted in getting rid of his wife, who was grown irreconcileable to the Queen, as soon as he could, and with the best grace he could.'

The Duke must have realised that to remain loyal to his wife would jeopardise his career, for he would be forced to tender his resignation. So torn was he between his allegiance to his Duchess and his own ambitions, that his health became seriously affected. Alarmed by his condition, Sarah addressed a letter to the Queen in which for the first and only time in her life, she genuinely humbled herself. It had been arranged that Sir David

Hamilton should inform the Duchess when the moment was opportune for the Duke to deliver this letter. On January 17th he wrote:

'I have prepared the way by telling her how ill my Lord Duke was, how deeply grieved about the affair, and that his expectation is for the Queen's compassion to the Duchess. I am of opinion to-day is most fitting. There seemed to be a great tenderness.'

The Duke accordingly presented his wife's letter on his arrival at the palace, but Anne did not wish to read it and he had great difficulty in persuading her to do so. It began in the way most calculated to soften her heart:

'Though I never thought of troubling Your Majesty in this matter again, yet the circumstances I see my Lord Marlborough in, and the apprehension I have that he cannot live six months, if there is not some end put to his sufferings on my account, make it impossible for me to resist doing everything in my power to ease him, and if I am still so unlucky as not to make use of any expressions in this letter that may move Your Majesty, it is purely for want of understanding; for I really am very sorry that ever I did anything that was uneasy to Your Majesty.

'I am ready to promise anything that you think reasonable and I do not yet know but two things in my whole life that ever I did that was disagreeable to Your Majesty. I do solemnly protest that as long as I have the honour to continue to be your servant, I will never mention either of these subjects to you, or do anything that can give you the least disturbance or uneasiness. And these assurances I am desirous to give Your Majesty under my hand, because I would not omit anything possible for me to do that might save my Lord Marlborough from the greatest mortification he is capable of, and avoid the greatest mischief in consequence of it, to Your Majesty and my country.'

'I am, with all the submission and respect imaginable,
Your Majesty's most dutiful and most obedient subject
and servant,

'S. MARLBOROUGH.'

When she had read this letter Anne could hardly bring herself to speak; she could only murmur, 'I cannot change my resolution.' There appears to be no reliable account of the rest of this painful interview, yet Coxe ventures to build up an elaborate description of the scene and gives the actual words used by the Queen and Duke. At all events Anne, in spite of her distress, hesitancy, and fears of wounding her old friend, made him clearly understand that the Key of Office must be returned.

Upon the Duke's return, according to Lord Dartmouth, Sarah was so furious at his lack of success that she took the golden key which she always wore at her side and flung it to the floor, telling him to pick it up and take it to whom he pleased.

Bathos and pathos struggled in the room together, but Marlborough wasted no time—perhaps he was afraid that Sarah might change her mind. Picking up the key, off to St. James's Palace rushed the hero of Blenheim, the Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Forces, firmly clutching in his hand the symbol of the triumph which he had won in his latest, and not his least exacting victory. Arrived at the palace he delivered the key himself to the Queen.

Sarah is discreetly silent about all this in her 'Conduct.' She only says: 'When the Duke of Marlborough was returned to London, the Queen most readily accepted the resignation which he carried her from me, of my offices.' But we get some idea of her fury from the account given by Lord Cowper of a visit he paid Marlborough the following day. He found the Duke languidly stretched out in his four-posted bed, with his wife sitting by his side and a large company of visitors in the bedroom, all listening to the Duchess, who was raging against the Queen. Aghast at this indiscreet behaviour, Lord Cowper

whispered to the Duke 'how surprised he was at all the Duchess ventured to say against the Queen; although he had heard much of her temper, this is what he could not have believed.'

The Duke in the most plaintive voice answered, 'that nobody minded what the Duchess said against the Queen, or anyone else when she happened to be in a passion, which was pretty often the case, and there was no help for it.' Amongst other things, the Duchess said that she had always hated and despised the Queen, 'but as for that fool'—pointing her finger at her daughter Henrietta, Lady Rialton, who stood weeping—'she did believe that she had always loved the Queen and that she did so still, for which she would never forgive her.'

Anne proceeded to give the office of Groom of the Stole to the Duchess of Somerset, towards whom she had felt the deepest gratitude since that day, nearly twenty years before, when the Duchess had taken compassion upon her in her homeless condition and had lent her Syon House. To Mrs. Masham she gave the more confidential post of Keeper of the Privy Purse.

Thus at last Anne was free from the abominable scenes she had been so long forced to endure. But her old favourite was still a cause of worry and annoyance to her. The Duchess sent by a 'friend,' probably Sir David Hamilton, a copy of a letter from Anne written nine years ago, in which she had offered Sarah £2,000 a year from the Privy Purse for her own use. At the time this offer had been refused, but now she claimed arrears for nine years in a most insulting manner. Sarah herself writes that she demanded 'before I made up my accounts whether she still was willing that I should take the money out of the Privy Purse as she had desired me in her letter. . . . But I still used this further caution of writing at the bottom of the account, before I charged the last sum, a copy of the letter I mentioned before, that when she signed them she might at the same time attest her own letter, and the offer she had made me of her own accord, and pressed me to take in this manner "Pray make no

more words about it either own or conceal it as you like best, since I think the richest crown could never repay the services I have received from you.”,

When Anne received the demand for £18,000, a gift which had been offered under very different circumstances, she ‘blushed’ for her friend, and for her own mistaken affection. She kept the accounts for a fortnight and then returned them with these words in her own handwriting: ‘Feb. 1, 1711, I have examined these accounts and allow of them, Anne R.’ So the Duchess kept the £18,000, which she had deducted.

But even this did not keep Sarah quiet. She had recently moved into Marlborough House, the grand new palace which Sir Christopher Wren had built for her and her husband for a sum amounting to nearly £40,000, so had ceased to occupy her rooms in St. James’s Palace. After her departure from these apartments it was discovered that the very locks had been taken from the doors, and that even the mirrors that had been affixed to the walls had been taken down. It appears that the Duchess had also threatened to remove the chimney-pieces, but the Duke wrote and forbade her to do so, and for once she obeyed.

The story of the defacing of the rooms in her own palace was carried to the Queen in a manner which suggested that it was a message from the Duchess herself. It stated that she was taking away the slabs from the chimneys, had thrown away the keys and that ‘they might buy more for ten shillings.’ The Queen was so angry that she said she would build ‘no house for the Duke of Marlborough when the Duchess had pulled hers to pieces,’ and refused to spend more money on the building of Blenheim at Woodstock.

Although Anne was ailing throughout this spring she still attended to her public duties and even opened Parliament in person, but her once beautiful hands were now so affected by gout that she could write only with extreme difficulty, and was even obliged to give up touching for the King’s Evil. Swift says in his ‘Journal to Stella’:

'I visited the Duchess of Ormond to-day, I wrote to her to get a lad touched for the Evil, the son of a grocer in Chapel Street, but the Queen has not been able to touch and it now grows so warm I fear she will not at all.'

This great writer had been pressed into the service of the new Government by Harley, and we find his bitter pen ceaselessly attacking the Whigs and the Marlboroughs. He was not allowed into the inner councils of the Ministry but his discerning mind realised how anxious the Queen and her Ministers were about the cost of the war, and how worried they were by the cabals of the violent Tories and Jacobites led by Rochester. He describes some of the difficulties to Stella: "The Kingdom is as certainly ruined as much as bankrupt merchants. We must have peace let it be a bad or good one, though nobody dare talk of it."

Even the astute Swift did not discover that since January of that year secret negotiations had been carried on for peace with France. No one shared this secret except Anne, Jersey, Rochester, Shrewsbury and Harley—although Marlborough may have had his suspicions. Opinions still differ as to whether it was dishonourable of England to attempt to make peace without consulting the Allies, but there is no doubt that peace would never have been concluded if this country had consented to the only conditions upon which concerted terms could be arranged, for the Allies were as determined as the Whigs that there should be no 'peace without Spain'; and nothing would have induced Louis to send his armies against his own grandson.

Fearful of Jacobite intrigues, Anne tried to draw nearer to those of the Whigs whom she felt she could trust. Long and confidential audiences took place between Somers and Harley, while St. John approached Marlborough and his friends. At this critical moment, when the political horizon looked so threatening, Harley suddenly became the darling of the nation, for he narrowly

escaped death at the hands of a criminal maniac, the Abbé Guiscard. This man, who had been forced to leave France because of his misdeeds, declared his conversion to Protestantism and having been given command of a foreign regiment in the English service had performed deeds of the greatest valour at the battle of Almanza—at least according to his own account.

Ignorant of the real character of this ruffian, the invalid Queen took a sentimental interest in his affairs because of his renunciation of Popery and his daring service in her army. She had prevailed upon Harley to arrange for a pension of £400 a year to be given him, and so fascinated was she by his military exploits that she allowed her attendants to arrange a private interview. Except for a somnolent lady-in-waiting this desperado was left alone with Anne one evening for some considerable time. While in her presence he worked himself into a furious rage, complaining passionately of the ill treatment he had received and demanding that he should have a higher pension, but he attempted no physical violence against her.

The next morning he was arrested on a charge of spying in the pay of France and taken to the Cockpit where a Cabinet meeting was being held. When brought before them he suddenly drew a pocket-knife, and rushing at Harley stabbed him in the chest; as the blade of the knife broke against a bone he repeated the blow with the broken blade, and while he was raising his hand to strike for a third time, St. John and the other members of the Cabinet attacked him with their drawn swords, wounding him so severely that he died shortly after in Newgate Prison. Harley's injuries were not dangerous, but there was an outburst of public sympathy on his behalf, in which Anne entered whole-heartedly. She herself was very disturbed by this atrocious deed perpetrated by a man she had befriended, and with whom she had had a private interview only the evening before.

About this time, in April, 1711, to the consternation of the Allies, the Emperor Joseph suddenly died of small-



ROBERT HARLEY, EARL OF OXFORD

pox. This altered the entire political aspect in Europe, for Charles, whose pretension to the Crown of Spain had been supported by the Allies, was elected Emperor. He thereby became possessed of Austria, Italy and the Netherlands; and should he also acquire the Kingdom of Spain, his power would be even more dangerous than that of Louis XIV, now a broken old man. It had probably never occurred to the Allies that this might happen. There can be no doubt that it greatly strengthened the hands of those who, like Anne, St. John and Harley, had already decided that it was impossible to remove Philip from the throne of Spain.

On May 2nd, news was brought to Anne that her mother's brother, Lord Rochester, had suddenly died of an apoplectic fit. To the time of his death he never forsook his belief that James Stuart, the Queen's half-brother, had first right to the Throne; and he had constantly importuned his niece to correspond with this young man. Anne had consistently refused to do so, but after Rochester's death, she allowed Buckingham, another ardent Jacobite, to arrange that James Stuart should make the first advances, with the idea of sounding his views as to a possible renunciation of the Catholic faith. In a touching letter written in May, 1711, the Prince besought his sister to champion his succession to the English Crown, assuring her,

‘that I can never abandon but with my life my own right, which you know is unalterably settled by the fundamental laws of the land, yet I am more desirous to owe to you than to any living the recovery of it. For yourself a work as great and glorious is reserved. The voice of God and nature call you to it.’

A middle-aged invalid, with a sentimental heart, Anne could not but be considerably moved by his appealing letter, but her sound common sense came to her rescue and turning to Buckingham she asked,

‘How can I serve him, my Lord? You know well

that a Papist cannot enjoy this Crown in peace. Why has the example of the father no weight with the son? He prefers his religious errors to the throne of a Great Kingdom. He must thank himself, therefore, for his exclusion; he knows I love my own family better than any other. All would be very easy if he would enter the pale of the Church of England. Advise him to change his religion, my Lord, as that only can change the opinions of mankind in his favour.'

Buckingham conveyed this expression of the Queen's feelings to James who, in his answer, sturdily refused to change his faith, protesting that: 'Plain dealing is best in all things, especially in matters of religion; and as I am resolved never to dissemble in religion, so I shall never tempt others to do it. . . .'

Many Whig writers have accused Anne of encouraging the Jacobites in their aspirations. There is, however, no evidence to confirm this. On the contrary, both her actions and her words clearly show her determination never to entertain the idea of a Roman Catholic being once more seated on the Throne of England.

The matter which occupied the Queen's mind during the whole of this year was her desire for peace, and she threw all her personal influence into the secret efforts which were being made. So ardently did she long for the end of the war that it is said she remonstrated with her Ministers when papers regarding the carrying on of the campaign in the ensuing year were brought to her to sign; and that one day, with the tears running down her cheeks as she signed, she cried, 'Oh God, when will this spilling of blood be at an end?'

Harley was now well again, and Anne expressed the feelings of the people towards him and her own estimation of his services by creating him a Peer. He took the title of Earl of Oxford and Mortimer.

Both Harley and St. John shared the Queen's earnest desire for a speedy end to the war. They carried on the secret proposals, however, without daring to let even

Marlborough knew that such arrangements were on foot, for they could not believe that he would work whole-heartedly for peace. The Queen herself interviewed the secret envoy from France, Monsieur Mesnager, who afterwards said of her:

‘The Queen was mild and merciful in her disposition, and apt to believe everyone about her faithful and honest. Among her many good qualities she was a passionate lover of the common people as they generally were of her.’

After Mesnager’s return to France, the poet Prior was sent in secrecy and disguise to the French Court to deal with negotiations at that end. None of these transactions were communicated to the Duke of Marlborough, but he and the world soon became suspicious of what was going on, for on Prior’s return to England in company with Mesnager, the over-zealous Mayor of Deal, mistaking them for spies, arrested them.

On September 27th, 1711, the preliminaries were signed at Windsor by Mesnager on the part of France, and by Queen Anne’s two Secretaries of State, Harley and St. John. In this document, Louis acknowledged the Queen’s title and the Protestant Succession, and engaged to take all just and reasonable measures to prevent France and Spain from ever becoming united under one sovereignty. A secure barrier to the Dutch States was promised, and Dunkirk was to be demolished. It was agreed that peace should be discussed on these terms the ensuing year at Utrecht—fair terms, but no better than those which could have been obtained from Louis two long years before.

Possibly the idea of peace assisted Anne’s return to health. Something seems to have had a miraculous effect upon her. Her gout was much better, she was ‘able to walk with a stick and was hale and hearty.’ At Windsor she had the great delight of being able to hunt once more; and Swift, who was staying at the Castle in July and August, wrote this account in his Journal:

"The Queen was abroad to-day to hunt, but finding it disposed to rain she kept in her coach; she hunts in a chaise with one horse, which she drives herself, and drives furiously like Jehu, and is a mighty hunter like Nimrod."

On August 7th he writes that the Queen hunted the stag until four in the afternoon, and that she drove in her chaise above forty miles. Swift's pen should be allowed a certain amount of poetic licence, but it is almost incredible that Anne should have been able to perform such feats of endurance after leading the sedentary life of an invalid.

This joyous indulgence in pursuit of the sport she loved was amongst the last expressions of Anne's youth. While she was at Windsor she attended the races at Datchet, and the following Sunday, after going to church in the morning, she held a drawing-room in the afternoon. Few middle-aged invalids could stand this sort of racket combined with the arduous duties which were always thrust upon the Queen, and soon she was suffering again from a bad attack of gout. She was in such pain that she was unable to leave her room for some weeks, but she did not give up her receptions. These, however, now always took place in her bedroom, where so many people were crowded together that only those who were able to get near the bed could see her sitting in her armchair beside it, with her macaw perched upon the Indian screen behind her. As soon as she had sufficiently recovered she gave frequent card parties and dances.

As the shorter days made it difficult for her Ministers to come so far as Windsor, the Queen removed her residence to Hampton Court for the month of October. While there it was given out that she was suffering from another attack of gout, but this time it is supposed to have been of the diplomatic variety—so that she might have greater privacy to consult with the French envoys and her Ministers about the arrangements for the treaty of peace. Harley, however, was really taken ill there.

After his convalescence and departure at the end of November, Anne wrote him a letter which shows how deeply she concerned herself with national and political interests, and that she was still—in spite of her many illnesses—anything but a cipher:

“November 16th, 1711. I am very glad to hear from those that you saw yesterday that you are so much recovered; I pray God protect your health and confirm it for many years. . . . I gave Lord Dartmouth to-day the names for the Council of Trade and Chamberlain of Scotland and he tells me he has ordered the warrant to be filled up. I find he has not prepared any instructions for Lord Peterbortow, fearing he would do more hurt than good at Turin, Lord Dartmouth proposed to me the sending him to Venice. I think he should be sent somewhere, for fear if he comes home while the Parliament is sitting, he will be very troublesome. Mr. Secretary often mentions that great care should be taken of the Courts of Berlin and Hanover, but never has proposed anybody to be sent to either; if Brittain be thought for such an employment, I am very willing to part with him, only desire he may not be sent to Hanover. I believe Duke Hamilton may do very well for Vienna, but it will be time enough to come to any resolution about it when I have the satisfaction of seeing you.

“You propose my giving Mr. Prior some inferior character; what that can be I don’t know, for I doubt his birth will not entitle him to envoy, and the Secretary of the Embassy is filled; if there be any other you can think of that is fit for him, I shall be very glad to do it. I leave it to you to recommend somebody for the Master of the Mint in Scotland, for I have none in my thoughts at present to give it to.

“I intend, an it please God, to be in town the middle of next week, if the Parliament can meet on the day appointed, or else I should be glad to stay a week

longer here, unless you think my being at St. James's is absolutely necessary for business.

'Pray turn it over in your thoughts who will be proper to put into the Commission for executing the office of Privy Seal during my Lord's absence, and believe me with all sincerity, your very affectionate friend, ANNE R.'

Many storms were brewing in the political sky. One of these was caused by Shrewsbury's antipathy for the Duke of Somerset. His dislike was so intense that he urged Anne to remove the Duke and Duchess. In this he was supported by other Ministers. Her refusal to do so caused a crisis at Court and led many of her Ministers to believe that she was deserting them. In reality there can be little doubt that her action in defending her old friends was entirely due to non-political reasons, although she frankly admitted that she felt it was important she should keep in touch with Whig interests through the Duchess of Somerset. The Duchess was the only woman about the Queen with whom she could talk as an equal, and who was sympathetically interested in her life. When Anne sat silent and sad the Duchess would speak to her of Gloucester and Prince George, and Anne was grateful for this remembrance of her loved ones.

The question which was disturbing every mind at the moment was what would happen on the Duke of Marlborough's arrival in England. A Commission had been sitting for some time to enquire into the accusations of misappropriation of the public funds which had been brought against the members of the late Government. It had discovered that a certain Jew, Sir Solomon Medina, who had contracted for the supply of bread and bread-wagons for Her Majesty's Forces in the Netherlands, had, since the beginning of the year 1707, been secretly making annual payments to the Duke of Marlborough for his personal use, which amounted in all to the vast sum of £63,319. Marlborough had written from The Hague to the Commissioners protesting that this was no more than

what had always been allowed as a perquisite to the General or Commander-in-Chief of the Army in the Low Countries,

'and I do assure you at the same time, that whatever sums I have received on that account have been constantly employed for the service of the public, in keeping secret correspondence and getting intelligence of the enemy's motions and designs.'

He also volunteered the information that he had been receiving a gift of £10,000 a year from the Allies, and that he had applied this to the secret service. The Queen appears to have signed a warrant in July, 1702, giving him power to accept this amount.

The political lampoons were now directed more bitterly than ever against him, and it is probable that Anne was much moved by his fallen greatness, for she received him very graciously when he arrived at Hampton Court on November 17th, the evening of the day he landed in London.

Although Marlborough had written the most humble, flattering letters to Harley only a month before, he had now decided that his one chance of salvation was to be found amongst the Whigs. So that, instead of finding a sadly maligned, sensitive man as she had expected, the Queen was confronted with a vehement denunciator of the peace. He boldly remonstrated with her against what he characterised as the disgraceful conditions of the preliminary proposals. When her Ministers heard of this, their indignation was excited and St. John observed:

'I hear that in his conversation with the Queen, the Duke of Marlborough has spoken against what we are doing; in short, his fate hangs heavy upon him and he has of late pursued every counsel which was the worst for him.'

It was all very well for St. John to appear so cocksure of the issue, but as a matter of fact the Ministry was far

from confident at the moment, for the position of the Whigs had been strengthened by Marlborough's return to the fold, and also by the support which Nottingham had given to their refusal to end the war. Among their most powerful supporters the Whigs might count the representatives of the Allies, who all strongly remonstrated with the Queen and her Ministers against concluding a separate peace. The new Emperor, the Elector of Hanover, and the Dutch exhorted her privately and publicly to remain within the Grand Alliance for the purpose of carrying on the war until such time as Louis should be willing to agree to the forfeiture of the Spanish Throne and the Spanish West Indies. So great was the pressure brought to bear upon it and the attitude of the Whigs became so menacing that the Government appeared to be in a sad predicament, but the Queen's Ministers boldly adhered to their course.

When Parliament met on December 7th, Anne opened her Speech with reassuring words,

'I am glad,' she said, 'that I can now tell you that notwithstanding the arts of those who delight in war, both place and time are appointed for opening the Treaty of the General Peace.' She went on to prophesy the blessings this would bring upon them, adding: 'I cannot conclude without earnestly recommending to you all unanimity, and that you will carefully avoid everything which may give occasion to the enemy to think us a people divided among ourselves, and consequently prevent our obtaining that good peace of which we have such reasonable hopes and so near a view.'

'I pray God direct your consultations to this end that being delivered from the hardships of war you may become a happy and flourishing people.'

On the conclusion of her Speech Anne retired from the Chamber, and having laid aside the royal robes she always wore when opening Parliament, returned to her private box incognito, hoping by her presence to restrain

the temper of the debates. She was soon to be sadly disillusioned. The Whigs and the discontented Tories proceeded to censure the action of the Ministers in negotiating the preliminaries of peace, and Lord Nottingham put forward a motion which declared that no peace could be safe or honourable if Spain and the West Indies were to be left to the Bourbons. Lord Anglesea retorted with a covert censure on the conduct of the Duke of Marlborough, stating that 'the country might have enjoyed the blessings of peace soon after the battle of Ramillies, if it had not been deferred by some persons whose interest it was to prolong the war.' This was too much for the victor of Ramillies, who jumped to his feet and appealed directly to the Queen to exonerate him from such an accusation—which proceeding, being contrary to the etiquette of the House, threw her into the greatest embarrassment.

Amidst the excitement of these debates, the quarrels within the Ministry, and uncertainty as to whether the Government would be able to carry on, that hoary old darling of the Tories, the Occasional Conformity Bill—adorned with a few modifications to appease the Whigs—was now pushed through the House of Lords with little opposition.

The Tory party had by this time become divided into various factions; the ardent Jacobites were indignant because the future of James Stuart had not been mentioned in the negotiations, and some were against the peace proposals altogether. These divisions were even more evident within the Ministry. Somerset resigned because of the proposed treaty; Buckingham was lukewarm, and Shrewsbury was too timid to take a firm stand. Despite these embarrassments Anne kept her head, and as usual was the steady pivot around which all these diverse elements revolved. It was this stability and endurance on her part which retained the Government in power at this critical moment—one of much danger to the Crown, the country and the peace.

During the few remaining weeks of the year the
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Ministers seem to have been at sixes and sevens, suspicious of the good faith of each other and even of the Queen. Mrs. Masham, who by this time had become an ardent Jacobite, also temporarily suspected her mistress of betraying the Tory cause. Indeed, at this time Abigail completely lost her head, but perhaps it was only turned by the flattery of many people who counted upon her to advance their interests with the Queen. At all events, Anne became very disgusted with her handmaiden, and when Lord Dartmouth was deputed by the Tory ministry to request that the Queen should make Mr. Masham a peer, a conversation took place which shows quite plainly that Anne was never under Mrs. Masham's influence to any marked extent. When Dartmouth made his request, Anne expostulated:

'I never had the least intention to make a great lady of Abigail Masham, for by so doing I should lose a useful servant about my person, for it would give offence for a Peccress to lie on the floor and do all sorts of inferior offices.'

But Harley and the Mashams were so insistent that Abigail's husband should receive a peerage that Anne gave way, rather than have a crisis in her household at a moment when there were so many others. However, she made the proviso that Lady Masham should remain a 'dresser.' Lord Dartmouth relates that when speaking of Mrs. Masham

'the Queen told me that I was not in her good graces (which I did not know before) because I lived civilly with the Duchess of Somerset which, Her Majesty interpolated, that she hoped I would continue to do so without minding Mrs. Masham's ill humours.

'At last Abigail grew very rude to me, of which I took no notice. The Queen gave me a hint of her suspicion, "that she or her sister always listened at the door when I had a conference with Her Majesty." Abigail likewise shewed some disrespect to the

Duchess of Somerset, which gave the Queen a notion of making her a lady of the bed-chamber and thus laying her down softly.'

Masham was to be one of twelve peers now to be created in order to give the Tory party a majority in the House of Lords. Probably no one about the palace except the Queen, Harley, St. John and the Mashams knew of this project. Dartmouth was certainly not admitted to the secret until one day Anne produced from her voluminous pocket a list of the new peers. He afterwards wrote:

'I never was so much surprised as when the Queen drew a list of twelve peers out of her pocket and ordered me to bring warrants for them, there not having been the least intimation before it was to be put in execution. I asked her if she designed to have them all made at once? She enquired if I had any exceptions to the legality of it. I said, No; but doubted very much of the expediency. She said she had made fewer lords than any of her predecessors, and I saw the Duke of Marlborough and the Whigs were resolved to distress her as much as they could, and she must do what she could to help herself. I told her I thought it my duty to tell her my apprehensions, as well as to execute her commands. The Queen thanked me, and said that she liked the measure as little as I did, yet found not that anyone could propose a better expedient.'

During this time Harley had been strongly representing to the Queen that the only way to influence public opinion and tide over the ministerial and political crises, was to dismiss the Duke of Marlborough. There could be no doubt that after his return to their party, the Whigs had greatly increased in power, and that most of the unhappy divisions amongst the Tories had taken place since his defection. Above all it had become extremely difficult to retain him as Commander-in-Chief as he was bitterly opposed to the proposals for peace.

Doubtless Harley had his own private reasons for desiring the Duke's dismissal. He would have been scarcely human if he had not been glad to free himself from the man whose wife and whose adopted party had so bitterly humiliated him. He played upon the Queen's overwhelming desire for peace, and her fear of the Whigs. At last, although Anne had a horror of bringing disgrace upon the Duke, she finally realised that this could not be avoided. She appeared at a Cabinet Council on December 30th, and this entry was made in the books:

'Being informed that an information against the Duke of Marlborough was laid before the House of Commons, by the commissioners of the public accounts, Her Majesty thought fit to dismiss him from all his employments, that the matter might undergo an impartial investigation.'

The next day the Queen by her own hand communicated this decision to the Duke. Unfortunately this letter is not in existence because in his first outburst of indignation he threw it on the fire.

On January 24th, 1712, a long and violent debate took place in the House of Commons regarding the report of the Commissioners. The finest speakers were arrayed on either side, and finally, by a majority of 75 it was resolved: "That the taking several sums of money annually by the Duke of Marlborough from the contractors for furnishing the bread and bread-wagons in the Low Countries, was unwarrantable and illegal."

Considering that the Lower House had a large Tory majority, and taking also into account the bitterness of party politics in the 18th century, this was not so damning a resolution as might at first be supposed; besides, it must be remembered that the acceptance of perquisites by those in high office had been for centuries one of the principal evils in England. Now, for the first time, public opinion was beginning to combat this form of corruption. In fairness to the great General, whose genius brought glory to his country and his Queen, these points must be

borne in mind. Marlborough, this superlative man, had his defects and drawbacks—his vice was avarice, his evil genius was his wife—but the real cause of his downfall was that he could only make war, he could not make peace.

In the midst of this political ferment, on January 5th, 1712, Prince Eugene landed in England, bringing proposals from the Emperor which it was hoped would embarrass the Ministry and interrupt the negotiations for peace. The following day he had an audience with the Queen, at which both Harley and St. John were present. The Queen received him graciously but she endeavoured to escape from any further audiences by saying, 'I am sorry that the state of my health does not permit me to speak to your Highness as often as I wish, but I have ordered these gentlemen to receive your proposals, whenever you think proper.' It was true that she was suffering from an attack of gout. Indeed, she was unable to make her usual speech at the opening of Parliament, but she sent a communication to both Houses announcing that the Congress was about to open at Utrecht, and that her plenipotentiaries, Lord Bristol and the Earl of Stafford, had already arrived there. She added: 'You may depend on Her Majesty communicating to her Parliament the terms of peace before the same shall be concluded.'

She was sufficiently recovered before her birthday, February 6th, to be well enough to give a magnificent afternoon reception for Prince Eugene, to whom she presented a sword incrusted with diamonds. Swift writes: 'There was a concert of opera songs at the palace that night, and the Queen was very well after it all.'

While London was engaged in entertaining the Prince, a Jesuit spy named Plunket placed before Harley and St. John an extraordinary story of a plot in which he alleged Prince Eugene, Marlborough and the principal Whigs were concerned. According to Plunket, it had been arranged that on a certain date fires were to be started in various buildings in London, among them St. James's Palace, the Queen was to be taken prisoner, and the

Tower and Bank were to be seized. This, apparently, was all to be undertaken by the Mohocks, a band of young russians, many of them Whigs of good position, who were at this time the terror of pedestrians at night. Realising that the source of this story was not worthy of credit, Harley and St. John had the good sense to ignore it, but Buckingham, Harcourt and the Lord Keeper were more credulous. It was actually brought before the Cabinet and it appears to have been imparted to the Queen. She was the last person to be frightened by such moonshine, and Plunket was promptly packed off to Holland. The story was not made public till many years after Anne's death. Unfortunately, Swift seems to have believed in all the horrors of the original tale and to have added many more of his own invention. It is not surprising that he should believe any fabrication against the Mohocks, for they had sworn to slit his nose, and he did not dare to walk home at night to the country village of Chelsea where he lived, but was obliged, for fear of them, to hire a chaise.

That spring Anne resumed her custom of touching for the King's Evil. In the London Gazette, March 12th, it was officially announced 'that Her Majesty would heal persons afflicted with the Evil on the thirteenth of that month.' Over two hundred people were brought into her presence at St. James's Palace on that day, among them Samuel Johnson, who, then a child, was brought by his mother from Lichfield for this express purpose on the advice of Sir John Floyer. As the latter was a celebrated physician, no greater proof could be given of the high value attached to the curative powers of the Royal Touch.

Johnson has left us a description of this memorable event of his childhood:

'I was taken in Lent to London to be touched for the Evil by Queen Anne. I remember as a boy crying when I went to the Palace to be touched. I always retained some memory of this journey though I was then but thirty months old.'

Boswell also refers to the incident:

'Dr. Johnson being asked if he could remember Queen Anne, he had, he said, a confused but somehow a sort of solemn recollection of a lady in diamonds and a long black hood.'

In the spring of this year the aged Bishop of Worcester asked for an audience with the Queen, and with a very mysterious air, said

'that he thought it his duty to acquaint her that the city of Rome would be utterly destroyed by fire, and the Church of Rome extinct in less than four years, and that if Her Majesty would have the patience to hear him, he would prove it beyond all doubt.'

So interested was Anne in this extraordinary prophecy that she arranged for him to come to the palace the following afternoon. She desired Shrewsbury, Harley, Dartmouth and her favourite physician, Dr. Arbuthnot, to be present, and she ordered a great Bible to be sent for — which was all the Bishop said he required in establishment of his assertion.

The next day the Bishop brought with him Anne's old friend and tutor, Compton, the martial Bishop of London who had so valiantly guarded her on her flight to Nottingham. Armed with the Bible, the octogenarian Bishop proceeded to give them a variety of quotations and applications of the texts in support of his prophecies. But on Harley's politely differing from his interpretation of one of the passages, the Bishop fell into a violent rage. Turning to the Queen, he shouted, 'So says your Treasurer, but God says otherwise whether he like it or no.' Seeing that her Ministers found it difficult to refrain from laughing at this outburst and that the Bishop had become quite uncontrollable, Anne hastily called for her dinner and prepared to leave the room, but before she could escape the Bishop bent down and whispered in her ear, 'That when four years were expired, the Saviour would reign personally on earth for a thousand years.'

Throughout this spring and summer the debates in the House of Lords over the negotiations for peace were extremely acrimonious, the Whig Lords and Marlborough continually arraigning the Ministry, while the whole country was in a state of great suspense as to the prospects of a speedy termination of the war.

By June 6th the negotiations with France appeared to be progressing so favourably that the Queen went to the House of Lords and delivered an elaborate speech in accordance with her promise to communicate the full terms of the peace before it was actually concluded. A few days later an armistice with France was arranged, to continue for only two months and to be limited in scope to the Low Countries.

The Hanoverian, Austrian and Dutch Allies tried every possible means to dissuade the Queen from proceeding with the treaty, declaring that they themselves would never consent to make peace until the Crown of Spain had been given up. But nothing could turn her from her purpose, not even the publication of a huge book of lamentations called ‘The Sighs of Europe.’ This book, which was full of invective against the British Court, dismaly prophesied that slavery and persecution would be the certain consequences of a peace with France.

About this time St. John was created a Viscount as a reward for his efforts in the cause of peace—that an Earldom was not conferred upon him was said to be due to the jealousy of Harley, who as Earl of Oxford, was determined to keep his superiority in rank. The rivalry of these two Ministers had recently been causing the Queen considerable anxiety. To appease Harley she bestowed upon him the Garter; but St. John, who took the title of Viscount Bolingbroke, she sent to France in the hope that he would be able quickly to settle further points of the negotiations.

That autumn a fever, probably a violent form of influenza, was prevalent throughout England. While Anne was at Windsor forty members of her household were seized with this illness at the same time. Then she

herself took it and became so ill that she never entirely recovered from its effects. On September 8th Swift wrote: 'Yesterday we were all alarmed with the Queen's being ill, she had a aguish and fevcrish fit, and you never saw such countenances as we all had—such dismal melancholy.'

Before she was up and about again Anne received the news of the death of her old Minister, Lord Godolphin. Since leaving the Government he had lived with the Marlboroughs and had died while staying with them at Windsor Lodge. Lord Dartmouth brought the news to the Queen, and she excused herself for weeping by saying,

'She could not help it, for she had a long acquaintance with him, and did believe that whatever offence he had given her, was owing to the influence the Marlborough family had over him, but she did not think him to be naturally an interested man.'

When Dartmouth told her that Godolphin had left no estate, she said:

'I am sorry that he has suffered in my service, since he was not poor at the Revolution, when he brought me twenty thousand guineas, and entreated me to take care of them, which I did for some time after and they were constantly with me wheresoever I went.'

After the death of his old friend, the Duke of Marlborough decided to leave England. He journeyed to the Continent, where his wife followed him some weeks later. There seem to have been various difficulties about their permission to leave the country, but Bolingbroke's signature on the Duke's passport is dated 30th October, 1712, although it was only procured owing to Harley's good nature.

The Duke had various reasons for thus exiling himself. The bitter attacks that had been launched against him had wounded his sensitive spirit and had estranged him from his country. There was also a law-suit pending in the Court of the Queen's Bench, in which a claim was

being made against him for a large sum of money alleged to have been wrongfully appropriated by him. Other difficulties were overshadowing him, for he had refused to pay the workmen or the other creditors who demanded the £30,000 still owing for the building of Blenheim. The Duke considered these expenses in no way concerned him because of the promise given by the Queen.

When Anne heard of the departure of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, she said, "The Duke of Marlborough has acted wisely in going abroad." At this time the Queen was in great distress of mind because her kinsman, the Duke of Hamilton, who had recently been appointed Ambassador to France, had been killed by Lord Mohun in a duel in Hyde Park.

Peace was now the great objective in Anne's life. She was constantly urging forward the arrangements, but the year died without anything further having been accomplished.

CHAPTER XIX

PEACE AT LAST

1713-1714

'Princess, the world already owns thy name!
Go mount the chariot of immortal fame,
Nor die to be renowned; Fame's loudest breath
Too dear is purchased by an angel's death.

But O, the parting strokel Some heavenly power!
Cheer thy sad Britons in the gloomy houe;
Some new propitious Star appear on high,
The fairest glooy of the westen sky,
And Anna be the name.'

ISAAC WATTS, 1674-1728.

THE New Year dawned but not the desired peace. Throughout England, especially in the City of London, a feeling of intense uneasiness prevailed. The Queen and her Ministers were also living in an atmosphere of suspense, for they were never certain from one day to the next whether their Tory adherents would forsake them. Although Anne had been very ill for the past ten days, suffering from a painful attack of 'gout in her stomach,' she struggled up from her bed on February 6th, her birthday, in the hope of restoring confidence to the people—for that day had come to be looked upon as a national holiday and she would not fail her countrymen at this critical hour. She managed to get through the ceremonies somehow, and her Court was a brilliant one. Swift writes that he never saw the

'birthday reception celebrated with such bustle and fine clothes. . . . There were more Whigs than Tories to-day at Court. I believe they see the peace must be made and come to look after the Queen, she is still lame with the gout.'

Later on in February he notes that

'the health of Her Majesty is slowly mending, she intends to be brought in a chair to her Parliament when it meets, which will not be till March 3rd.'

It had been hoped that it would be possible to announce the conclusion of peace on that day, but the opening of Parliament had to be once more postponed, as the final settlement with the French still hung fire. Bolingbroke had done his best to hurry on the arrangements—'this tedious, intricate and so much traversed negotiation,' as he called it. At last, believing that the French were deliberately playing for time, he sent a despatch to the Duke of Shrewsbury directing him to demand an immediate conference with Louis' Ministers, and to state 'that the Queen would endure no further suspense, nor consent much longer to postpone the meeting of Parliament.' He then set out once more the proposals from which she would not deviate. This firm action had a decisive effect. The French Ministers became alarmed lest the much-desired peace should slip through their fingers, and they agreed almost at once to all that had been demanded. Instructions were accordingly sent to Utrecht, where, after the necessary delay which the drafting entailed, the Treaty was finally signed on March 31st.

When the glad news reached her, Anne, although she had had several returns of the more dangerous symptoms of her malady during the past few months, insisted upon being dressed in her court robes and on April 9th was carried in an open chair to the House of Lords to attend the long-delayed re-opening of Parliament. With joy in her heart, though with a fainter voice than usual, she announced: 'The Treaty is signed and in a few days the ratifications will be exchanged.' She continued with considerable emotion: 'It affords me great satisfaction that my people will have it in their power by degrees to repair what they have suffered during so long and burdensome a war.'

To dispel any suspicions which the Whigs might still

entertain as to her motive in concluding the peace and to dispose of the insinuations of the Jacobites, she added:

'What I have done for securing the Protestant Succession, and the perfect friendship there is between me and the House of Hanover may convince such who wish well to both and desire the quiet and safety of the country, how vain all attempts are to divide us, and those who make a merit by separating our interests will never attain their ill ends.'

Congratulatory addresses were presented to her by both Houses, and on May 5th peace was announced by proclamation amidst the exultant shouts of the populace. The sound of their voices outside the palace penetrated into a room overlooking St. James's Park where Anne lay in her great curtain-hung bed, tormented in body but with thankfulness in her heart.

Two days later, a public Thanksgiving was held at St. Paul's Cathedral. To the intense disappointment of all Londoners, the Queen, who had so often ignored her own infirmities to take part in their thanksgivings, was still too ill to drive through the streets and share in their rejoicings. It was indeed hard that Anne could not witness her people's delight in the hour for which she had so long worked and prayed. Nor could she listen to Handel's magnificent Jubilate, especially composed for this service in the Cathedral, which was rendered to a distant accompaniment of the bells of a hundred surrounding steeples and the guns which thundered from the Tower and the public parks. As night drew on the sky over London became red with the light of bonfires and illuminations.

Though the war had lasted eleven years the only material advantage that England had derived from it was the possession of the Rock of Gibraltar, Minorca, Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, Hudson Bay and St. Kitts. But those years of bloodshed abroad and faction at home which had done so much to wear Anne out, gave to her short reign a glory that no other has ever possessed.

Then, as always, the unseen creative forces of man far surpassed the worth of visible acquisitions. Thanks to Marlborough's genius the war had freed Europe from the ambition of a Catholic despot. At home a period of sound Government had fixed Great Britain upon the path that led to the freedom and well-being of the individual, a way along which this country has ever since outstripped the rest of the world. The marriage of England and Scotland had bound the island together in a mutual interest and a common home life—though as yet there had not been much wedded bliss. Foreign trade and material wealth had expanded beyond the wildest dreams of earlier generations. Finally, the vigorous pulsating life that flowed through the veins of the nation during these years had revitalised science and literature, and inscribed upon England's roll of fame such immortal names as Isaac Newton, Joseph Addison, Matthew Prior, Alexander Pope, Richard Steele and Jonathan Swift.

Surely it can truthfully be claimed that it was Anne's peculiar combination of amiability, common sense and moderation, combined with her intense desire for the well-being of her people, which made it possible to keep the peace at home, carry on the war abroad and secure a united Britain at a time when the fierce passions of political and religious extremists often threatened to wreck everything?

Happily she lived to witness peace with France and the fulfilment of her dearest wishes for the country, though peace in her private life was denied her this side of the grave. Financial anxieties and factional intrigues crowded in upon her throughout the last year of her life. Although she had consistently stinted herself throughout the whole of her reign—the Duchess of Marlborough has testified to the small amount the Queen's clothes cost compared with those of other sovereigns, and to the fact that she never bought a single piece of jewellery for her own use—Anne was horrified to find herself in a most difficult position for lack of money. During the summer she was even unable to pay her servants.

Many different causes seem to have contributed to her financial embarrassment. Parliament had appropriated much of the revenue which used to be applied to the Civil Service; a large annual sum derived from ecclesiastical livings had been allotted to Queen Anne's Bounty; nearly £300,000 had been spent on the building of Blenheim; while a sum of £100,000 is supposed to have been used for feeding the starving refugees from the Palatinate. At the same time the Queen had been keeping a vast army of pensioners and beggars of every description.

She was obliged to inform the House of Commons of her difficulties, and beg them to empower her to raise a sufficient amount to settle her debts and provide her with a suitable income for the future. Although they cheerfully consented to allow her £500,000 to be applied towards her debts and the arrears owing to her tradesmen and servants, the House decreed that an extraordinary method should be employed for raising this sum. It was to be obtained by means of a lottery. The slow-witted Commons apparently failed to appreciate the irony in the coincidence that on the very same day they sanctioned this undignified and highly questionable means of raising money for their Queen, they were passing an Act 'for the building of fifty new churches in and about London and Westminster and the suburbs thereto.'

After a visit to Kensington in June the Queen moved to Windsor. As she had become very heavy and could only be moved with difficulty, she was no longer carried up and down the stairs of the Castle in her chair, as in the past, but was lowered through a trapdoor in the floor into the room below, and hauled up again by means of a device fitted with ropes and pulleys. It is believed that this apparatus was the same as that which had been used to convey Henry VIII from one floor to another. Most of the time, however, her infirmities restricted Anne to one or two rooms. The gout had now attacked her hands so that they had become red and swollen masses swathed in bandages, all their beauty gone for ever. It was only with the greatest difficulty that she could sign her name.

But the daily pile of papers which had to be mastered, and the many problems that confronted her gave her tired brain no respite. Sometimes she would spend as much as four hours at a time working or praying in her closet.

In her moments of relaxation she would sit at her bedroom window in the Castle, far above the surrounding country-side—whence she could gaze upon the beautiful landscape of fields and trees billowing away towards the north to join the grey distance, with the Thames and the pinnacles of Eton Chapel at her feet.

Gone were the days when she could rush helter-skelter through the Forest, with the keen air whipping the colour into her cheeks while the ardour of the chase tingled through every fibre of her being. Those days of unalloyed pleasure were now only material for dreams. And she had many other memories. What momentous and diverse scenes she had lived through since that February night nearly fifty years before, when, a child of the Restoration, she was born in the Palace of St. James's. There were the scarce-forgotten gaieties and dissipation of her uncle Charles's Court; the terrors of her father's reign; the ups and downs of William's time, her own accession and the tempestuous years that had followed. As she sat in her chair gazing into the distance all these historic events would revolve within her weary brain, and blend themselves with the personal achievements, disappointments, joys and sorrows of her life. The massive walls around her had witnessed some of her tenderest and saddest experiences. The first few weeks of her married life had been spent at Windsor. In the years that followed she had passed many happy summer days here with George and Gloucester, until that black and sombre night when the boy had been taken from them. Now she was alone, sad and very ill—only her country was left for her to cherish.

Before the winter set in Anne became so ill that she could not leave Windsor. But we find her up and dressed—although it was cold and draughty in the Castle—hard at work, and signing documents of State

until December 23rd. That day she caught a chill, which brought on a violent attack of suppressed gout. For several hours she lay unconscious and on Christmas Eve those around her feared that she was stricken with her last illness. Harley and her doctors hastened from London to the Castle, and the Duchess of Somerset made the best speed she could over almost impassable roads from Petworth, where she had been spending Christmas, to the bedside of her royal mistress.

Rumours were circulated that the Queen was dead, and that the Pretender was about to sail with a squadron of French men-of-war carrying thousands of soldiers who were to be landed on the English coast. The City was plunged into a panic and there was a run on the Bank of England.

But the Queen rallied, and as soon as she was sufficiently convalescent, addressed a letter to the Lord Mayor of London informing him of her recovery and begging him to use his efforts to contradict the reports 'spread by evil-disposed persons to the prejudice of credit, and to the eminent hazard of the public peace and tranquillity.'

Throughout her convalescence those about her spared her little. Swift, who had been staying at the Castle, complained of their lack of consideration. 'Whenever anything ails the Queen,' he wrote, 'these people are scared out of their wits, and yet they are so thoughtless that as soon as she is well, they act as if she were immortal.' All the anxiety of the country as to what would happen on the death of the Queen, all the dismal forecasts of party strife, were conveyed to her sick-room. Whatever misgivings there might be in the minds of others, no one understood more clearly than Anne that upon her death the country would stand in imminent peril of civil upheaval, and that the supporters of both the Catholic Pretender and the Protestant Prince of Hanover would not hesitate to choose the soil of England for their battlefield. Much depended upon her attitude during this difficult time; and since her last illness, however much she might strive to do the right thing, she could never

again exercise her once firm control over the many belligerent elements which contended about her.

The Duchess of Somerset and other extreme Protestants in her household persistently conjured up before her eyes the phantoms of Popery and civil war. There was no need to warn Anne against Popery. Since the time when, as a girl of fifteen, she had written from Brussels: 'The more I see of those foolerys and the more I heare of that religion the more I dislike it,' she had held the Catholic religion in abhorrence, and had given the Anglican Church her whole-hearted support. But in spite of this, the rumour obtained credit that she had turned towards her brother's cause. If she did not do so it was not the fault of Bolingbroke, Lady Masham, Dr. Arbuthnot and the other rabid Jacobites about her, who were endlessly scheming among themselves or communicating with emissaries from the Courts of St. Germain and Versailles. But however much or little these ardent supporters of the Pretender dared tell the Queen of their activities, there is not a scrap of evidence to suggest that Anne, even at the end of her life, when she was desperately ill, contemplated bringing a Catholic king to England. Indeed, much as she personally disliked the Hanoverian branch of the family, there is every indication that she never for a moment wavered from her country's decision in favour of its succession.

During this time, Marlborough on the Continent was strengthening his position with the House of Hanover, and the Whigs were doing the same in England. The prospect for the Tories after the death of the Queen was by no means encouraging. High fliers like Bolingbroke saw that the only chance of remaining in power under Anne's successor lay in the restoration of the son of James Stuart. This undoubtedly was the reason why Bolingbroke, an atheist, a man loyal only to himself, became a Jacobite. Though he was the obvious leader of their party in England, he never came openly into the arena. In Scotland, however, there were many men overly eager to lead their countrymen in the Stuart cause.

At the moment Bolingbroke's immediate aim was to get rid of Harley—who had plainly shown his lack of sympathy with the Jacobites. The time was opportune, for Harley was rapidly incurring the disfavour of the Queen. Always a heavy drinker, he had lately come many times into her presence in a condition in which he had 'neither shown her respect nor observed the ordinary decencies of society.' Harley, realising that the reins that guided the Tory party were slipping from his fingers, was anxious to coalesce with the moderate Whigs. His friendship with Bolingbroke was now definitely at an end.

So matters stood when, on February 16th, Anne left Windsor for the last time and was slowly driven back to Hampton Court, where she spent the night, journeying on to St. James's Palace the following day. On March 2nd she was carried in her chair to Westminster and addressed the new Parliament. By this time her complexion was so discoloured by cysipclas that it is said she was obliged to have her face painted before she could appear in public, but this was done so well that no one suspected it.

During the last three months of her life Anne was tormented by the wrangling of the political parties, as well as by the active warfare that was being waged amongst her Ministers and her household. None of these people spared her feelings or considered the state of her health.

Under pressure from the Whigs an address was presented to the Queen praying her to issue a declaration offering a reward for the apprehension of the Pretender if he should land in England. This gave her great offence. She felt that the constant references in her speeches to the Protestant Succession sufficiently showed her adherence to the Hanoverian cause and that this was too much to ask of her. When the address was presented she sternly retorted, 'I think the best way to strengthen the Protestant Succession would be to bring to a close the groundless fears and jealousies which are so industriously promoted; I do not at this time see any occasion for such a proclamation. Whenever I judge it necessary I shall

give my orders for having one issued.' However, she afterwards changed her mind. One day at a Council meeting, to the surprise of her Ministers, she drew from her pocket a paper—the desired declaration—and gave instructions for it to be published immediately. She then abruptly left the room.

The Whigs set on foot a further agitation for the purpose of bringing the Electoral Prince of Hanover over to England. This was carried on in a manner particularly distasteful to the Queen. She wrote letters to the Elector and to his grandmother, the Princess Sophia, in which she plainly warned them that 'nothing can be more dangerous to the tranquillity of my dominions and the right of succession in your line, and consequently more disagreeable to me, than such a proceeding at such a juncture.' The contents of a later letter have never been divulged, but the strong words that it contained so vexed the Princess, now eighty-three years old, that she was seized by a stroke after reading it and died the same evening. When the news of the passing of the heir to the Throne reached England, the whole Court went into mourning, including Anne, whose thoughts were probably hardly in keeping with her funereal attire.

Throughout the spring and summer Anne suffered from a succession of shivering fits and violent attacks of gout. She did not, however, allow them to prevent her from once more attending the opening of Parliament, and on July 9th her voice was heard there for the last time. Expressing the hope that she would meet the Members of both Houses early in the winter, and reminding them that her chief concern was for the religion, prosperity and liberty of her subjects, she added:

'I must tell you plainly that these desirable ends can never be attained unless all groundless jealousies which create divisions amongst you be laid aside, and unless you shew the same regard for my just prerogative and for the honour of my Government as I have always expressed for the rights of my people.'

During the past few months Bolingbroke had been steadily gaining ground in the Queen's favour, and he hoped this would enable him to fill the Cabinet with Jacobite supporters. Anne could have no knowledge of the extent to which he had committed himself in his outrageous scheme—to bring about a Jacobite Restoration on her death, and a complete Jacobite Ministry in the meantime. By the end of July his plans required only a few weeks more in which to ripen.

The quarrel between Bolingbroke and Harley reached its climax at the moment when the latter was more than ever in the bad graces of the Queen. The Duke of Shrewsbury, who had just returned from Ireland, reported various causes of grievances against Harley; amongst others that he had sent orders to that country without consulting the Queen or her Council. Moreover it is said that Bolingbroke had assured her that Harley had invited the Duke of Marlborough to return to England. Other reasons have been given for Anne's decision to dismiss Harley, though all of them are probably little more than conjectures. Whatever her motives, the Queen sent for him on July 27th and requested him to give up his Staff of Office as Lord Treasurer. Bolingbroke and Lady Masham were present at the interview and there seems to have been a violent quarrel between them and Harley, in which the Lord Treasurer protested that he had been 'wronged and abused by lies and misrepresentations, but that he would be revenged and leave some as low as he found them.'

The Queen was shocked by these words, and the whole incident left her mind with an uneasy feeling that she had been abused and deluded by all in whom she had most trusted.

That night a meeting of the Council took place at Kensington Palace at which Anne was present. During a most agitating meeting, which lasted until two o'clock in the morning, her Ministers wrangled and cast aspersions upon one another. Another meeting was to have been held the following day—despite the fatigue and dis-

tress the Queen had suffered the night before—but on that morning, July 29th, Anne was taken desperately ill, and was obliged to return to bed. Realising that the end had come at last, she took little thought for herself, but wept for the situation of England. Her one remaining friend, the Duchess of Somerset, sat beside her bed, and seeing the tears trickling down her cheeks, anxiously asked how the Queen found herself? Anne answered, ‘Never worse, I am going, but my hearty prayers are for the prosperity of this poor nation.’

Feeling better the next morning, she rose at seven o’clock and her hair was dressed by Mrs. Danvers. To the latter’s surprise she suddenly discovered that the Queen had risen from her chair and was standing as though in a trance before the chimney-piece—her gaze fixed upon the clock. Mrs. Danvers was so frightened by the deathly silence and the look of profound sadness on her mistress’s face that she felt constrained to ask what she saw on the clock more than ordinary. Anne’s only reply was a turn of her head towards her servant and ‘a dying look.’ She knew that her hour had come. The physicians rushed to her assistance but they were too late; she had been seized by an apoplectic fit. Although Dr. Arthuthnot ordered that her head should be shaved and blisters applied, she remained speechless and insensible until nearly ten o’clock.

While she was in this unconscious condition, the Duchess of Ormonde sent a messenger in great haste to the Cockpit, where a meeting of the Privy Council was taking place. The meeting immediately broke up and the Members drove to Kensington, where they joined the Lord Chancellor, the Duke of Shrewsbury, the Secretaries of State and the Bishop of London. In solemn conclave they decided that the place of Lord Treasurer should be filled by the Duke of Shrewsbury, but he refused to accept this office unless given the appointment by the Queen herself.

All present believed that if Shrewsbury were appointed Lord Treasurer, and the Queen died before Bolingbroke’s

plans for Jacobite ascendancy had time to mature, the Protestant Succession would be secure and England saved from civil war.

Although still unconscious, Anne's condition now appeared to her physicians to be somewhat improved. With expectancy, consternation and fear of the future in their hearts, the Ministers and Members of the Privy Council crowded into her room and stood around her bed, breathlessly watching the face of their Queen. 'The fate of every one of those present, of England, of Scotland, and of many a thorny question in Europe hung upon this moment. Would she be equal to the last strain put upon her? Her unsigned will lay upon a table by the bedside; on an improvised altar shone the chalice awaiting her last Sacrament. Only the Bishop of London and those who hoped to benefit under her will thought of her personal requitements; public emergency and private concern held the minds of all the others.'

At last Anne opened her eyes and beheld the throng about her, intelligence returned as she gazed upon each familiar face. The White Staff of the Lord Treasurer was placed in her hand and the Duke of Shrewsbury came forward. She was asked if she knew him. She answered, 'the Duke of Shrewsbury.' When she weakly lifted the staff to place it in his hand, something of the old graciousness returned, and for the last time those around her bed heard the voice that had so often thrilled them, bidding him 'use it for the good of my people.' Then she fell back, her eyes closed and she sank into a lethargy which ended forty-eight hours later, when on Sunday morning, the 1st of August, 1714, her spirit quietly slipped away while the peaceful sound of the bells of old Kensington church was borne through her bedroom windows.

Dr. Arbuthnot afterwards wrote: 'Sleep was never more welcome to a weary traveller than death to her.'

Thus lived and died the Queen to whom Great Britain owes so much and gives so little honour.

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APPENDIX

QUEEN ANNE'S CHILDREN.

THE popular idea that Queen Anne gave birth to seventeen children is one of the myths of history. Bishop Burnet's statement in his *HISTORY OF MY OWN TIMES* appears to be the source of this error. In the Broadsheet issued at the Queen's death (a copy is in the British Museum) the number is given as six. This agrees with the list in *THE LIFE AND REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE*, by an anonymous author, published in 1738, which is as follows: "1. A daughter that was still-born, the 12th of May, 1684; 2. Lady Mary, a second daughter, born the 2nd of June, 1685, and died in February 1690; 3. Lady Anne Sophia, born the 12th of May, 1686, and died the February following; 4. William Duke of Gloucester, born the 24th July, 1689, and lived to be eleven years of age; 5. The Lady Mary, born October 1690 and only lived long enough to be baptized, and 6. George, another son, who died soon after he was born."

The names, births and deaths of all the children in this list are mentioned in contemporary writings and no other children are referred to, that I can discover. So I was determined to find some official record, and searched the Calendar of State Papers at the Record Office. Here there were only references to the births of two of these children, and to two of the four or five miscarriages which took place. The Royal Archives at Windsor contain no data of this description before the reign of George II, as I am informed. The officials at the Record Office and the Registrar at Windsor advised me to have the Court announcements of the *LONDON GAZETTE* searched, as they believed that this would be the only official record obtainable. I have had this done and find that the names and dates in the announcements officially issued from Whitehall correspond with those given in *THE LIFE AND REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE*, except that the second girl died in February 1686 instead of 1690 (which I knew), and the date of the birth and death of the last born child is given as April 17th, 1692. The *LONDON GAZETTE* was carefully searched and no reference to any other child was discovered.

As to the other fable, that Queen Anne's children died of small-pox, this is absolutely disproved both by contemporary writings and by the *GAZETTE*: The first child was still-born; the second was very delicate and died of some wasting disease; the body of the third was opened after her death, but no cause could be found; the fourth child, the Duke of Gloucester, "died of a fever with a rash" (vide the *GAZETTE*). He had none of the symptoms of small-pox, which were too well known to be mistaken. Queen Anne's fifth and sixth children died at birth. It is probable that all of them suffered from Hydrocephalus, otherwise water-on-the-brain.

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NOTES

CHAPTER I

The passages quoted in this chapter are taken from Lord Clarendon's *LIFE AND CONTINUATION*, Vols. I and II, with the exception of the short extract on page 9 which is from his *HISTORY OF THE GREAT REBELLION*.

CHAPTER II

Page 12.—For the quotation on this page, and for all other references to Bishop Burnet's writings, see his *HISTORY OF MY OWN TIMES*.

Page 13.—The 'Journal' and 'Memoirs' of James, Duke of York, were edited by the Rev. J. S. Clarke in 1816, and entitled the *LIFE OF JAMES II*. Hitherto this book has been accepted as authoritative. Now, however, Mr. Winston Churchill has discovered a letter in the Royal Archives at Windsor Castle which states that the so-called 'Memoirs,' from the time of the Restoration, were not actually written by James, but were edited after his death (probably about 1704) by a Jacobite, named Dicconson, from the mass of papers left by the exiled king. The original writings in James's 'own hand' were destroyed at the time of the French Revolution. Mr. Churchill assumes that Dicconson falsified James's records, and in his book, *MARLBOROUGH AND HIS TIMES*, argues that the *LIFE OF JAMES II* cannot be relied upon. This may be so, we have no means of ascertaining the truth. The fact remains that Dicconson had the original writings of James II before him, and that it is unlikely that he could have manufactured the intimate details related in the *LIFE*. It seems to the author of this biography of Queen Anne, which was written before Mr. Churchill's book was published, that there is no reason whatever why the *LIFE OF JAMES II* should not still be accepted as the best record we have of him.

CHAPTER III

Page 34.—See the *MEMOIRS OF COUNT GRAMMONT*, page 154. This book is said to have been dictated by the Count to his brother-in-law, Count Anthony Hamilton.

Pages 35 and 36.—These extracts are from Pepys' *DIARY*.

CHAPTER IV

Page 43.—For the description of the comet see Defoe's *HISTORY OF THE PLAGUE IN LONDON*, page 29.

Page 51.—Charles's letter is given in Lord Clarendon's *LIFE AND CONTINUATION*, page 173, Vol. II.

Page 55.—The letters from Lord Clarendon to his son-in-law and daughter, and from the Duchess to her father are printed in Melworth's *ELEGANT EPISTLES*. The original letter by the Duchess is in the British Museum.

Page 56.—This is the version given in the *LIFE OF JAMES II*.

CHAPTER V

Pages 61 and 62.—The ancient descriptions of Richmond Palace are quoted in *MEMORIES OF OLD RICHMOND*, by Countess Cave.

Page 66.—Pepys gives this enumeration of the animals in St. James's Park.

Pages 70 to 73.—Refer to Dr. Edward Lake's *DIARY* for the extracts given here.

Page 75.—For Coleman's letter, see *ENGLAND UNDER THE STUARTS*, by G. M. Trevelyan, page 388.

Pages 77 and 78.—The original letters from the Princess Anne to Lady Apsley and her daughter, Frances, are in the possession of Earl Bathurst, and are printed in *THE LETTERS OF TWO QUEENS*, by the Hon. Ben Bathurst.

Page 80.—See *ENGLAND UNDER THE STUARTS*, by G. M. Trevelyan, page 409.

Pages 82 and 83.—The letters from James to Lady Lichfield are from the Ditchley Letters, and are quoted in *JAMES II AND HIS WIVES*, by Allen Fea, pages 98 and 107. For a description of the Dorset Gardens Theatre see *SOCIAL LIFE IN THE REIGN OF ANNE*, by J. Ashton.

CHAPTER VI

Page 89.—The verses by Charles Montagu are printed in the *LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND*, by A. Strickland, Vol. IX.

Pages 92.—The letter from the Princess Anne to Lady Churchill is to be found in *MEMOIRS OF MARLBOROUGH*, by Archdeacon Coxe.

Page 92.—See the *CONDUCT OF THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH*, pages 9 and 14.

Page 96.—This short extract is quoted from *ENGLAND UNDER THE STUARTS*, by G. M. Trevelyan, page 436.

NOTES

Pages 97 to 104.—The letters from Anne to her sister are taken from Dr. Birch's notes and are printed in Dalrymple's *MEMOIRS OF GREAT BRITAIN*, pages 167 to 175, Vol. II.

Page 104.—For Lord Churchill's letter to William of Orange, see Coxe's *MEMOIRS OF MARLBOROUGH*, page 19.

Page 107.—Anne's letter to her father is printed in Kennet, page 531.

Page 109.—The account of the flight from the Cockpit is to be found in the *CONDUCT OF THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH*.

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Page 118.—The Duchess of Marlborough recounts the episode of the green pease in her *CONDUCT*, page 115.

Pages 121 and 122.—The conversations and comments are given in the *CONDUCT*, pages 29 and 30.

Page 123.—For Anne's letter, see the *CONDUCT*, page 36.

Page 125.—The *CONDUCT*, page 40.

Page 126.—For Anne's letter, refer to the *LIFE OF JAMES II*, page 477, Vol. II.

Page 128.—The letter from Anne to Mary was written on February 8th, 1692, and is given in the *CONDUCT*, pages 58 and 59.

Pages 130 and 131.—The description of this scene and conversation is to be found in the *CONDUCT*, pages 70 and 78.

Page 133.—The letter from the Princess Anne to Lady Marlborough is printed in Coxe's *MEMOIRS OF MARLBOROUGH*, page 37, Vol. II.

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Page 171.—See Speaker Onslow's note to Burnet's *HISTORY OF MY OWN TIMES*.

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Page 174.—For the denial of Queen Anne's alleged fondness for strong liquors, see the *PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE*, page 121, Vol. II, and Roger Coke's *DETECTION*, page 482, Vol. III.

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Page 194.—The Queen's Speech from the Throne on October 20th is printed in Boyer's *HISTORY OF THE LIFE AND REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE*, page 34.

Page 195.—Queen Anne's letter of October 2nd is printed in the *CONDUCT*, page 304.

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Page 197.—The Duke of Marlborough's letter from Flanders is dated November 4th, and is printed in Coxe's *MEMOIRS OF MARLBOROUGH*, page 102, Vol. I.

Page 198.—For the House of Common's address, refer to Boyer's *HISTORY OF THE LIFE AND REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE*, page 37.

Page 199.—The Queen's letter to Lady Marlborough is printed in Coxe's *MEMOIRS OF MARLBOROUGH*, page 104.

Pages 202 and 203.—The letters from Queen Anne to Sir Charles Hedges are given by Miss Strickland in her *LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND*, Vol. XII. She says that they are copied from the original letters, 'lately in the possession of James Montague, Esq.'

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Page 245.—The third letter from the Duchess is printed in the *PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE*, page 52, Vol. I.

Page 246.—Marlborough's letter to his wife is printed in Coxe's *MEMOIRS OF MARLBOROUGH*, page 1, Vol. II.

Page 246.—The Queen's letter is given in Coxe's *MEMOIRS OF MARLBOROUGH*, page 3, Vol. II.

Page 247.—The Duke's letter to the Queen is printed in Coxe's *MEMOIRS OF MARLBOROUGH*, page 8, Vol. II.

Page 248.—Marlborough's letter to the Duchess is in the *CONDUCT*, page 164.

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Page 253.—Refer to the LOCKHART PAPERS.

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Page 294.—The quotation is from the *CONDUCT*, page 224.

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Page 297.—The Queen's letter to the Duchess is in the *PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE*, page 247, Vol. I.

Page 299.—The Duke's determination to retire at the end of the war is given in Coxe's *MEMOIRS OF MARLBOROUGH*, page 492, Vol. II.

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Page 338.—Refer to Lord Dartmouth's notes in Burnet's *HISTORY OF MY OWN TIMES*, pages 36 and 37, Vol. VI. Lord Dartmouth's account of his conversation with the Queen is in the same history, page 94, Vol. III.

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